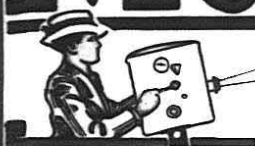


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July 4, 1914

MOVIE PICTORIAL



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Chicago and New York



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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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Announcement

William Lord Wright is editor of the *Photoplaywrights'* department of the *Dramatic Mirror* and *not* editor of the *Motion Picture Department* as we have announced. We made a mistake in his title—but we did not make a mistake in publishing his book entitled "*The Motion Picture Story*," for the orders are coming in fast.

The limited edition at the initial price is almost exhausted. If you have not yet ordered your copy you had better do it now.

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☐ William Lord Wright is Editor of the *Photoplaywrights'* Department of the "*Dramatic Mirror*," former Editor of the *Photoplay Department* of the "*Motion Picture News*," Author of "*Art of Scenario Writing*," "*The Reel Thing*," "*Home Folks*," "*Last Days of Simon Kenton*," "*Story of the Blind Man Eloquent*," etc., etc. He is one of the most experienced and capable writers in the business.

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As showing its great value, the following is a complete Table of Contents of "*The Motion Picture Story*":

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 - 4—The Tremolo Touch.
 - 5—The Plot.
 - 6—Plot Construction.
 - 7—The Power of Observation.
 - 8—Limitations of the Pictures.
 - 9—The Value of Technique.
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 - 13—Plagiarism.
 - 14—Value of Action.
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JULY 4, 1914

NUMBER 9

Helps to the Solution of **The Million Dollar Mystery**

By **WILLIAM J. BURNS**

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF FIRST EPISODE: On a black, dreary night, years ago (before the era of the automobile), Stanley Hargrave, man of mystery, engaged a coach and drove to the secluded and exclusive country-side school of Miss Susan Farlow in New Jersey. He left a bundle on the doorstep, sounded the knocker and vanished. Miss Farlow found a beautiful baby girl, with a letter tied to one sleeve. This note instructed her to name the child Florence Gray, and stated that she would be watched over in secret, an annual sum would be sent for her keep and education, and on her eighteenth birthday she was to be returned, identification to be established by half a bracelet, to match the half fastened to the infant. Each year the remittance came, with the warning, "I am watching." Stanley Hargrave, multi-millionaire, resided in a magnificent house at Riverdale, a New York suburb. Jones, his butler, was a secretive man, and owed his life and liberty to Hargrave, who belonged to no clubs, and who moved in secret fear of the Black Hundred, a far-reaching, evil order he had joined as a youth in Russia, mistaking it for a socialist organization. He had broken his vows and kept out of their way. The time was drawing near for the return of Florence, who was the pet of the school. In a moment of carelessness, Hargrave went into a Broadway cafe, meeting Jim Norton, a reporter, whom he had known in Hong Kong years previously. Norton was hailed by Braine who, with the Princess Olga, dined at a nearby table. Hargrave was introduced, and was recognized by Braine and Olga, members of the Black Hundred. Immediately afterward, the conspirators reported at a secret meeting the finding of Hargrave, and the chase was on. Hargrave wrote to Miss Farlow to send Florence to Riverdale on Friday. He withdrew \$1,000,000 from his banks, arranged with an aeronaut, and waited. That night he received a note telling him that his life depended on delivering the million before midnight. Hargrave's home was surrounded. He decided to flee. Attaching a note to a sky-rocket, he got word to the aeronaut. Hargrave shaved—and prepared for flight. The safe was opened, the million vanished, and shortly after Hargrave was rescued from the roof by the aviator. The gang shot at the balloon, and the bag was punctured. Breaking into the house, they overpowered Jones, but he professed ignorance. As they left him to search the premises, he smiled—satisfied that he had them foiled. The balloon was seen billowing, a wreck, on the waves, far out at sea.

ABOVE, I have written the barest outline of Harold McGrath's newspaper story, and the action of the films, covering the first episode of *The Million Dollar Mystery*.

The mystery resolves itself into finding the person or persons who secured the million dollars, and ascertaining what became of that money. This difference I have noted: the films portray two hands reaching up to the safe, withdrawing the money and disappearing from view. Mr. McGrath's story intimates that Hargrave

was the person who took the money. All this is not as obvious as it may seem, and most baffling complications are sure to grow out of this thrilling beginning.

It is going to be a case of the wits of Hargrave against the wits of Braine and Olga, and that is the same as saying the cunning of the fox against the purpose and persistence of the hounds. Will the fox win, or will the hounds triumph?

Mr. McGrath has told us why Hargrave placed his baby daughter in the school: he was bent on keeping his pursuers from getting to him through his love for her. And that being true, it is evident that they will proceed to hunt down Florence, and stop at no daring to wrest



Hargrave is Recognized by the Princess Olga

her from her protectors, the most likely of whom seems to be the servitor, Jones.

What is our first clue?

Let us go back to the moment when Hargrave learned the mansion was surrounded by his arch-enemies, and he decided to shave off his beard and escape by means of a balloon.

Was there a considerable lapse of time before he actually sailed skyward from the roof? I think there was, and I believe that Stanley Hargrave has already proved himself to be a man of sufficient cunning to devise ways and means of baffling his persecutors. I think he has shown himself to be the type of man whose thoughts are sharpened and speeded by danger. And between the moment he knew his pursuers were hot on his trail, and the time the air-craft winged its way with the aeronaut and

Hargrave in the basket, he and Jones had come to a decision of what was best to do.

Now, in solving a mystery, we must be sure of only the things we KNOW, and not be carried

away by the things we do not know. The Million Dollar Mystery, keep in mind, is not something that has already happened. It IS happening right along, from week to week. Therefore, although the money may be safe right at this moment, we are not positive that it may not change positions one or more times before the story ends. We feel positive enough right now in saying that Hargrave took the money, but that does not tell us whether it was carried away with him or remained in the mansion. Jones, trussed and abused, still smiled the moment his assailants turned their backs. He was sure of himself, and satisfied that all their searching would reveal nothing. Nor was Jones worried very much about the future. The daughter was already on her way home. She would need money. She must live. But stop! Was the million dollars necessary for her support? Was there not money, besides that, in some bank, waiting for her needs?

The leaders of the Black Hundred, that treacherous, criminal order from which Hargrave escaped years and years ago, and at the head of which are the Princess and Braine (sweethearts beyond doubt), are going to do—or attempt to do—just what Stanley Hargrave feared most: they are going to try to get to him "through his heart." They are going to attempt to trap Florence, first on the theory that she KNOWS where the money is hidden, and failing in that, to bring Hargrave out of hiding—if he is in hiding and not dead—to save his daughter from grief, pain and danger.

Let me give you a good suggestion to follow: Some years ago, Thomas Edison said that, in perfecting one of his great inventions, he learned nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine things NOT to do before he learned the ONE RIGHT THING TO DO.

Every time Mr. McGrath's story brings in an adventure, you are going to say, "That's it. Now I know what became of the money." But don't be too sure. The author may mislead us—if he can—and he is very clever, and knows how to direct your thoughts in the WRONG direction. But—I am positive that he is going to make the Black Hundred try to capture Florence, and leave no obstacle in its path in those attempts, should the first one prove futile. This means that the Black Hundred itself is going to aid us in ELIMINATION. Mr. Edison had to eliminate thousands of false ideas, and that brought him steadily nearer the one right idea.

I have been on cases where every clue seemed to point unerringly to the guilt of some one person. Had I been rash, and cared nothing for my reputation, had I been a reward hunter like some of them, I would have sworn out a warrant for that man. But think of what the public would have said if I were wrong! Remember, too, that a false accusation would probably have cost me money, besides reputation. That is why, even before my experience

with the United States Secret Service, I learned how to ELIMINATE. The human brain turns over thoughts very rapidly at times, and ASSUMES frequently when it should KNOW.

For example, you might say, "Jones-the-butler knows all about it, and pretty soon he is going to run away with that money. He has the finest chance in the world to do it." But don't be too hasty. Stanley Hargreave trusted Jones—and Hargreave was pretty careful when it came to trusting anybody. He was able to THINK STRAIGHT, and that is what you must do in keeping account of EVERY happening, no matter how trivial. What seems important now may become unimportant in a few more episodes. You might say that Braine and Jones are fooling all the others and plotting together, but Braine is the leader of the secret order, and Jones is the only man Hargreave could trust absolutely. And yet, Braine is going to wake up to the fact that he must watch this stolid-

You are going to try to win that reward of \$10,000, and you can't be too careful. Don't attempt to keep all these facts in your mind. Open a register—make a chart of events and characters, and keep referring to that chart and making notations on it, as the story proceeds. Instead of reading the story and watching the films for the sake of entertainment, look into every act, analyze every statement.

Your chart will start like this:

Stanley Hargreave—clever, daring, foresighted. Undoubtedly the man who took or hid the money—presumably dead, but quite likely ALIVE. Undoubtedly left complete instructions with Jones. Therefore, I must watch—Jones-the-Butler, who will be handicapped by taking care of the house, looking after Florence, watching over the fortune, and maybe keeping in touch with Hargreave.

Braine, leader of Black Hundred. He will try everything he can think about, and every time he is wrong, I will note it, because that eliminates one thing I might worry about. Braine, more than Hargreave or Jones, will help me sift the true from the false.

Florence Gray, a girl brought up in a boarding school in the country, lacking in practical knowledge. Maybe she will fall in love with somebody, and prove to be impulsive, as young girls often are. Also it is likely she has some of her father's traits and cunning. If she is placed in dangerous positions, she may tell what she knows—and also I may find she knows nothing of the location of the million. Scarcely likely she would know, because that knowledge would endanger her.

Princess Olga, just as clever as Braine. The Princess is going to stop at nothing, and will also help me eliminate, and get nearer the right solution.

Vroon, Braine's lieutenant, who carries out his master's orders—not a very brilliant man, perhaps, in originating ideas, but like the fighting dog that kills the game when the hound runs it to earth.

Unknown persons, who may come into the plot, and who will mystify me as to their identity. I will not be too sure as to who they are, because a mistake would mislead me. I will watch them by their ACTS, and see if there may not be others concerned besides the ones I have met thus far.

The Aeronaut—surely somebody that Hargreave would trust. I shall try to learn what became of him, because if he has helped get away with the money, he will do something to leave a clue.

Norton, the reporter. I am going to see if he continues as a character, and if he does, watch him closely. He has been a sort of detective for years, hunting big stories for his paper.

The Hargreave premises. I must familiarize myself with them, because if the money is hidden here, then the actions of persons in the household, or outsiders who get into the home, will help me know where to NOT look.

Small incidents, such as letters, notes, 'phone-calls, etc., that may help me find the solution, by connecting different persons and leading to or from events.

Besides a chart something like this—and it would not be a bad idea to give a page in your note-book to EACH character—you should THINK the story. Have every fact, in its order, clearly in mind. Then from time to time, you will be aware of the connection between events or conversation in earlier episodes with those in later episodes. Simply being able to recite the events of the story will not be sufficient. You must ask yourself questions, you must watch causes and effects, and trace effects BACK to causes. Sometimes you see what HAS happened but overlook WHY it occurred.

You must learn to depend on YOURSELF. That is why I am helping you reason out the plot. You must not ask me just how it will come out. Yes, I am positive I could find that million dollars, but my agreement with THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is not to lay my hands on it, but to help YOU—if you are alert enough—to figure it all out for yourself, and win the prize fairly.

Remember that in a few words of the newspaper story, or in a single scene on the screen, very important facts may be passed over

lightly. There may be lapses of minutes, hours or days, and in that time things were taking place that you do not see. What you get is what has been considered necessary to BAF-FLE you. Remember that. If I am called on a case, I do not begin by believing the guilty persons will show their guilt in every act—but in SMALL ways; sometimes infinitely small ways.

Figure for the moment that YOU are Stanley Hargreave. Would you hide that million in a safety deposit vault, or in the attic, or in a secret room, or in the basement, or would you bury it or take the risk of carrying it with you? Possibly for years Hargreave had been thinking about what he would do if he had to leave in a hurry. If you have done something you do not want others to know, you try to act in a way that will make them think you do not know, or that what they suspect is unfounded. Jones, for example, is going to make the Black Hundred look in the wrong direction. Like the sleight-of-hand man on the stage who always keeps us looking at the wrong thing, Jones is going to keep on giving the gang false leads, and if you are not careful, you are going to jump at conclusions.

Keep in mind also that I will not answer letters or personal inquiries. All I am going to say I will say in these articles. What I tell one, I tell everybody. I am going to give you no advantage over the balance of the readers.

A clue is a key, and if it is the right key, it turns the lock, and then it is not so difficult to find the broken bits of evidence and piece them together. But all these stray things must FIT. They must make something perfect—form a pattern that is unmistakable. For example, as you get clues on The Million Dollar Mystery, you will begin to see why certain things were done or said. It will begin to become clear to you then. But the story, in the newspapers and on the screen, will contain not only these clues, but whatever else concerns the action of the story as it proceeds—and your position is just this: Suppose you stood at a



The Identification of Hargreave's Photograph

facéd butler. Braine is going to see that there is MORE than dull servant, to this fellow Jones. He is going to find that Jones can THINK, and apart from the Princess, Braine may have no one else to help him do his thinking.

In the secret room of the order, where every member wears a mask because quite likely no two members (with few possible exceptions) know each other, Braine tells Vroon, his lieutenant, that they must strike quickly, because Hargreave is cool and brave, and would act quickly if he recognized Braine. If Hargreave can confound a man like Braine, don't you think he is going to fool you just a little?

Now, if we are quite sure that Stanley Hargreave escaped from that balloon, then maybe we can learn much by watching him. But if he does not return (and the story would be better and more baffling if he keeps out of our way), we must watch Jones, because he is evidently carrying out Hargreave's instructions. When Florence Gray (Hargreave's daughter) appears on the scene, we must watch her, because I am expecting to see the Black Hundred trying to deceive her and even kidnap her to make her tell what she knows, or force Hargreave into the open to save her.

We must watch the Princess Olga, because she is undoubtedly in love with Braine, and perhaps a trifle jealous, and also very ambitious for money and good times. She is daring, and she will try everything that she can think of to get hold of that fortune. We must watch Braine, because he is going to be all wrought up about being foiled, even at the beginning. He will not stop at committing murder if there is no easier way; and if one of the band turns traitor, that member will come up missing. And right here is a good idea: Braine is a domineering man. He has brutal traits. He may bully some member of the gang, or may make himself known where he has been unknown, and then there would be internal treachery. Jones, and some one friendly to Hargreave, may learn inside facts and thus be able to protect Florence and the Hargreave fortune.



The Matching of the Halves of the Bracelet

switch-board with a hundred switches. Each one turns on different lights. It is necessary that you find the one that turns on just those lights needed. You might make ninety-nine mistakes. But in that building there is one room in which a thief is hiding. If you turn on some of the other lights, he will know he is being hunted and might escape. You can not afford to make even one wrong guess. How would you know which switch to throw? The wires themselves are hidden in the walls. You can not find one of the wires that leads from the back of the switch-board. You would hesitate before you took a chance.

But in the Million Dollar Mystery, we know this much: If he can connect Jones with facts of the right kind, he will reveal the truth to us. We are going to watch the other characters take hold of the switches. One after another they will make mistakes. That leaves FEWER switches for US to throw!

Jones knows what Stanley Hargreave did—or certainly has a pretty clear conception of what his master did. But Braine does not know, nor does Olga, and their reward is a million dollars against your ten thousand! They have one hundred times the reason to search that you have. Suppose someone took a deck of cards and shuffled the cards thoroughly, and then showed you one card at a time until two-thirds the deck had been shown. Could you name every card still in the deck? If you had four columns, one for spades, one for clubs, one for hearts and one for diamonds, and made a note of each card you saw, then you could soon eliminate them, and deduct them from the cards still in the deck. Some of the events in this mystery will move as swiftly as those cards, and if you are not careful, you will find yourself assuming what has already been disproved. You will figure out what has been shown to be false. You must watch the cards—must chart them—must be able to REMOVE all doubts from your mind.

Never say, "Now, I know," just because you feel enthusiastic. WATCH. Keep track of everything. Let no incident, no word, no look on the face of any character, escape your notice. You either KNOW or DO NOT KNOW, and what seems very plausible this week may be knocked in the head next week. Ten thousand



Jones, the Butler, Bound and Beaten

dollars is a great deal of money, but one person is going to win it. Why not make up your mind that YOU will be that one? Don't guess. Be careful, positive, even slow to arrive at a decision.

We have now started, and from this moment on, the story is going to become more mystifying, and we will be kept waiting to trace out a clue that seemed to begin all right. But maybe while we are waiting, the things occurring will be even more important than what we are wishing would be explained. Each week I will give you helps—but helps only, not positive statements whereby you can suddenly solve the mystery. I will lead you up to the essential things, and then you must take up my suggestions and do your own figuring. My business is merely to show you HOW to make deductions; that and nothing more. Take these hints and compare them with the episodes they relate to, and before you know it your own mind will be ferreting out the facts, and you will be seeing many of the things in *The Million Dollar Mystery* that its author knows but intends to hide from you—just as he has hidden the million dollars from your view!

William J. Burns' deductions on the second episode of *The Million Dollar Mystery* will appear in the next issue.

William J. Burns and the Movies

The Great Work He Thinks is in Store for Them

By WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF, Jr.

WHAT HAS WILLIAM J. BURNS, solver of mysteries, detective par excellence, got to do with moving pictures? Why does THE MOVIE PICTORIAL want to introduce him to you who are movie fans?

Well, I was curious myself when I was told to go to see him. But I've found out a thing or two! If there's any field of human interest and activity that this man Burns doesn't touch, at one angle or another, I haven't been able to discover it! As to his interest in the movies, and the interest of the movies in him, he didn't leave me in doubt a minute. He's got a way of going to the heart of things, has Burns.

"One thing I want to tell you," he said, earnestly, sitting back in his chair and letting it swing around. "Photography—and that means moving picture photography, too—is merely in its infancy! You haven't any idea of the uses we're going to find for it when it gets its growth—though we're doing pretty well already. I, for instance, haven't really begun to use it yet. No—I don't mean in the detection of crime."

He stopped, and I wondered what he did mean. I had been hoping for some remarkable tale of how a moving picture had helped him to solve a crime. But that wasn't the idea.

"No," he repeated, "not in the detection of crime—in its prevention! That's what I want to do—I want to prevent crime!"

That rather took my breath away! It was a pretty astonishing statement, at first blush. The William J. Burns International Detective Agency is a pretty big business. And I wondered what, if there weren't to be any more crimes, was going to become of that business? It was a good deal as if a railroad president had told you, while you were traveling with him in his private car, that he was trying to work out a scheme by which travel and the carrying of freight by railroads should become unnecessary. But I kept quiet, and waited for him to explain.

"Crime is a futile thing," he went on. "There isn't anything so futile. That's the thing I'm hammering at all the time. The criminal can't win. He's bound to be caught. We're too much for him. He can't beat the forces society has organized for its protection.

Leave out the moral argument against crime and there's still that strong, practical one—it can't be done successfully."

His thought emerged, you see. There would still be a need for the sort of work Burns does and teaches his men to do. But there would be a difference. Now we wait until a crime has been committed. Then we send for Burns, and, with more or less difficulty and at more or less expense, he catches the criminal and sees to it that he is brought to justice. That's a wasteful process. What he wants to do is to make the criminal see, before he commits the crime, what is sure to happen to him! Simple, isn't it? But how?

The movies, of course!

"I want to make every potential criminal see what a futile, silly thing he is planning when he decides to commit a crime," Burns went on. "That's why I'm going into the movies. That's why some of the most remarkable cases I've been concerned with are being filmed. Two of them are done now. One is the old Philadelphia counterfeiting case. That's one type of crime, a good one, for this purpose."

"In that case, you know, the government was nearer to being beaten by criminals than it ever was before or ever has been since. There was a counterfeit note, and the biggest experts in the country said that note was genuine. It wasn't, and we proved that because it was too perfect, so perfectly accurate that the very accuracy of it spelled camera. But that was all that was the matter with that counterfeit—it was too good! If ever criminals seemed likely to disprove this theory of mine about the futility of crime, that was the time. But they were beaten—and that shows that a criminal can't be skilful enough to win."

"Then there's the case of the land frauds in the northwest—as different as it could be. There we had to fight men who were so big that a lot of people shook their heads and said that men like that couldn't be brought to justice, that they were above the law. But they weren't—no, sir! Big as they were, influential as they were, they were convicted and punished in the end. And, just as the counterfeiting case teaches a lesson of one sort the land case teaches one of another sort. No

man is—he can't be—clever enough to be a successful criminal. And neither can he set himself above the law."

And right then I got a vision of the man that might have come to me before, from what I had known of him. But it never had, altogether. I saw the good citizen—the man who loved order, and law, and a decent respect for the rights of all men, with a passionate love. Of course he was like that. I should have known it! Men don't work as he has worked, don't accomplish the sort of modern miracles that are spread through his record, just for what there may be in it for them materially. Not that Burns hasn't had his material rewards. Burns, I suppose—though it's none of my business—is a rich man now, or well on the way to being one. But I doubt if he thinks much about that side of it.

He loves his work. And, though a good deal of his work is that of hunting down men who have done wrong, it isn't the love of the sportsman for his hunt. It's the passion of a big man enlisted in a big fight for what he knows is right.

"So that's why I'm going into the movies," he said once more, his voice dropping, and his whole manner growing more confidential. "I don't know any other way to reach so many people. And not only that; it reaches them in a particularly convincing, impressive way when they see it on the screen. What they see in a picture has really happened, they seen it done. It means something definite, concrete. It's more real than anything people hear or read in a book. Mr. Edison brought that home to me, not long ago, when he was showing me some very wonderful educational films for children."

"Yes, I think the moving picture is going to play a big part in preventing crime. I think the movies will prove the greatest deterrent to crime in the world—and there is no work that is closer to my heart than that."

That's what Burns has got to do with the Movies! That's the big idea back of the pictures which he has helped to make, and which the William J. Burns International Film Company is going to put out. There will be many other cases beside the Philadelphia and the Northwestern land affairs, in which the way Burns works will be shown on the screen.

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MAKE ALL REMITTANCES AND ADDRESS
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June 11th, 1914

Movie Pictorial,
Chicago,
Illinois.

Gentlemen:-

In view of the fact that I am greatly interested in advocating preventative measures against crime, I will take great pleasure in co-operating with your publication in showing the application of my methods as applied to the "Million Dollar Mystery".

Very truly yours

W. J. Burns

WJE/WK

pocket-book back for a citizen, who had been robbed as he stood on the curb. I had seen a moving picture machine working at the spot, and when he complained to me, after the parade, and told me where he had stood, I remembered it—and, with the help of the film, we caught the thief in the act."

We talked of many other things—all interesting. But he couldn't keep very long away from that big idea of his of teaching potential criminals what a futile thing crime is.

"We'll make them understand that!" he said. "I suggested that idea to Conan Doyle the other day. And at first he didn't understand. I had to explain to him just what I meant—that I wanted to begin figuring on ways of preventing crime instead of detecting it."

"You have to show him and it was a new idea to him. But he got it—and he blazed right up! He thought it was great—yes, sir, he blazed right up!"

"And he told me how most people had been working just the opposite way. There was one theatrical manager he spoke of—an Englishman—who had the idea that you couldn't interest people in crime on the stage unless you glorified it. Now—that's all wrong!"

And that, reminded him of sometimes—everything he says reminds Burns of something!

"There's been a lot of talk about the harm the movies have done," he said, earnestly. "In the beginning things were filmed that were wrong, I know. They implanted wrong impressions in plastic minds. But isn't that a proof of just what I'm driving at? Doesn't it show that by doing the diametrically opposite thing, by trying to plant the right sort of impressions, the movies will do good? Of course they will! They're just as potent—more potent—for good!"

Burns is an enthusiast, you see. He's got faith in human nature, a whole lot of it. The seamy side of life that he knows so well hasn't turned topside with him. He doesn't think the world is going to the dogs—and he has the right idea about making people familiar with crime. If that is done his way it's going to be a great moral force.

And because he's interested in the movies, he's interested in the Million Dollar Mystery. That is why he is going to tell readers of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL how to follow the clues as they appear, one after another, while that mystery is being worked out on the screen from week to week. That is why he is going to analyze each picture as it appears. He won't solve the mystery for you—you'll have to do that for yourselves, of course. But he will show you how he would do it. He won't know the solution. He will approach the case each week as if it were one of his own—as if he had been retained to discover who took the missing million.

And—well, if I wanted to do a piece of detective work, with a reward of ten thousand dollars in view if I succeeded, I'd be mighty glad to know that I was working along the lines that William J. Burns would follow! I'd read every word he wrote about it!

Movie Gowns

TO play the part of a millionaire's daughter or a Russian countess is expensive. Miss Florence La Badie, the heroine of "The Million Dollar Mystery," and Miss Marguerite Snow, Countess Olga in the same story, will confirm the aforementioned fact.

Miss Snow has expended \$2,500 for costumes, and she has worked in only six of the forty-six reels, which is the length of the forthcoming Thanouser weekly serial. She has haunted the antique shops for little odd things to wear, of absolutely Russian origin. She has collected unusual earrings, bracelets, beads, coiffures, barrettes and peculiarly interesting jeweled belts which challenge the admiration of foreigners who visit St. Petersburg's gay cafes.

Miss Snow estimates that her costumes for "The Million Dollar Mystery" will cost in excess of \$10,000. Thus far in the making of the picture she has worn an especially designed costume in each reel, and as there are forty-six reels in the story a conservative estimate of \$200 for each costume would mean \$9,200.

You'll see them—and you'll see Burns himself, and the way he works—the absolute sureness of his methods.

Of course, you aren't planning a crime. Neither am I. But put yourself in the place of some one who is thinking about robbing a bank, or bribing a city council, or sending poisoned candy through the mails to an unsuspecting friend.

And carry the mental masquerade a little further. Imagine yourself dropping into a picture show, and seeing some one do something just about like what you had planned out so thoroughly. And then figure your sensations, always remembering that you're supposed to be the man or the woman who wants to be a criminal, as you see Burns himself, on the screen, going through all the processes that end in the capture of the man who really did commit a crime. Just imagine yourself in that would-be-criminal's shoes—and you'll find you'd like a foot-warmer!

The movies had to get a man like Burns. No man who touches life at so many different points could escape their spell, could help seeing how they could help him in his work.

I saw Burns in his office in the Woolworth Building in New York. It's the right place for him, too, that mammoth of a building. Before I saw him I had to wait a few minutes, after he had greeted me, because he's the busiest man you ever saw. And while I waited I explored his office a little. Perhaps he had some sort of new device watching me—I didn't ask him! But I was safe, anyhow, because I didn't snoop. But I wanted to get an idea of the man before I talked to him, and I've found that the sort of pictures a man has on the walls of his office help in that.

The first one I noticed was of Roosevelt, the familiar Teddy, shaking his fist at some one, and with the familiar writing sprawled over the picture in an affectionate greeting to Teddy's friend Burns. Then there was a photograph of the late Admiral Evans, Fighting Bob—also a personal friend. Thomas A. Edison was there—and there was one of Conan Doyle, with Burns himself in that one. Burns, by the way, will talk as long as his secretary

will let him about the creator of Sherlock Holmes—he thinks he's a great man. Well—think about those four pictures, all of intimate friends Burns has made. It takes a man of varied gifts to claim that quartet among his friends, doesn't it?

There were a couple of the remarkable cartoons McCutcheon did while the MacNamara case was agitating the country—both significant in their way, too, like the photographs. Both reflected the idea Burns has always dwelt upon so passionately—that the fight against the MacNamaras was not a fight against union labor. He's always said that union labor hasn't got a better friend than he, and that, some time, it will find that out.

I was thinking about those pictures when he came in and we began to talk. Burns talks well and easily. But how he can keep quiet when he wants to! I knew that—and I reminded him of my knowledge. A few years ago I used to have to send reporters to see Burns and ask him questions he wasn't ready to answer. I used to pick good reporters, too, who could make a clam talk. But they all came back, one after another, and said Burns wouldn't talk. Usually a reporter, a really good reporter, who's been sent to make a man talk and hasn't done it, comes back hating himself and the whole human race. But these reporters didn't feel that way at all. They told me what a fine chap Burns was, and seemed to feel that I oughtn't to have sent them to hurt his feelings by asking questions he couldn't answer.

Put Burns down as a diplomat for that! But he talked to me. He told me of the things that are being done and thought of to apply moving pictures to detection of crime.

"We'll get rid of the necessity of taking fallible, human evidence before long," he said. "In a good many instances moving pictures and some mechanical voice reproducing devices will be very generally used. Cameras will be set up to take pictures in crowded places, and we'll have the evidence against pickpockets ready to our hands—they will be shown in the act. That's been done, in fact. Years ago, at one of the McKinley inaugurations, I got a

Jesse L. Lasky-Producer

The Man the Public is Watching

By William Almon Wolff, Jr.

SOME day one of Jesse L. Lasky's directors is going to catch him and make him act out his own life in front of a camera—and it is going to make quite a picture—quite a picture! Only that director will have to catch him when Lasky isn't looking, and that won't be easy. But the rest of it won't be hard—all that will be necessary will be for Lasky to remember the things he's done, and the places where he has done them. Plot? He's had one of those careers that no novelist would ever dare to invent, because it's too improbable. I know, because I write stories myself, sometimes, and I know what the editor of a magazine would say about Lasky's jaunt through life.

When I saw him the other day, and explained that movie fans were interested in him, and wanted to know about him, he told me a few things about himself—a very few. And I looked politely interested, and tried to look as if I believed that that was all. But it wasn't, and I knew it, and I also knew where to find out the things he'd left out. It would have been interesting to put them into his own words, but it can't be done. Or, rather, it could, but it would be like telling the story of a great novel in the words of a publisher's announcement.

He is a native son—a Californian, that is. And he was added to the population of San Francisco thirty-four years ago. So far as I know he wasn't born of the proverbial poor but honest parents. He had about the average sort of boyhood. And it took him quite a while to discover his real job—which is true of a good many men who have made superlatively good after making that important discovery.

Lasky must have been quite a youngster when the Klondike fever entered his blood. He went up there, crossed the Chilkoot, and looked for gold. He didn't find any! That seems incredible to me, but I know it's so, because he got tired, after about eighteen months, and decided to be a musician. He picked Honolulu as the scene of his efforts in that direction. Personally, I don't like Hawaiian music. Perhaps you do—but I don't, and I'm going to skip that part of his career! It seems to me much more interesting that he turned up, in due course, in San Francisco again, and got a job on a newspaper. They heard about the musical record, and made him musical critic. And because there wasn't enough in that to keep him busy, they let him be police reporter, too. So it wasn't un-



He is One of the World's Greatest Producers

usual for him to cover police court news all day, writing about murderers and thieves and other people who object to the law, and then

lot of experience."

Through? He hadn't begun to fight! He didn't tell me the aftermath of that failure—but I knew it. After that staggering blow he just shook himself and went back at the game that had beaten him. He didn't even take shelter in the bankruptcy court. He started producing vaudeville features again—and he paid up every cent of a seventy-five thousand dollar debt, when he could have compromised, in a bankruptcy proceeding, for almost nothing.

That brought us down to the movies. "People kept on suggesting that I ought to go into the movies," he said. "But—well, I told them I wanted to go up, not down. I thought the movies represented a downward step, you see. And the thing that woke me up was an offer for my name. Some people wanted to organize a new moving picture pro-

go to the opera in the evening.

Exclusively Western so far, you see. But he came East after a time, with Hermann the Great—remember him, the magician?—and managed him for a while. The theatre was calling him all this time, though, and it was sure that he would get into the business of amusing people on his own account sooner or later. He did that by way of vaudeville. In the booking offices they will tell you to-day that Lasky is one of the big pioneers of vaudeville. He always believed that a thing couldn't be too good, and some of his first vaudeville productions are still remembered.

That was his real start. He made a great reputation in vaudeville. And then he got an idea that would have wrecked a whole lot of men. He wondered why people in New York wouldn't like the Parisian idea of combining their dinner and their amusement. And he and Henry B. Harris decided to find out. I don't know whether they found out *why* or not—but they surely found that New Yorkers wouldn't, whatever the reason! The Folies Bergere, housed in a first class theatre (it's the Fulton, now), where you could get a real dinner and watch a musical show from your table, was one of the most complete and expensive little failures on record. It cost Lasky all the money he'd made in vaudeville, and a lot more beside. Most people thought he was through. I reminded him of that, and he smiled, pleasantly.

"I know," he said, gently. "But it seemed to me I was just beginning. I'd learned so much—I'd got such a



Jesse Lasky and David Belasco

ducing concern, and they offered me a whole lot of money for permission to use the name of Lasky. I saw the light then. If my name was worth that much to some one else it must be worth more to me. And now—now I'm absorbed in the game! I'm even forgetting vaudeville!"

I asked him what, in his opinion, was to be the next big forward step. "Original plays?" I suggested.

"Very likely," he said. "Just now, of course, I'm using up some of the tremendous amount of first class material that is available. But soon we will be producing original plays by well known authors. And the time is coming, too, when big playwrights will feel it worth their while to write directly for the screen—to prepare original scenarios. And there's another thing. The time is coming when plays will be tried out on the screen—plays intended for production in the spoken drama."

That was a new idea.

"It's easier, in some ways, to produce a play on the screen," he explained. "And it reaches so many people. And if a first rate play is produced that way, and people like it, and are interested in it—won't they want to hear it as well as see it?"

I thought so. But—"Talking pictures—?" I began.

"No—absolutely no!" he said. "I think they spoil everything! Moving pictures are something new—silent drama. They depend on action—on the interpretation by silent methods."

"No," he went on, "what we must do is to perfect the pictures themselves, and the methods of production. After all, though this is a new phase, the essential thing is the same—

we are producing theatrical, dramatic material. That is the thing I am trying to keep in my own mind all the time. We are producing theatrical entertainments. And we want them to be as perfect as possible. I have created a new department to help in that. I have a man who doesn't direct pictures, doesn't produce them, doesn't arrange the settings even. His function is just to criticize. We depend on him to secure absolute accuracy, absolute faithfulness in details. Costumes, scenes, settings—all that must be approved by him.

"And I think we are going to get great results from that department. In fact, we've begun to get them. In 'The Rose of the Rancho,' the Belasco-Tully play we are producing, for instance, we have succeeded in reproducing the old life of California in such a way that the Native Sons have asked us to give them a print of the finished picture for their archives. That film will form a record of a life that is passing very rapidly. A few years from now it would be impossible to make that record. The old missions are crumbling away—soon they will be gone, and there will be few evidences of the romance and beauty of the older time."

Mr. Lasky believes in long pictures, but not in great length.

"I think the ideal length is four or five reels," he said. "I have made a rule that none of our pictures shall be more than five reels in length. For 'The Virginian' we made seven reels—and it was an awful task to cut out two whole reels. The directors and the others concerned acted as if we were robbing them. But five reels is enough. I think short pictures, of one or two reels, will be developed too, but that is a special field. I like the longer feature pic-

tures, because you can tell a complete story in them. And, too, you can spend more on the production. I don't care to do a thing unless it is done as well as it can be."

That is something one learns to understand about Lasky. He has a sort of passion for excellence. He wants anything he produces whether it be a vaudeville sketch or a picture, to be the best of its type. Essentially the man is an artist. He has made a very considerable commercial success, but he hasn't the "box office point of view" entirely. He has it, of course—because unless a production is a commercial success it might as well be an artistic failure, too. But he does believe in quality. Something he said emphasized that.

"I think one word that has come to be associated with the moving picture industry is very expressive," he said. "We've had so many manufacturers. What we need is producers. A manufacturer is going to think about quantity—a producer will look for quality."

"How about the effect of the movies on vaudeville?" I asked.

"They'll kill the cheap vaudeville," he answered, at once. "The small time vaudeville is doomed, I think. People who go to a theatre where vaudeville and the movies are combined won't stand for the poor vaudeville—the contrast is too great. They see a fine feature photoplay, for instance, produced with a cast of famous players, and after that, slap stick vaudeville has a small chance. High grade vaudeville will keep its audiences."

It's plain, you see, that Lasky was the sort of man the movies needed. A man familiar with the work of producing from every angle, a man, moreover, determined to do good work.

(Continued on page 32)

"In Wolf's Clothing"

The Trials of a Fortune Hunter, an Heiress, and a Quixotic Young Man

"DROPPING this law business of yours—I want some one to come to Africa, or the North Pole, or Brazil with me," said Dick Worth.

John Frame, a lawyer with as large a practice as any one of his age in the city, looked up from his desk and grinned.

"Hello!—what's the matter now?" he asked. "Been having another scrap with my client's fair daughter? You're a fool, Dick! Go and make up and don't bother me. I'm busy—on old man Brooks's business, too, by the way."

"No making up this time. It's all over," said Worth. "And I don't care. I'm glad of it! Of all the fickle, scatter brained—!"

Frame whistled.

"Lord!" he said. "Guess I'll have to take a hand, after all. You might explain, though. What started the row this time? As I recall it the last time you two parted forever was when Daisy began to worry about your marrying again—after she died, you know. Young wives—and some of 'em,

By RICHARD DALE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE KALEM FILM, FEATURING ALICE JOYCE

like Daisy, even before they are wives—are always trying to start trouble about that, aren't they? Think they're going to die, and want their husbands to promise they won't marry again!"

But Worth didn't smile, and Frame, with a sigh, saw that his well meant effort to give this particular crisis a humorous turn had failed.

"All right," he said, resignedly. "Shoot! What is it?"

"Gordon!" said Worth, succinctly. "The man's a cad and she can't seem to see it. He took her some lying story about me, and she got angry when I refused to explain."

"Why didn't you explain?" asked Frame, puzzled.

"Why should I?" asked Worth, indignantly. "If she's going to take the word of a skunk like that, nothing I could say would make any difference—and, beside, I've got a certain amount of pride, anyhow!"

"When you're a bit older you'll be willing to forget your pride," said Frame. "Well,



Daisy Wanted to be Friendly



He Followed Him, Brought Him Back and Thrashed Him

there's nothing I can do, I suppose?"

"Not a thing—unless you'll go on that trip with me," said Worth. "She's given me back my ring—says it's all over. And—well, if she wants me back, she's got to speak. I won't say a word to make her change her mind."

"I see," said Frame. "But it's a cinch I can't start any trip like that right away. However, I'll compromise with you. Stick around a while—keep your hair on. And about the middle of next week we'll take a nice little run down to Atlantic City for the week end. That'll set you up properly, old top."

He grinned cheerfully at his morose friend, but Worth only scowled.

"Can't you understand that this is serious?" he said, angrily. "You sit there chaffing me—"

"Not a bit of it, my boy," said Frame. "I'm only giving you good legal advice—and I've a good mind to make you pay for it, for being surly! You know, I can't run away from my business at your beck and call. Stick around. Atlantic City'll do you a lot more good than Brazil or any place like that, and it's cheaper, too."

"I'll wait a few days," agreed Worth, finally. "I—oh, hang it—I suppose I ought to stick around in case she sees she's wrong."

Frame bent to hide the smile that came to his lips.

"Sure," he said. "That's the idea. Now get out, will you? Go and have some drinks if you think you need 'em. I'm busy."

Daisy Brooks, as a matter of fact, wasn't thinking of changing her mind at all. She was furiously angry at Worth; she was sure that he had been flirting violently, to put it mildly, with a young lady who adorned the musical comedy stage at the time. Carter Gordon had made her believe that; his reasons were obvious to everyone except Daisy—and her father.

Stephen Brooks, Daisy's father, and Frame's client, didn't like Worth. The reason for that was one that only the fathers of eligible young women can easily understand. A widower, his only daughter filled a great place in his life.

He loved her devotedly, and he had never seriously contemplated the idea of losing her by marriage. He had supposed that, sooner or later, she would marry, of course, but it had seemed something a long way off. And so he had been terribly shocked when Worth had come to him, in a frank and manly fashion, and asked for Daisy's hand.

He had nothing against Worth—that was the worst of it! Dick was of excellent family; he had a comfortable income, the product of inherited capital, and this he increased, being by no means an idler, by the considerable royalties that came to him from a number of inventions. In every way, therefore, he was an excellent match, and the common sense and business intelligence of Brooks told him this.

But—he was the man who wanted to take Daisy away from him, the first man who had dared to suggest such a thing! Moreover he had made Daisy willing to be taken! Only a father, and the father of an only daughter, at that, can understand Brooks's feelings. He gave his consent, but reluctantly, and only because he knew that he couldn't refuse Daisy anything she wanted. It simply wasn't in him to do that! But the little prejudice, the feeling of dislike, unreasonable as they were, persisted. They would wear off, after he saw Daisy happily married, of course. But he couldn't know that.

A second suitor, like Carter Gordon, wouldn't arouse that prejudice. He found himself, somehow, preferring Gordon. This Gordon was a handsome, dashing chap, apparently a man of means,—though he has no visible means of support—that is, he didn't work. He had brought letters to Brooks, however, and had explained that he was looking around for an investment in some business to which he could devote his personal attention. It took time to find such investment, he said—and this, of course, Brooks knew

to be true. Therefore he had entertained him, and taken him into his home.

Gordon professed to have fallen in love with Daisy at first sight.

"You're engaged, they tell me," he said to her, a few days after they had met. "But—I simply won't let that matter! I love you—and I shan't give up hope until you're married!"

Some girls might have resented that. But it appealed to the romantic in Daisy. She laughed, and pretended that she did not take him seriously. But, secretly, she rather enjoyed the idea. She felt like the heroine of a novel.

Given such conditions, Gordon's task of undermining the confidence Daisy felt in her affianced lover was easy. Everything was on his side: the fact that he had no scruples, the trust reposed in him by Stephen Brooks, Worth's hot temper. His fortune was a myth. He was nothing but an adventurer. He had marked Daisy Brooks as his prey because she was rich, and because she was the only heir to the Brooks' millions. These things no one suspected except Frame. And he, after Worth's visit to him, began to make inquiries. He learned many things; not enough, unfortunately, to make an appeal to Brooks. But he felt that, sooner or later, the truth would come out.

For some time after Worth's appearance in Frame's office, Dick stayed away from the Brooks home. Frame, raging, tried to make him go there; Dick refused. But one day Frame, by a simple ruse, had his way.

"I've got to take some securities and some money to the old man, Dick," he said. "And, frankly, I'm afraid to go alone with all that stuff. Won't you act as a treasure guard?"

Dick, protesting, agreed. When they reached the house, Frame went into the library with Brooks; Dick was left alone with Daisy for a moment. Carter Gordon came in, and found them talking together. "I hope we can still be friends—in a way, Dick," Daisy had said. "But I think you ought to know—I'm going to marry Carter Gordon."

"So I've heard," said Dick. What more he might have said will never be known. It was just then that Gordon himself came in; he colored jealousy, when he saw that Worth, whom he knew by sight, was there. Worth stayed until Frame was ready to go; then, with a bitter laugh, he said good bye to Daisy. In her eyes, for the first time since the coming of Gordon, there was a doubtful look.

"Dick!" she said, confused. "You—aren't you coming to see me again?"

"No!" said Dick, shortly.

Frame lifted his eyebrows at that; in the street he cursed his friend for a blockhead.

"That girl is beginning to see that she's done a fool thing!" he said. "Go in there and cut that potter out. You can do it!"

"I can't—and I won't!" said Worth, shortly. "Drop it, Jack. I'm getting over my feeling."

(Continued on page 28)



Frame Burst into the Room

Lubin of Lubinville

From Optician to Millionaire Picture Manufacturer

By THACKERAY P. LESLIE

IT was late in the sixties that a tall, lank, raw German lad landed in New York City from the steerage of an ocean liner. He had left Berlin for "the land of opportunity" filled with the usual boyish ambition to make his fortune in the new world. Back home he had studied to be an optician under his father, and his first employment in this strange new country was at the optician's bench. But, he didn't get ahead in New York, so he drifted to Philadelphia, hoping to better himself. There, for three years, he worked under other direction, but at the end of that time he had saved enough out of his wages to open a shop of his own, where he manufactured and sold lenses and optical goods.

This German lad, Siegmund Lubin by name, is now sixty-three years old, and is the president and active head of the Lubin Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia, a concern easily worth \$10,000,000 and which has already made its owner a sum equivalent to half its worth.

It was through the handling and experimenting with lenses that Siegmund Lubin became interested in photography and eventually in motion pictures. One day he accidentally learned of some experiments being conducted by an Englishman named Muybridge, who had conceived the idea of making motion pictures by means of a succession of snap-shots. The idea fascinated Lubin and he began experimenting, bending all his energies toward perfecting a motion picture camera. As early as 1896 he had developed a camera and a short time afterward had constructed a machine to project his pictures.

His initial efforts were crude, but they were the best of their kind. The first picture he made showed a horse eating hay, and it was regarded as one of the marvels of that time. This was followed by pictures of a moving train. His work at this time was hampered by patent suits brought against him by Thomas A. Edison in defense of his patents. Lubin's small capital was soon gone, and he was forced to transfer his picture producing operations to Europe, where he worked night and day in further perfecting his camera and projecting machine. Some time later he quietly returned to this country and took up the production of pictures, making the negatives in his back yard

and developing the films in his cellar.

Many of these first pictures were examples of legerdemain or trick photography. He also turned out several scenic. A train tearing up an almost perpendicular mountain, jumping to the crest of another one, and continuing its rushing course down the side was typical of these. Another early Lubin effort showed a dancing Pierrot gradually losing his limbs until the torso alone remained. Then his limbs would be gradually restored as if by magic, Pierrot would bow and the little comedy would be over.

Lubin's first conspicuous achievement was the photographing of the Fitzsimmons-Ruhlin fight, and later, in 1900, of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. This was a departure from the pictures which had usually been shown up to this time, and naturally created considerable excitement and comment. For the first time

"Gentleman Jim" obtained an inkling of how he looked to the spectators when he received the wallop from Fitzsimmons which put an end to his fighting career.

At the time when Carrie

Siegmund Lubin

Discussing the Picture with One of His Able Lieutenants



and they plunged in with a vim to lend what assistance they could. The enthusiasm of the women was heightened by the



Lubin Snapped with Alice Lloyd, a Well Known Actress

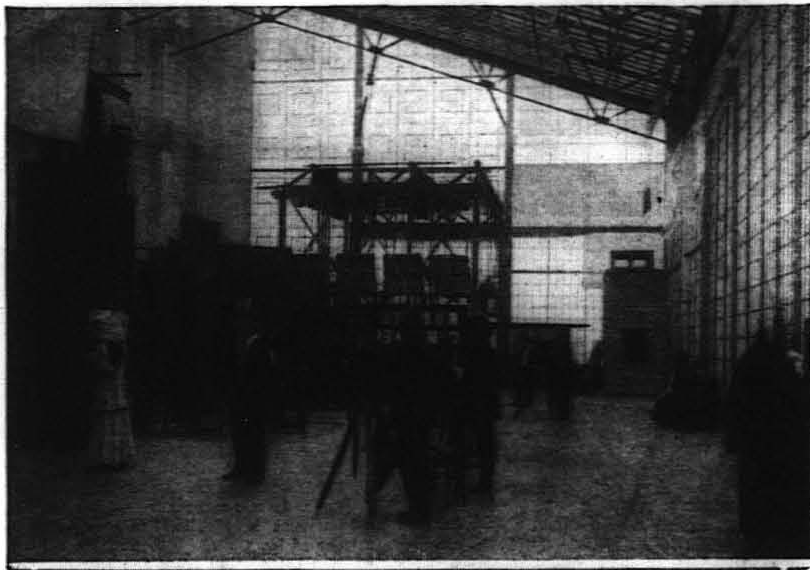
fact that they were destroying a bar across which much of their husband's hard-earned money passed. The barkeeper pleaded with them in vain, but his hoarse voice received little or no attention. When they were through the saloon had been properly raided and Lubin was forced to pay the owner \$700 damages.

The popularity of films of this order soon waned, and Lubin, realizing the possibilities of the motion picture, began to film real dramas and comedies. He spared no expense or pains to make them realistic.

Once, when a production was made of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a careless director allowed little Eva to cross the Ohio River on sheets of paper. Every time the film was shown someone had to explain that the paper was meant for ice. Mr. Lubin was in Europe at the time. Upon his return he made some drastic and sudden changes in the personnel of his company when he witnessed the production.

"If we are going to do a thing, let's do it right," he said, while still smarting under the collar because of the impossible picture. He ordered the entire picture retaken regardless of the fact that the original production had cost almost a thousand dollars and knowing that the new one would be equally expensive. The original Lubin plant was a small one-story building which stood on the very spot on Indiana Avenue in Philadelphia now occupied by the offices of the biggest motion picture plant in the United States, while the entire plant

Nation's saloon raiding was at its height, Lubin endeavored to get her to pose for a "raid" which he contemplated. Finding it impossible to arrange this, he engaged an actress to impersonate her. The services of a nearby barkeeper were enlisted, together with those of a large sized mob. The barkeeper laid out a neat array of old dishes and gin bottles for the furious mob to destroy and they began their deadly work at a given signal from the nervous Lubin, who was directing the affair. The performance was so realistic that many neighbors who were not "in" on the secret believed it to be a real raid,



Two Companies at Work Inside the Lubin Studio at Philadelphia

covers two whole city blocks, which are called Lubinville. The two studios in which the actual taking of scenes is done are immense. In each of them, five separate productions may be under way at the same time.

There are machine shops where they make their own cameras, and all the other machinery used in picture production. There are carpentering, upholstering, cabinet-making shops where everything needed for the staging of pictures is made; departments in charge of costuming, scenery, and properties; there are all the factories which handle the making of the finished films from the original negative. And there are the executive, the editorial, and the publicity departments.

Then there is the business of storing the films, and films are a hazardous commodity, highly inflammable and explosive, so that there is always serious danger of fire. Only a few weeks ago a fire started in the negative vault of this plant with an explosion that shot flames a hundred feet into the air. The fire was got under control rapidly and little damage was done to the building. But the loss of films amounted to more than a million dollars.

In addition to the Philadelphia plant, the Lubin operations extend to "The Lubin Betzwood Farm," a five-hundred acre estate, near Norristown, Pa., where additional studios and laboratories are located, and where almost all the Lubin exteriors are taken. The Schuylkill River, wandering through the meadows of the farm, plays an important part in all Lubin outdoor productions. The Betzwood mansion is an impressive building containing more than a hundred rooms. In addition to the mansion, there are a half dozen farmhouses and other buildings, including workshops, stables and paddocks for a hundred or more horses. Vast amounts of money have been expended in procuring all kinds of live stock for the farm, it being the Lubin policy to have everything right on the grounds for the production of almost any sort of a photoplay.

Then there is the Lubin home in Los Angeles, Cal., where a third studio is as completely outfitted as those in the East. A fourth studio is located near Denver, Colo., and a fifth at Jacksonville, Florida.



They Make Their Own Cameras and All the Other Machinery Used in the Picture Production

Now you begin to see the vastness of the domain over which Siegmund Lubin rules. Six million feet of film bearing the name of Lubin are issued from these various studios and laboratories every week, and still the expansion goes on.

At the present time "Pop" Lubin, as he is known in trade circles, takes as active an interest in managing his studios and laboratories as he did when he was pioneering. He is a living contradiction to the belief held by so many people that when a person reaches a position of his standing, he should have little to do, giving over the reins of management to subordinates. Every hour of his day is busy, and there is no detail of the great work with which he is not thoroughly familiar.

"Pop" Lubin is the most genial, democratic, and interesting big man I have ever known," one of his employees said to me recently.

There is little exaggeration in the statement. He treats his employees, of which there are over a thousand, including actors, actresses, stage directors, carpenters, camera men, factory hands, and the hundred and one others who go to make up a big organization, as if they were members of a large family, of which he was the head, and he terms them all "my children." Many of them have refused employment elsewhere at higher salaries because they could not bring themselves to leave the "family."

Each day he visits the various departments and sees that everything is in smooth running order. Now and then he takes part in the direction of some play in which he is especially interested. The greater portion of his time, however, is spent in the projection room, where he watches closely every production bearing the Lubin trademark, which, by the way, is a reproduction of our own famous Liberty Bell, with the word "LUBIN" stamped across.

It is utterly impossible to forecast what this master of the motion picture industry will do next in the way of production. His illimitable resources are indeed astonishing.



The Lubin Plant in North Philadelphia Covers Two City Blocks and is Known as Lubinville

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

V—The Goddess Success, and Another Goddess

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

JACK WALLING found himself revived by his first view of Chicago. The mid-western metropolis greeted him with a friendliness that augured well. Even his longing for Dolly Ewing was not sufficient to dim his new-born enthusiasm, and after a trip to the sign of the three balls where he left his watch and scarfpin and sundry superfluous possessions he felt equal to anything.

There was a new hotel near the station and while Walling's store of money was nil, his old-time gameness had returned. The burn of the alcohol was seeping out of his blood, and his step once more felt springy.

"Eight hundred movies in Chicago!" he exclaimed in surprise. Having recently come from New York, Walling was not supposed to possess such information.

"Then one of them is for me," he reflected. "Now, I wonder how I can get hold of a house without my having the capital in hand. One thing is certain: Being down to the dead-level in finances, nobody can fleece me!" There was a wealth of cheer in that thought. When a man has hit bottom, there's just one direction left for him to travel; that is upward. The only exception is the fellow who has no spine left, in which event he simply travels in circles over the floor of that lowest level. But Walling wasn't in that class. His recent dire misfortunes had made Jack a trifle more cautious—and that was all.

The morning after his arrival, this classified advertisement appeared in the two biggest dailies:

I CAN MAKE Your Motion Picture House Pay. If you're not able to trust me enough to investigate, don't answer. I know what brings the crowds, and what loses them. I have a Sure System that CAN'T LOSE. I will work with only one house 50-50 on results—5 or 10c houses of seating capacity not under 600. Address: Box XYZ

By evening, there were forty-seven replies, of which over half were from persons not owning picture houses, but aspiring to get into the game. Ninety per cent who answered were suspicious—most of them were as broke as Walling himself. Nevertheless, as they came, he interviewed them. He asked pointed questions that brought forth frowns, blushes and hot replies. He was forced to work rapidly. Each day was eating ten per cent out of his wallet's contents.

By the end of the second day, he had interviewed over one hundred persons, and had narrowed the chase down to two. One of these men owned a theatre on West Twelfth Street, and the other had a house on Belmont Avenue, near Clark Street. The latter was his selection, and this is the way his contract read:

Walling was to take entire charge of the theatre with a drawing account of five per cent of the gross receipts. The capacity was 650, and the admittance price was a nickel. The possible gross at a performance was \$32.50. There were four shows each evening, and the theatre was open Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday afternoons. That meant forty shows weekly, or a total possible "gate" of \$1300. It had been averaging \$380 a week, at an operating expense of \$365. Walling was to bring the weekly gross up to \$900 within a month at an expense not to exceed \$750 weekly, and he would then be entitled to one-third the net, which, with the exception of his own needs, he was to turn back into the business until he had paid \$1500 for a half interest,



Dorgan's Anger Was 116 in the Shade. He Didn't Purport to be Talked to Like That by a Smooth-Faced Boy

with a six months' option on the other half at \$2500. If the owner wished, he was to retain his fifty per cent, but would then be obliged to invest another \$2500, and with the five thousand start another house on a partnership basis.

Now, it seems that the gentleman with whom Walling had transacted business was a most unpopular individual in his neighborhood, populated largely by Swedes. This may have been because his name was Dennis Dorgan, or it may have been because of his rather pugnacious nature. Secretly, he had figured he could bully Walling, and as soon as the contract was signed he annexed a sardonic smile, which lasted just forty-eight hours.

"Gee, but you have a nerve, Dorgan, to run a punk show like that! Say, the stuff you pulled tonight was what Noah used to entertain the animals on the ark with. It was released just before the Big Rain. Anybody could tell that by the streaks in the films!"

"Oh, is it true?" Dorgan retorted sarcastically. "I suppose these Swedes wishes society drammers, yes? I imagine Swedes knows when it's up to snuff or not. Now, when I had a show down on Emerald Avenue—"

"Enough!" Walling cried. "I'll make my own programme after this, and you, Dorgan, you just keep yourself popular with Dorgan, sticking inside the box-office, out of view, counting the jitneys—if you can count!"

Dorgan's anger was 116 in the shade and rising. He didn't purpose to be talked to like that by a smooth-faced boy.

"Noo York!" he said ironically. "Big town stuff! Bah!"

Walling had guessed Dorgan as a bluffer—as a fellow who would stick to the wrong not because he wanted to, but "just to show" his critics. Besides, those North Side Swedes didn't have any right dictating to him. Dorgan was getting so he called every blonde a Swede, and with some contempt, which wasn't exactly healthy for the receipts.

"This nationality stuff doesn't go, Dorgan," Walling warned him. "Why, Jews and Gentiles, Bavarians, English, French, Germans, all spend the same kind of money. According to your dope, if a northerner opened up for business in Mobile, the way to pack the aisles would be to flaunt a banner like this: 'I'm from the North. The North licked the South! Whee!' Besides, Sweden has a navy, and that's more than you can say about Ireland!"

"I believe he's a Norse himself," Dorgan thought, but he could not deny Walling's logic. He began to see the light of truth. He was blaming the Scandinavians for boycotting him, when he was boycotting himself.

The next morning, a huge banner was nailed up over the "Trojan." This was its message:

5c TONIGHT! MR. BUNNY BUYS A BATTLESHIP! 7,258 LAUGHS! The Escapes of Estelle!—2 Reels—3d Installment! Kurt-Seeley Service! The Leading Lady's Love Affair and the BEST MUSIC IN CHICAGO—5c

"Hully smokes!" Dorgan groaned, as his grin faded and vanished. "It'll stand us sixty-seven beans! That partner o' mine is woozy—plain woozy!" Dorgan nearly wept. The idea of service like that for a nickel house made him faint at heart and extremely dizzy beneath his red thatch. But the die was cast.

From Oakdale Avenue to Grace Street, and from Southport Avenue to Sheridan Road, Walling was personally superintending the distribution of hand-bills that had been printed the previous night. The fighting blood was coming to the rescue again. He was the Walling of old—the aggressive, daring, clear-headed Walling. But at times it must be confessed, his heart was laden as he thought about Dolly and wondered if time would ever erase her from his memory.

Walling didn't let his work cease with directing the boys. He stopped in at barber-shops, stores and homes and put up as strong a talk for a nickel patronage as some men would devote to the sale of a motor-car.

From five-fifteen until six-thirty, he had boys passing out dodgers to the crowds that surged from the elevated stations at Belmont and Clark, as well as at the principal surface-line transfer points, such as Belmont and Sheffield, Belmont and Clark, Belmont and Halsted and Clark and Sheffield.

Dorgan was pacing the floor of the theatre, when Walling rushed in, after a hasty meal at a nearby lunch-counter.

"Oh, boy, but the Swedes will give me the ha-ha now. Tonight's cost, all told, with fillums, banner, dodgers an' what not, is even eighty-eight dollars. Sorry's the day I ever let your well-oiled tongue talk me into it!"

"Dorgan," said Walling, as he placed a hand reassuringly on his partner's shoulder. "Good stuff never fails. You can't skate without skates or swim without water."

"I can," Dorgan responded fretfully. "I've had to swim on me side since two o' the clock to keep from sinking in me own perspire!"

They had a little time for discussion. At seven the doors were to open, and it was now six-fifty. With blanched face, Dorgan stole to the front door, an slyly looked out.

"Jack, me boy!" he called hoarsely, "they's a riot fermin' the Trojan. Somebuddy's hurt, mebbe!"

Walling rushed to view the excitement, and then he laughed till his cheeks were wet. The mob was welling from beyond the curb, waiting for a view of its favorites for the small fee of five cents.

They packed the house for four shows, and upon the screen were thrown announcements of equally good material for the following night. "Golly, but that was a narrow escape!"

Dennis observed, as he finished counting the evening's receipts. Then a new fear struck him. "Now I'm doin' well, like as not some crook will stick me up. I'm goin' to speak to Clancy about it. He's on nights, and a braver man never trod a beat." Having placed his faith in Patrolman Clancy's efficiency, the thought of another day's tremendous expense obsessed him. And with dreams of reels depicting scenes in the bankruptcy court and bold hold-ups, Dorgan spent a miserable night.

Despite his grilling day's work, Walling was on the job early the next day. He had taken a room over on Barry Avenue, and decided he needed some of the fresh lake air before breakfast. At the end of his walk, he found himself on Clark Street near Grace, and a restaurant sign reminded him of the fact that he had an appetite. Who should he see at the counter but Dorgan!

"Heavens, Dennis!" he called gleefully, "why do you eat away up here?"

"Well, partner, it's because I gets real hen-eggs, instead o' them ice-box kind—and I gets me bacon crisp. Ain't it worth a walk?"

Jack chuckled as he gave his order. Then he looked squarely into Dorgan's clear blue eyes. "When you get service," said he, "you'll walk out of your way. Don't you suppose movie fans feel the same about it? Service, Dorgan, is everything. It builds a practice for a lawyer, a doctor or a dentist. It makes a restaurant or a department store pay. It makes winners in all lines. And the only way we can judge service is by what competitors are doing. Now, we're giving the biggest nickel show in Lake View. You see, Dorgan, I already know this is the twenty-third ward and the name of our alderman, and the population and the car lines. But here is my breakfast, and I need it."

While Dorgan was looking forward to the evening with fear, he took hold with more vim, and didn't mention the Swedes all day. He was thinking about Buffalo nickels altogether too much to worry about mere trivialities. So saturated did he become with the five-cent idea, that he said to Walling shortly after, as they strolled through Lincoln Park, "By heavens, Jack, they've had a poor gate by the look o' them few buffaloes!" Anything that bore resemblance to a nickel set him to calculating.

That morning, Walling walked into a dry goods store near the "Trojan." The proprietor came to greet him.

"What do you pay for your wrapping paper each week?" Jack queried.

"Oh, it costs us about three dollars. I should say. Why do you ask?"

"I had a mind to supply you free of cost," Walling responded. "That is, provided—"

Provided what? That I buy a cash register?"

"Not at all," the movie promoter explained cheerily. "If I can print my ad on the paper. Now, don't toss up your hands. I'm a partner in the Trojan Theatre. Advertising the movies doesn't hurt any store; besides, I was going to advertise your store, a slide at each show, for five dollars a week, but if the wrapping paper idea appeals to you, I'll do this. Now, wait a moment: I'll print the ad on your paper and give you the slide and bulletin announcement free of cost, if you'll pay for the paper."

The dry-goods merchant thought it over carefully, and agreed. It seemed reasonable. It was reasonable. Pressed as he was for time, Walling closed similar agreements with twenty merchants that day. He also introduced another idea, as supplementary to the first. He had a number of window and counter cards printed in three colors, with a large cut of the Trojan Theatre, and the following wording:

We Advertise in the Trojan Bulletin Outside the Trojan Theatre, and on Trojan Slides at each show, because we can back up anything the Trojan's management says in our favor! See for yourself at 993 Belmont Avenue.

Walling got in touch with a paper house and received a bid on the printing of his advertisement every three inches on rolls and sheets of wrapping paper. Inasmuch as this plan centralized the paper patronage of the locality, the price was nominal. His ad read as follows:

All Wrapped Up
in the
Trojan Movies
5 Reels—Biggest Features
for
Five Cents
Four shows nightly, and
continuous from 2:00 p. m.
Mondays, Saturdays and
Sundays
Trojan Theatre
993 Belmont Ave.

Some of the competing picture exhibitors complained bitterly, but Walling did not let that annoy him. If he could do a stroke of business, that was his affair. He asserted that "business is business."

At the end of two weeks, Dorgan had about ceased worrying over prospective results. The "Trojan" was brought to a profit-paying basis. It was clearing over six hundred dollars a month—but this still put Walling a half year away from full partnership. However, an agreement was an agreement, and if he kept right on working, he would eventually get there. Now the eventual is enough to satisfy some temperaments, but it merely goaded Wall-

ing to keener thinking and more soaring ambitions.

"Dorgan," he said one day, when they had things running along smoothly, "I have an idea. Now, don't moisten your lips, because this isn't plunging. I have been around this part of Chicago a whole lot of late. I have discovered seven good big laundries, a number of bakeries, a dye works, a good big lumberyard and an oleo factory. I can rent a picture machine for very little, and we stand to make a piece of coin. Now, here's the idea complete."

They settled down to an animated conversation, and discussed it pro and con. At the end of an hour, Dorgan was willing to take a chance, with an agreement to divide the spoils. That same day, Walling walked into the offices of the Hamburg Laundry.

"I want to take motion pictures of your plant. No, no. The film doesn't cost you a penny—not a cent. It will be a five-hundred-foot film at that. Doesn't sound reasonable? Why, this is the day and age when the impossible becomes the reality. Now, what I'm going to do is this: A very pretty young woman, dressed in white, will be crossing the street. There's a mud puddle, and she lifts her skirts to avoid it. Just then an automobile comes bounding along and, splash! That dress is a sight. She is so angry she could fight the reckless driver, who laughs tauntingly and speeds away. Just then, one of your wagons comes along, and a happy thought strikes the young lady. She wants to wear that dress the very next day. So she hurries into her home right across the street, and the driver waits. The lady sends the dress out by her maid. Then we show just how carefully and speedily you wash and iron it and deliver it. And last of all, we picture the young lady all dressed up and smiling, ready for the party."

"By George, that's good—if we could get enough theatres to run it. You see, we do business all over Lake View, and north as far as Edgewater."

"I can get it into the theatres," Walling agreed. "Only, that would cost something. Let me see. I'll undertake to show it in fifty theatres at a rate of only ten dollars each!"

"It's a go!" the proprietor agreed, and the contract was signed. To make the film would cost Walling two hundred dollars. To get the theatres to run it would cost him practically nothing. There was to be a streak of humor in it, as well as something instructive, and it was a good "filler" for a programme.

"Now to get a good looking girl who will stand for the splash stuff!" said Walling. He entertained some rather grave doubts, but he had started, and there was nothing to do but advertise. These were busy days, but being submerged in labor was the only thing that Walling cared for. It helped him forget—if he ever could forget! But the day he had it all arranged—all but the girl, his tonsils began to puff up, and chills and fever raced in to

claim him. That explains why the young man with the camera took the burden off Walling's shoulders, and staged the little laundry drama according to his own views.

Even though he was ill, Jack wrote letters to a list of theatres, portraying the splendors of the film, which was to be theirs for one night only—free. The answers began to come back. Some wanted pay—others refused—but a good many were willing to see the reciprocal side. Dorgan was up at the flat twice a day regularly, fearful that he might not carry out Walling's every wish. Even in illness, the promoter



was not free from managing all of the details.

And then, the third day, a wonderful box of roses came to his room. "Dorgan's afraid I'm going to die!" Walling wheezed, and the humor of it all made him laugh so hard, his throat fairly throbbled. But when Dorgan came and gave his solemn oath that he knew nothing about the roses, and wouldn't invest in flowers, anyway, so long as corned-beef and cabbage were for sale, Walling became mystified. "It's one o' them Olgas as is mooney on you. By the way, Jackie, I've joined a society of Belmont Avenue Business Men. How does that hit you? Besides, I'm chairman o' the boostin' committee! I've a fine lot o' boys with me, too. There's Sorensen, an' Petersen, and Holquist, an'—"

"Swedes!" Walling ejaculated, as his eyes opened wider.

"Walling, as I've told you repeatedly since we have been partners, nationality don't count—no, sir! Besides, Mr. an' Mrs. Olaf Svenson have invited me especial to a dinner next Sunday, so get well, for heaven's sake. I wouldn't disappoint them for the world. I'm goin' to meet one of the biggest men in Lake View there—a grand man!"

Walling buried his face in the pillows and shook with laughter until Dennis mistook it for hysteria—nor was he very far wrong, except in diagnosing the cause.

Walling's recovery was rapid. He was anxious to get back into the harness. He wanted to make a success of this first film and arrange for others. Every hundred dollars counted now. The moment he had his half-interest, his monthly earnings at the "Trojan" would increase a hundred dollars, as compared with his one-third dividend now.

Sunday morning found him at the theatre. The film man had promised an exhibition of the laundry drama. The laundry proprietor was on hand, but Dorgan was still dressing up for the big event that afternoon, and 'phoned to Jack not to wait. Since a truce had been declared with the neighborhood folk Dennis



Dolly Ewing Was Not in Europe, and the Picture on the Screen Might Have Been a Million Miles Away

was ready to fight for them at the drop of a hat. The interior of the "Trojan" was dark. The machine began clicking up in its turret, and the film was beginning to unwind. The leader read:

DOLLY IS GLAD HER
DRESS IS UNSOILED—
SHE WILL WEAR IT TO
TOMORROW'S PARTY.

Then there was the street scene, with a motor car coming in the distance, and a puddle of muddy water in the crossing. From the left-hand edge of the film, a dainty miss stepped

along briskly. Her dress was spotlessly white. She started to cross the street and looked squarely into the camera.

"Dolly!" Walling cried. "Dolly Ewing! You here!"

And somebody stole up from the shadows of the theatre and two soft hands were placed over Walling's eyes. Then he took those hands in his and pulled the owner toward him and looked up at the pretty face smiling out of the mass of auburn curls.

Dolly Ewing was not in Europe. She was right at his side, and the picture on the screen might have been a million miles distant so far as either cared!

(The next J. R. Walling story will appear in the issue of July 18.)

It Just Can't Be Done

and within a limit of forty yards did a double somersault in the air, and landed in a barb-wire fence on four wheels.

But what happened to Travers?

He stuck to the wheel like any good driver will do and when he came to his mechanic was sitting beside him crying.

"Dick" opened his eyes to see his own red blood spouting from his mouth till it looked like a stockyard melodrama as he lay in the dandelion patch.

Two farmers up on the hillside had seen the car speeding between farms as it went down into the valley and were watching for it to come up on the other side, and when it failed to appear they, with true rural curiosity, decided to go see what was the trouble. And when they got to the spot they found trouble aplenty.

Travers was watching his little stream of blood, not knowing whether he was going to live to see it through or not, and the mechanic was still shedding tears.

The farmers quickly picked up both of the wounded men, placed them on planks and carried them within reach of a doctor. All this time the blood was still flowing, and Mr. Travers' greatest trouble was to keep from strangling.

The doc arrived, looked his man over, punched him here and there, asked a lot of questions, couldn't believe his eyes to see Travers was still alive, looked down his throat, then sat back and gazed at him in silence for fully a minute, and exclaimed in professionally pardoned terms: "Well, I'll be d—!"

When Mr. Travers could listen intelligently he was informed that his chest bone had collided with his spinal column, and if it had not been that his lungs were free from breath

at the time he struck he would have burst both lungs and heart; then probably a little golden harp would have been thrust into his hands.

"That was good news," said Travers.

He was glad to know he still had a chance.

"Your wonderful constitution and good habits have saved you," added the doctor as he got busy with the little bandages, etc., and Travers was thankful he had been a good boy for so many years.

Travers never did get to the races, but returned home the next day in his little racer, a miracle to himself and all his friends.

This same little Overland was stolen and wrecked only a short time before, and it cost Actor Travers many a heartache and many a dollar before he got it in traveling shape so he could start to the races. And to think he never got there! But when he sighs and thinks of what a close call he had, he is glad he is at least alive, even if he is a little sore in spots.

Who knows but that he might have had even worse luck if he had gone all the way and started out in a race. Somebody always comes up missing at the automobile affairs.

"Thank heavens it was not I this time," said Mr. Travers, as he backed up against the wall to let some people pass by for fear they would slap him on the shoulder in a congratulatory manner and hit one of his many sore spots, as is the usual ill-fated custom whenever a person has anything the matter with him.

"The only thing that I regret," he continued with a sad and far-away look in his eyes, "is that the camera was not on the job to get the picture of the adventure, for it would have made a most unusual story, and I am afraid it could not be repeated with the same dramatic possibilities and a safe getaway."



YOU can't kill a movie actor. They are indestructible and deathproof. Whether it comes from practice or just a matter of luck in their favor remains to be seen; but Richard C. Travers of the Essanay Dramatic Stock Company has proved that it can't be done. He did a double loop-the-loop in his car and is still alive.

Mr. Travers left Chicago in his car to see the races at Indianapolis, but fate was either with him or against him, he hasn't decided yet. Anyway, he never got there.

All went as merrily as alimony bells till he got four and one-half miles beyond Dyer, Ind. Then without a word of warning when he was hitting the high places at the rate of fifty miles an hour, his Overland racer got frisky

Some Confessions

By Kathlyn Williams, Westerner

ALTHOUGH the part of Cherry Ma-lotte in

"The Spoilers" seems to have been more vivid, the role of "Queen Isabella," in the pageant, "The Coming of Columbus," which was staged at Jackson Park in Chicago a few years ago appealed to me most strongly. The pageant made

Some of Miss Williams' Most Notable Work Has Been Done in "Jungle" Plays

save what they have read. So my ambition is to be a director some day.

Outside of my work I am just a peaceful suffragette. I am like the fellow who would fight to have peace. I absolutely demand it. It is so tiresome waiting for scenes around the studio at times that home is heaven to me and my weary bones. Loving California as I do, I have a genuine California bungalow. It is all mine.

I also am a business woman. I love to scheme things. I study real estate most. It is a grand feeling to go out and look at the lots one owns. Also I have a nice car that *always* goes. That is such a comfort. When I see other cars sitting beside the road all disconsolate, I go home and pat mine on the nose.

I have a few good friends. That is better than having a host of professional ones of whose loyalty one is in doubt. I love the theater and go as often as possible. I am an ideal audience. I laugh and cry in the right places, and applaud when I see anything good.

There is one thing in motion picture work to which I have not yet accustomed myself.

That is the friendliness of strangers who have seen my pictures and who identify me as the heroine of some picture. Once in a gathering of a few people an Englishman whom John T. McCutcheon, the cartoonist, had brought with him, rushed up to me, and said, "Oh, yes, you are 'Captain Kate.' I saw you in London." The fact

A Gripping Scene in the "Son of Penelope"

that some one has "seen" you in Java, or China, or some place where you have never been, gives you a strangely uncanny feeling, almost as if your astral body had been engaged in enterprises that had not had the consent of your will.

It's queer in some ways, the tremendous publicity one achieves in pictures without coming into direct contact with the public. But it has its disadvantages as well as its advantages. Many actors insist that the greatest drawback of motion-picture work is the lack of any direct relation between actor and audience such as one has in the legitimate theatre, because it deprives them of applause. Response there is in plenty, but it is box office response, and not the pulse-stirring thing that applause is. To be sure applause is often heard in motion picture theatres, but the pleasure of the audience isn't invariably expressed in that way, by any means. And few and far between are the occasions when the actor is there to hear it.

In the "Leopard's Foundling" One of Her Own Plays

A Critical Moment—Miss Williams Directing the Handling of a Wild Animal

On the other hand, one of the advantages of not coming in direct contact with your public is that you can reach an immensely larger one in pictures than you could in any other way. Actors on the legitimate stage can reach, in a week, just as many people as can be crowded into one theatre in that length of time; movie actors can reach, in a week, as many people as can be crowded into 700 theatres giving two performances a day.

Thus the movie actor achieves a publicity that is not to be thought of by the legitimate actor. And the enthusiasm of movie fans for their favorites, their naive and friendly curiosity about everything he says and does, the innumerable admiring letters they write to him are pretty good substitutes for applause, after all.

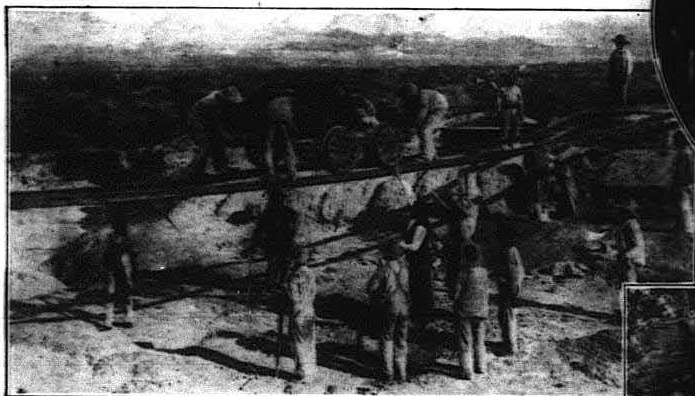
For my own part, I am glad that circumstance brought me to it. Motion pictures have given me a range of opportunity that the regular drama, especially under modern conditions, could not have given. I am glad, too, for every disappointment I have ever had, for I have come to know them as stepping stones. I am glad of success, of course. But, I think, when I look back over my years that of all the things that I have had, I am most glad that I was born in Butte. "Theatrical enough" it may have been. But the streets, and the ridges, and the smelter smoke, the shacks, the schools, and the sum of it all was good training for the stage of life where all of us are mummers.

Another Scene from "The Leopard's Foundling"

A Pictorial Review of Current Events and People in the Public Eye



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Miss Eleanor Sears and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt at the Mixed Polo Match at Meadowbrook, Long Island



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Where the Bridges Had Been Burned, the Troops and Newspaper Men Crossed the Gullies on the Unsupported Rails



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Mr. Huang—the Almost Human Monkey—Taking His Daily Walk



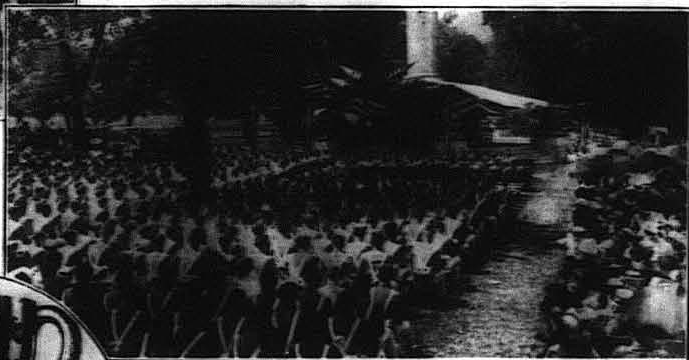
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The International Polo Challenge Cup Recently Won by the British Polo Team



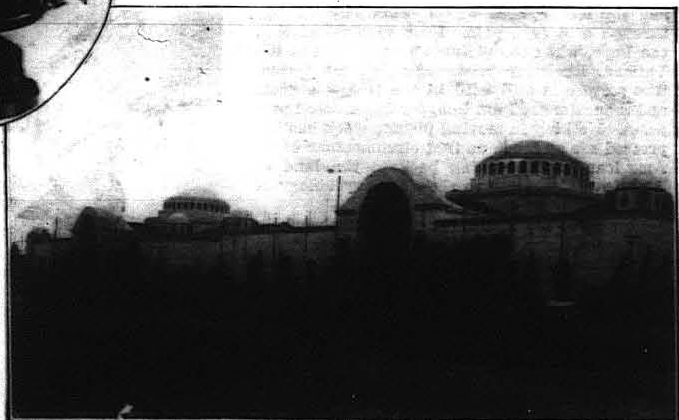
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General Carranza Who Has Fought Against Medication and Been Deserted by General Villa



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Repairing the Hole Made in the Bow of the S. S. "New York" When She Was Rammed by the S. S. "Fretoria" Off Nantucket



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The Exercises at West Point at Which Secretary of War, Garrison, Commissioned the Graduates as Second Lieutenants, U. S. A.



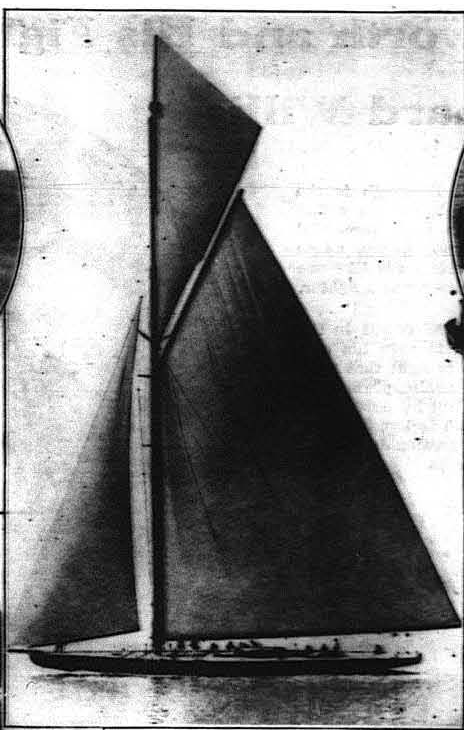
© Photo by Pacific News Service
Western Facades of the Palace of Education and the Palace of Food Products at the Panama Pacific Exposition. The Two Domes are Known as The Half-Dome of Thought and the Half-Dome of Vigor

Up-to-the-Minute News Views



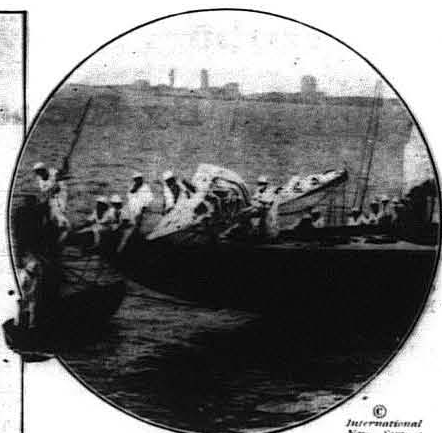
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One of the Gunners of the Ninth Infantry Ready to Mount a New Springfield Rifle Which Fires 600 Shots Per Minute



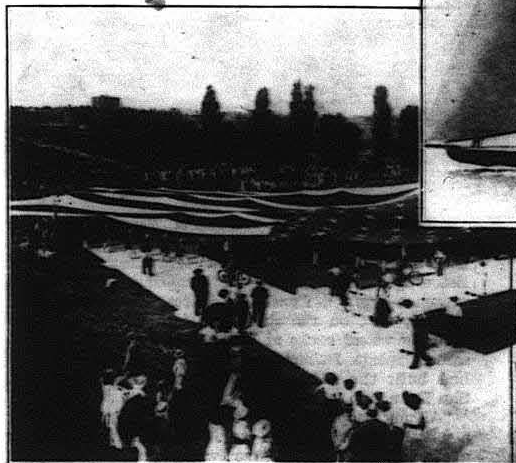
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The Shamrock IV. on Her First Trial Sail at Solent



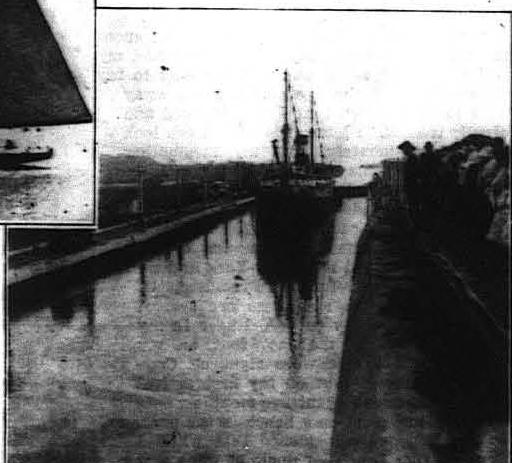
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Repairing the Broken Bowsprit on the "Defiance" Which Injury Forced Her to Retire from the First Trial Race



© Underwood & Underwood

Flag Day Was Celebrated in St. Louis by an Immense Parade in Which a Gigantic Flag Was Carried Which Measured 78 by 150 Feet



© International News Service

The Steamer Allianca Which Was the First to Pass through the Panama Canal

Bill Sweeney, the Second Baseman of the Chicago Cubs, Appreciated the Many Gifts He Received

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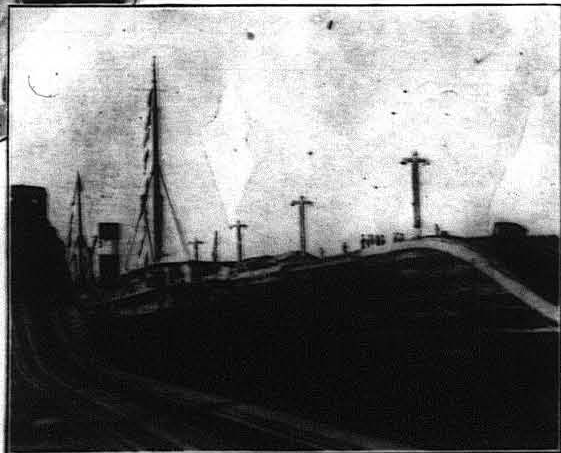
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The Steamer Allianca Starting on Her Trip through the Panama Canal



© International News Service

One of the Novel Booths at Venice Beach, California



A Jack London Hero

Hobart Bosworth and His Fighting Career

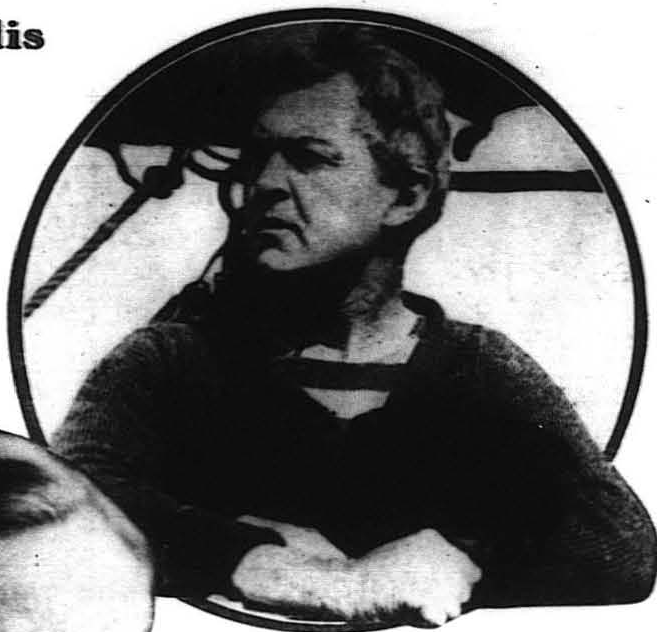
By Richard Willis

AS NEARLY everyone is aware, Hobart Bosworth is the man who is producing and playing the leads in the film versions of Jack London's stories with such successful results. But, as nearly everyone is not aware, as in fact, few people are aware, Hobart Bosworth's life reads like one of the stirring tales he produces. And, if there ever was a fighter, Hobart Bosworth is one.

Besides adventures a plenty, and all the ups and downs in the career of a man who went out into the world to earn his own living at the age of ten, Mr. Bosworth has had to fight that most insidious of all enemies, disease. Again and again, physicians, everyone who knew him, have given him up. But he never gave himself up, and it may be that his passionate will to live has been the biggest factor in saving him, just as his passionate will to succeed has helped him more than anything else, in achieving success.

But, let's begin at the very beginning, and have this splendid fighter tell us about himself!

"I was born at Marietta, Ohio, where I spent my early childhood. My mother died and my father married again and I never took to my stepmother. At the age of ten I ran away with the conviction that I was ill used and cruelly treated. I know, now that I can look back dispassionately, that my stepmother really treated me well, better than I deserved. Still the fact remains that I ran away and persuaded an old sea captain to take me on as a cabin boy. The ship was a clipper rig named the *Sovereign of the Seas* and I boarded it at New York and we sailed immediately for San Francisco. Of my experiences at sea there are several details which, oddly enough, linger in my memory. One is the fact that on my twelfth birthday we were right off Cape Horn, another is that on my first arrival at San Francisco I spent five months wages on candy and slept on a bench in the park. It is a curious coincidence that while I slept on that bench an uncle of mine was playing the organ in Trinity church just back of me. I did not know this until some



Hobart Bosworth in the Title Role of "The Sea Wolf"

time later although I remember lying there and listening to the music. I learned of my uncle's presence from a Captain Roberts who found work for me, first on the San Francisco docks and later slinging wheat sacks at Post Costa by Venetia. This same Captain Roberts told me that my grandfather had built the ship *Marietta* and had sailed her to San Francisco.

"All my people were of the sea and my father was a naval officer. By the way I never saw my father again but once when I was twenty-one and he looked at me and said 'Hum! I couldn't lick you now, Son.'

"I was at sea about three years in all and eleven months of this was spent on an old fashioned whaler in the Arctic regions. I cannot own to having any unusual hardships to endure on that voyage. There is danger or discomfort only in very violent storms. After that I was a stevedore for a time.

"Before I leave my early experiences I want to say that I am a true American actor. I am a direct descendant of Miles Standish, of John



Two Stirring Scenes from "The Sea Wolf"



Robert Bosworth
as *Malenka Kid*
in the "Son of
the Wolf"

good and I stayed with Daly for ten long years, during which time I played a number of parts but never any very big ones.

"In those days I thought he was a slave driver, but here again I altered my mind afterwards, just as I did regarding my stepmother and the Captain of the boat on my first voyage, and I came to acknowledge that Daly was a wonderfully fine man. In his determination to have an artistic and appropriate ensemble, he did not study the desires of individuals at all; he picked out people for certain parts which he knew would make up a perfect whole. During my association with him we went abroad seven times and played in London,

Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne and other continental cities.

"Yes, he was a great man but he destroyed my self-confidence completely, so, when I applied to Julia Marlowe for a position, I applied for a very small part. She looked me over and told me I was not good enough

despair seized me, and then came the sudden glorious desire to live, to fight it out. I recovered rapidly, but I made the mistake of going back to work just as soon as I was better. From that time on my life was a pretty evenly balanced alternation of work and rest.

"When I could work, I did work harder than ever. I played engagements with Henrietta Crossman, and with Mrs. Fiske. Finally Harrison Grey Fiske featured me in 'Martha of the Lowlands' and I became a Broadway star. But the beginning of the end was in sight. However, not until I lost 70 pounds in as many days did I give up completely.

"It was in Tempe, Arizona, that I lived for years, fighting, fighting, fighting. And I won out. But—though I am not an invalid now, and don't look in the least like one, I am obliged to live like one. It is still my only defense against my enemy.

"I believe, after all, that it is the motion pictures that have saved my life. How could I have lived on and on, without being able to carry out any of my cherished ambitions? What would my life have meant? Here, in pictures, I am realizing my biggest hopes.

"Why, I went to San Diego for a rest and was asked to take an engagement with the Selig Polyscope Company. And I discovered that I could carry on my work out of doors and without using my voice, which was in a very bad condition. I wrote the second picture I appeared in, and directed the third. In all I wrote 112 scenarios for Selig's and produced 84 of them myself.

"Then I was convinced that the time was ripe for special productions, and feeling that my all round out-of-doors and stage experience

As He Appeared
in "My
Bunkie," One
of the Hundred
Scenarios He
Wrote for
Selig's

Alden and Priscilla on my father's side, and my mother was of the old Van Zandt Dutch stock of New York who were the first of their race to land in America. I am very proud of it.

"To go back to my adventures. After doing many odd jobs around San Francisco which included semi-professional boxing and wrestling with an old professor, Johnny Brown, who hailed from Birmingham, England. I went to ranching in Southern California and in Mexico, where I learned to ride anything and came to love the exercise above everything else. Then came the stage.

"I was always interested in art, and felt I might make a success as a landscape painter. I asked the advice of a friend and he said, 'Why not supe on the stage and get the money to study your painting?' The idea appealed to me and I obtained the coveted job with McKee Rankin and suped and then painted. This was at the California Theatre, San Francisco. Then came the first small part of three lines which I promptly made a hash of. It was on my eighteenth birthday, too, and I was Guard No. 1 in 'The Coadjutor.' Then followed other small parts and finally a road engagement with Louis Morrison in 'Cymbeline' and 'Measure for Measure' for a season. During this time, in collaboration with another man I wrote the version of 'Faust' for Morrison which he used for twenty years. For this we never got either credit or money. And I not only acted but helped Morrison dress as well. In '87 I acted at the Alcazar Theatre in San Francisco and in '88 Mrs. D. P. Bowers and myself gave Shakespearean readings in costume. Before I was twenty-one I had acted nearly all of the famous characters of Shakespeare and I can say with truth and sorrow that I was the worst exponent of Macbeth the stage has ever known.

"Then I got stranded and boarded a Denver and Rio Grande train by the underneath route and landed in Park City, Utah, where I worked in a mine. I pushed an ore wagon and when I got enough together to get out, I got out. Then I ran across Hermann the Great, the conjurer, and toured with him as his assistant through Mexico. This brought me to December, '88, when I finally got to New York and felt that the world was mine at last. Then it was that I blessed the days when I wrestled in San Francisco, for Augustin Daly gave me my chance as Charles the Wrestler in 'As You Like It.' I made

for small parts. But—she put me in a big one. I hesitate to own how much I owe to this great actress if only for again giving me some self-assertiveness. I played leads in a number of Shakespearean plays with Miss Marlowe and I am more than proud of my association with her.

"It seemed to me that I had barely begun to succeed when the terrible truth came home to me, that I had tuberculosis. It was, of course, absolutely necessary for me to give up the life indoors, the life of the theatre. At first

And in the
"Odyssey of the
North" He Was
Barbaric

His Bearing as
Marius in "The
Wife of Mar-
cius" Was Regal

had fitted me for the Jack London stories I eventually arranged to produce them, as you know, and I am doing the best work of my life and the most interesting. So far I have put on 'The Sea Wolf,' 'John Barleycorn,' 'Valley of the Moon,' 'Martin Eden,' 'Smoke Bellew' in a series of two, 'Burning Daylight' and 'Odyssey of the North.' In all my reading I have never come across better material for motion picture plays than Jack London's stories, and I hope to go right through the whole lot.

And all those of us who have seen one of the Jack London plays, emphatically hope so too!

FEATURE·FILM·REVIEWS

Reviewed by Vanderheyden Fyles

"Cabiria"

AN anecdote is floating up and down Broadway about a celebrated bon vivant, who bears a manufactured reputation as an ass, being so enamored of Annette Kellermann, when he saw the "Neptune's Daughter" motion-pictures at the Globe Theatre, that he has left flowers for her at the stage-door every night since.

The idea seemed to have spread at the first night of "Cabiria," when the lobby of the Knickerbocker Theatre was as crowded with "floral tributes" as though the stage was to be filled with showgirls. The occasion, which marked the temporary passing from drama to the movies of the playhouse that was dedicated by Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and has been the local home of many leading American actors and such famous foreigners as Bernhard, Willard, Hare, Rejane, Mounet-Sully and Forbes-Robertson, was as brilliant as any in its history. Besides the flowers that filled the lobby (they were not carried to the stage, though the actors deserved them) there was one box decorated with Italian and American flags, in honor of Chevalier G. Fara Forni, the Italian Consul-General, who was its most important occupant.

"Cabiria" is said to employ 6,000 persons, to have taken two years to prepare, and to have cost \$250,000. All of these claims are believable, for, as a stupendous spectacle, it outclasses any photo play of the sort, except, perhaps, "Quo Vadis." Five countries were visited for its making, and two continents, Italy, Switzerland, Sicily, Spain and Algeria. A complete musical setting, by Idelmando de Palma of Milan, accompanies the drama, being played at the Knickerbocker by an orchestra of fifty musicians; and, from time to time, an invisible chorus of forty voices, under the direction of Selil Simonsen, is heard.

Of course, to many of us, the most interesting thing about "Cabiria" is that Gabriele D'Annunzio, the greatest of living Italian writers, is the author. Impossible not to speculate beforehand on what sort of a motion picture drama this decadent poet would write. Suffice it to say that he wrote one of which I have but a single criticism and that is that his leaders, interpolated to make the action clear, are so long and necessitate such small type if all the words are to be got in that it is a tax to read them. Then, too, a needless number of weird, unpronounceable names are used, adding to the confusion. But with that objection, all fault-finding with "Cabiria" ends.

The many scenes, which make a full evening's entertainment, are no less than bewildering in their variety and magnitude. Complex in detail, the main plot is as simple as one could wish. The period is that of Hannibal, "The Sword of Carthage," about three hundred years before Christ. As a prelude to the play proper, we see the Temple of Moloch, the great bronze god of Carthage, which spits flames; and into which the priests put writhing, terrified children as sacrifices. The first episode of the play itself is a volcanic eruption of Mount Etna. Great volumes of flames belch from the crater, large sparks fall thick as rain and lava flows in scalding rivers. But most marvelous of all are the streams of terrified men, women and children, and of beasts, rushing down the mountainside in the glare of its fire. Following the spectacle of the volcano in action, a thing beyond invention, there are remarkable

man-made scenes of the havoc wrought in the city below. Marble pillars topple over, cornices and statues fall from great heights, whole houses collapse. And through the downpour of lava, flames and marble, frantic men and women run about in a despairing search for safety.

It is from these dangers that Cabiria, the five-year-old daughter of a Sicilian noble, is carried off by her nurse, but not to safety. The child passes through many lands and is many years older before she is safe at last. First, at the sea-coast, Cabiria and her protector are seized by pirates. They take the child to Carthage and sell her in the slave-market. The purchaser is the High Priest of Moloch, who would feed her to the flames inside the idol. In the meantime, the nurse finds a Roman soldier, hiding in Carthage as a spy, and he succeeds in rescuing Cabiria, largely through the bravery and strength of his slave, a gigantic negro, only to lose her again. Her devoted nurse is caught and tortured and ultimately put to death. The negro is captured, after many adventures that include a leap into the sea from a promontory at least a hundred feet above, and is chained to the grinding stones of the flour mill for ten years. But finally Cabiria, grown to womanhood, is found by the Roman and safely wedded to him. After such an active childhood, it is to be assumed that she gives up European travel and settles down to peaceful domesticity.

"The World, the Flesh and the Devil"

LAURENCE COWEN, an Englishman, believes in letting the public digest his ideas in many forms. In 1909 he wrote "The World, the Flesh and the Devil" as a melodrama, and it was produced in England. Then he recast the story, publishing it as a novel. Now it appears as a photo-play. Apparently all that is left to do is to engage a symphony orchestra and present it as a tone-poem. Believe me, it would make some noise.

The James McEnery Syndicate showed "The World, the Flesh and the Devil" at an invitation matinee at the New York Lyric Theatre, recently, and it proved to be a typical English melodrama for credulous people, with picturesque rural scenes and many exciting incidents. The touch of novelty consists in having a real Mephisto flashed on the screen, momentarily and somewhat supernaturally, at the particular time when the villain is conducting himself most villainously. He is the illegitimate son of an English country gentleman of wealth and title. But his nurse, having seen the operetta of "Pinafore," and taken a page from the past of Buttercup, exchanged him for a very similar baby, legitimate son of the same gentleman. But if they were alike as babies, how different when grown to manhood! The rightful heir, penniless, nameless and disowned, is so noble and angelic that one cannot see how he lives. The usurper, on the other hand, is the tool of Satan himself. For instance, when he discovers that his nurse, having thought better of the Buttercup business, is about to "tell all," he calmly throttles her to death.

One of the best scenes is laid in a very picturesque old English mill. The villain has bribed the miller to kill his brother. This the miller undertakes to do by drowning him in

the millstream. There is a great fight between the two men, in which the miller is worsted. The hero is magnanimous; at least, he pauses to consider, while the miller hangs on for dear life to a beam just above the rushing stream. But "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," and the Sainted One's sweetheart, who happening to pass, whips out a revolver and shoots the miller on the wrist. We are not accustomed to think of a slap on the wrist as a mortal assault; but, in this instance, owing to his precarious position, it does for the miller.

"The Escape"

NEW YORK boardings and newspapers are placarded with the warning, "Don't marry until you have seen 'The Escape.'" One more thing to make matrimony harder! As Adele Ritchie said, only the other day: "Oh, this marriage business! It's nothing but divorce all the time!" However, that is not what is the matter with marriage in "The Escape." The trouble is chiefly microbes.

This photo play, which dedicates the beautiful Cort Theatre, in New York, to the movie houses, though only for the summer months, is produced with a PURPOSE. To see it is to be uplifted. D. W. Griffith, producer of "The Escape," assures us that it teaches a "greater moral and physiological lesson than Brieux's 'Damaged Goods.'"

The play proper (if one can call it "proper") is preceded by a good deal of delving into the amoebea, of original life cell, conducted by Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, working with a lens capable of magnifying the primal organic cells to 100,000 times their natural size. The processes of reproduction in the lowest forms of animal life are shown, the purpose being to impress on the matrimonially inclined that even there nature takes the utmost care to attain perfection of type by natural selection. Or, in simpler terms, Dr. Goodman goes to infinite pains to illustrate the moral that the microbe that marries for wealth or social position is an enemy of society.

The preliminary pictures work us up from the microbes to skeletons of frogs and sheep, and thence to the care taken in the breeding of dogs and horses. At this point, we are deemed ready for Paul Armstrong's drama of "The Escape." In its original form, the play was acted at the Lyric Theatre, in New York, last autumn; but the chief escape was the audience's. Perhaps the failure was due to the omission of microbes as heralds to the company of Broadway actors. The drama has been very well arranged for the screen, with some "comedy relief" from Mr. Armstrong's drab recital. A laborer, living in the congested lower East Side of New York, is a brute by nature and environment. He has three adult children—a consumptive girl, a son who has become an insane criminal through a crack on the head administered by Pop, and a first born who, strange to say, is normal and in reasonable health. So she quits home and goes on the town. Finally, she reforms and nurses her sick sister so assiduously that the girl expires. However, she has lived long enough to have a diseased child by a bestial husband. Also a boy strangles a cat to death. On the whole, the worthiest portions of "The Escape" are the beer-bottle passages.



Harry Von Meter



No Man Ever Loved and Admired His Daughter More Than Did Thomas Benton



Vivian Rich as Ida Benton



Jerry's First Thought, When Word Comes of His Father's Legacy, is "How, I Can Finish My College Course"



Although He Conceals It from His Father and Ida, Jerry is Greatly Disappointed When Benton Gives Ida All of the Money

"Feast and Famine"

An "Unimportant" Decision Comes Near to Ruining Three Lives

TWO-REEL AMERICAN FILM

CAST

Thomas Benton.....Harry Von Meter
Ida Benton, his daughter.....Vivian Rich
Jerry Benton, his son.....Wm. Garwood
Rogers, a lawyer.....Reaves Eason

SYNOPSIS

THOMAS BENTON is a man who ardently desires to shelter his only daughter, Ida, from any rude contact with the world. He manages to keep her at home even after she is old enough to be economically independent, and when his employer dies and leaves him a small legacy, it seems right and proper to him that Ida should have the money instead of Jerry, the son who is trying to get a college education. The life that Ida leads, is a succession of bridge, receptions and dances, gradually breaks down her health until at last there is serious danger of her becoming blind unless an expensive operation can be performed. Jerry, with only a scant preparation for the profession he has selected, that of surgery, does everything in his power but is all the time bitterly aware that the money his sister has squandered would have secured him the training he needs. "Oh, for a little more knowledge," he cries, and "God, turn back the Universe and give me a chance to reconsider that 'unimportant' decision" is the father's plea. And the wishes of both are granted.



Nothing But an Expensive Operation Can Save Ida from Blindness



"Oh, for a Little More Knowledge," Cries the Boy. "Oh, for Another Chance," is His Father's Plea

"Million Dollar Mystery"**Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production**

ALL STAR CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire.... Alfred Norton
Jones, Hargreave's butler.... Sidney Bracey
Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter....
..... Florence LaBadie
The Princess Olga.... Marguerite Snow
Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter.... James Cruze
Susan, Florence Gray's companion.... Lila Chester
Braine, one of the conspirators.... Frank Farrington

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EPISODES

THE millionaire Hargreave is being hounded by a secret society called "The Black Hundred" of which he is a traitor member. His attempt to meet his only daughter Florence, whom he has never seen since she was a baby, and escape, falls through when he finds his house surrounded and he makes his escape from the roof in a balloon, taking with him \$1,000,000. The balloon is wrecked and the aeronaut, when rescued, has only \$5,000, so the search for the million is begun immediately. The band attempts to kidnap Hargreave's daughter, but are frustrated by Jim Norton, a young newspaper reporter.

Episode III. Norton sets out to find the rescued aeronaut. What he learns leads him to a lonely warehouse at the water's edge. The Princess Olga Perigoff, one of the conspirator's, disguises herself as the aeronaut's daughter, interviews the captain of the ship and learns of Norton's activity. The scene shifts to the Astorbilt's ball, then to the backroom of a low saloon and then back to the lonely warehouse where several members of the "Black Hundred" are gathered. And they are trapped here in the dark like rats. Only one, Braine, the cleverest of them all escapes.

Jim Norton, the Newspaper Reporter,
Interviews Hargreave's Butler

The Princess Olga, Disguised as the
Aeronaut's Daughter, Visits the Ship
Which Rescued Him

Frank Farrington
as Braine

Marguerite Snow as the
Princess Olga

The Members of "The Black Hundred" are Trapped
in the Lonely Warehouse

The Astorbilt Ball is a Brilliant Affair

And of All the Women There, the Princess
is most Beautiful



John H. Cassar as Howard Varing



Wardell and His Gang are Captured and Forced to Pay the Penalty for Their Crime



Ruth Stonehouse as Mildred Varing



When Wardell Discovers That Humphrey Has Arrived Without the Precious Box, He and One of His Henchmen Beat Him into Unconsciousness



Mildred is Prepared for Wardell and His Men, the First Time They Attempt to Steal the Brass Box Containing the Confession Which Proves Her Father Innocent

"Night Hawks"

A Fight Between an Honest Man and a Crooked Political Gang

TWO-REEL ESSANAY FILM

CAST

Humphrey, a society man..... Francis X. Bushman
Howard Varing John H. Cassar
Mildred Varing, his daughter..... Ruth Stonehouse
Wardell, a political boss..... Rapley Holmes
Stone, a henchman..... Charles Hitchcock
Kerns, Stone's "pal"..... Edward Dunkinson
The Woman, Wardell's co-schemer..... Lillian Drew
Nichols, ward heeler..... M. C. Von Betz
Murphy, ward heeler..... Royal Douglas

SYNOPSIS

HOWARD VARING, district attorney in a middle western town is waging bitter war on Wardell, a political boss and his gang. In a raid that Varing makes on the gang, Murphy, one of Wardell's ward heeler is killed and Stone, a former henchman is fatally wounded. Varing is accused of murdering Murphy. But Stone, before he dies leaves a confession which his "pal" delivers to Mildred Varing, in which he owns to having killed Murphy. When Wardell discovers that Mildred has this confession, he makes a desperate effort to get it. Mildred is kidnapped by the gang, but the confession in a brass box is now in the possession of Humphrey, a wealthy young man who tries to help her. Humphrey is lured to Wardell's house and beaten into unconsciousness when it is discovered that he hasn't the confession with him. But Wardell's plan to steal the brass box from Humphrey's house is frustrated by Humphrey himself who, left alone, recovers consciousness, manages to release Mildred, whom he finds bound and gagged in an adjoining room, and gives chase. Wardell and his crowd pay the penalty for their crime and Varing is cleared.



It is with the Greatest Delight That Varing Learns of Humphrey's Love for His Daughter



Wardell is Attacked by One of His Own Henchmen Whom He Has Treated Unfairly

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

THOUGH I had no definite idea of what I should try to do in New York, I was still glad, the next morning that I really was going home. For New York was home, and I had never seen it lovelier than as we slipped up the harbor, early in the morning. When I first reached the deck a light autumn haze blurred the colors and outlines, but as the sun grew stronger it dissolved into nothingness. In the Narrows we stopped for the visit from the quarantine officials and I had time to enjoy to the full the calm, peaceful beauty of the shore. The green banks of the twin forts, hiding the grim guns that were behind, little glimpses of white houses, half hidden by trees that were beginning to wear their glorious autumn dress of mingled gold and red and brown—I loved it all.

I had had my taste of the exotic beauty I had longed for all my life, and it was bitter in my mouth. I remembered the full blown, tropical wonders of Cuba with a shudder—I wondered how I had ever thought it beautiful. Here some things, at least, could not happen to me, I thought. And later, after I had landed, New York took hold of me completely.

Somehow I wasn't warned. The place didn't breathe a hint of the merciless test it had in store for me. I saw nothing of its ironic grimness, its bitterly thrown challenge to those who came to it seeking shelter and the right to live, its demand for proof of one's fitness to survive.

No, everything seemed to me to smile. The weather had changed its aspect before I was really off the ship, and down the Hudson a playful, scurrying, northwest breeze came whistling, making a mock of those who sought to support it with dignity, chasing the mist and haze before it. New York stood out, sharp and clear in the crisp, fall air. There is no air like that of New York where everything stands out so clear and sharp. It is a city where a woman must be prepared for close scrutiny. There is no deceptive aura to temper what prying eyes may see.

I went back to my old landlady; even though I had a little more money I had some instinct that warned me to make it last. She seemed glad to see me, in her faded, colorless way. Mrs. Moultrie had to work too hard to allow herself many emotions. At heart, I think, she was a kindly, genial soul. But making both ends meet was always a heavy task for her; I think she had discovered that it was a dangerous practice to allow herself to become fond of her roomers. If she did that, I suspect, and they got behind with their rent, she found it hard to make them move, and the loss of even a week's rent was a crippling blow to her. And so she starved the warmer impulses of her heart, and maintained a strictly impersonal attitude that seemed almost brutal until one thought it out, and realized that it was a measure of self protection. She had to do it, poor soul.

Right in the beginning, after I was settled



"Hello," He Said. "You Look Sort o' Peaked. What's Up?"

again at Mrs. Moultrie's, I wasted some precious time. For the first time since the night when George Converse's wife had appeared and revealed the truth concerning my relations with him, a strange lassitude seemed to have taken hold of me. I didn't have the energy to go out and do what I should have to do. That is easy enough to understand, now, as I look back on it. My experience in Cuba had been a frightful shock, and my nerves, worn and frayed by it, had to have time to recuperate. For a week or more I literally did nothing—just basked in the beautiful autumn sunshine and waited, aimlessly.

It was a day when the weather had changed overnight, that aroused me. I had gone to bed, after leaning long out of my window and breathing in the soft air of an Indian summer night. And I awoke to hear rain lashing against the pane, driven by a cold east wind. It was the first breath of approaching winter. Somehow, that made me shiver. I got up, and looked out, to see the grey skies, and the rain and mist, driven before the wind.

And in the newspaper that was the invariable accompaniment of my breakfast, I read of the failure of the Algonquin Trust Company. I laughed a little at the interest that made me read the story. Bank failures could mean nothing to me. I was sorry, of course, for the people who had suffered through the crash; I was interested in the stories of the lines that had been driven back, disappointed, perhaps ruined, when the doors were finally slammed shut in their faces. But that the thing, tragic as I knew it to be, couldn't have any personal effect on me. That I could be at all in touch with that collapse of millions, was so patently absurd that it never entered my head.

Yet it was to come home to me. For that failure was the first of a series that brought the panic; that drove money to seek safe hiding places, and paralyzed industry and commerce at a time when it sorely needed the stimulus of confidence. It was natural that I should not realize that then. But, even though my interest was so purely objective, some subconscious sense must have perceived the true and inner meaning of that crash. For, with the weeping skies, it seemed to banish my lethargy. I went out that morning, dressed for the storm, with my senses

alert, determined to begin at once, and in earnest, the search for the work I had to have.

People don't allow for the influence of pure chance. Three times, in as many days, I applied for a place just too late to get it. A different choice of routes might have led me, each time, to the studio where I was later to be disappointed, in time to obtain an engagement. And chance had ruled my course absolutely each time—I am sure of that. At the time it did not worry me. I was too heartsick over the death of the promise of happiness that my meeting with Charlie Hemmingsway had held out to let myself be worried about my material affairs. And, concerning

them, I was filled, in any case with a strange and rather reasonless optimism. It seemed to me that my success with the Smilax company, and in Cuba, which, though not in any way remarkable, had still been substantial, should at least make it easy for me to get a trial, and a chance to prove myself. I was a much better actress than when I had been in New York before; or perhaps I might more accurately say that now I was an actress. Before I had not been one at all.

My reception, moreover, when I saw directors, helped to establish the certainty of success in my mind. One and all they were kind, even cordial. Even Haines, up in Yonkers, who had given me my first jolt, after my first experience as an extra woman, said he had heard of my work, and he took my name. Later, he said, he would probably be able to make me an offer, if I had not made other arrangements in the meantime. And Le Maire, over in New Jersey, said just about the same thing. Neither seemed to remember me at all as I had appeared before, in my capacity of extra woman, and for that I was thankful. I had really gone to them, as a matter of fact, more to discover what their attitude would be than with the definite desire to get an engagement.

And one offer of work I did get. My old enemy, Santelman, of the Cornflower company, sent for me. He remembered—trust him for that! But he was all smiles when I saw him.

"By Jove!" he said, heartily, without a trace of his old, sarcastic manner, "you've made good, haven't you, Miss Morgan? Quite a difference since I last saw you! I think I can use you, if you're looking for work."

"I'm ready to listen to an offer," I said, a little haughtily. "That's what you want me to do, isn't it?"

"Yes," he told me, frowning a little. I could see that I had annoyed him by manner; well, it was what I had set out to do! I felt a little glow of pure happiness at the thought! "But—well, you may not think much of it. I want a woman to play second leads—Miss Brickley, of course, is starring for us. And I think you could do it. But—I can't offer you more than forty dollars, just now. Money is very tight, you know."

"It must be!" I said, indignantly. "Really, Mr. Santelman, I think you merely waste your time!"

If I had only known that he was telling the absolute truth! That things really were bad!

"Well—that's the best I can do just now," he said. "And, unless you're waiting for something else, I'd advise you to take it. There's no telling what's going to happen. We'll come out of this panic better—the industry will, I mean—than any other sort of amusement enterprise. People can spare dimes and nickels for the movies when they couldn't be made to go to the theatre. But . . .!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't possibly take such a salary as that," I said. "And you must know it! Heavens, I'm not pretending to you, Mr. Santelman. You know I've had a hard time getting up to where I have some sort of reputation. If I worked for such a salary as that I'd be admitting that I wasn't worth more."

"You're the judge of that," he said. "I can get a dozen to do the work at those figures! I'd rather have you, but I can't make you come, of course."

I didn't reconsider my refusal, however. I hated the man; despised him, indeed. He seemed to me small, and petty, exactly the sort of employer I would like to shun. And even my discovery, a day or two later, that Beryl Hastings, an actress far better known than I, had taken the position, didn't alter my ideas. I was sure that he had been forced to offer her a respectable salary to get her, and that was just an added proof to me that he had tried to trick me.

But in a week or so I began to understand that conditions were not at all what I had expected to find. For, toward the end of that time, the blight that had fallen upon business generally was only too evident. Just as Santelman had said, the movies were not affected as a great many other enterprises were, but things were slow. I could see that the big companies were cutting expenses in every direction. Big feature productions that had been announced were postponed; several of the larger houses, that contracted for first runs of these big pictures, closed, because people would not pay their prices, and all the companies began to cater especially to the smaller houses, putting out one and two reel pictures. Then, too, the demand for comedies increased. People wanted to be cheered up. Tragedies were barred; serious dramas were a drug on the market. And comedy was distinctly not my vein.

I wrote several scenarios, but they all came back. Most of the editors to whom I submitted them wrote courteous notes, explaining that at any other time they would have been glad to use my stories, but that just now, for various reasons, all their scenarios were being done by staff writers. The explanation of that was only too clear. It was a means of saving money, for these staff writers were salaried.

The truth was driven home to me in many ways. Directors who had simply put me off in the beginning, when no one really knew how bad the threatened trouble would be, now came to me frankly, and said that until business improved, they were cutting down their forces, instead of increasing them. And in the growing list of actors and actresses looking for work, confirmation of what they told me was only too unpleasantly easy to obtain. People who had never lacked for work were looking for engagements now. And, though I swallowed my pride, and went back to Santelman, he only shook his head.

"Sorry, Morgan," he said. "I gave you a straight tip before, and you wouldn't listen to me. I can't throw Hastings out now. She came to me, at my price, when I needed her, and that wouldn't be

square. Just imagine yourself in her place."

He was square enough in such matters; at least, I thought so then. And I saw the justice of what he said. That didn't make it easier for me, though. Things went from bad to worse. My stock of money, my savings from my engagements in California and Cuba, was running low, and I saw no way of replenishing it. Shamefacedly, I accepted a couple of offers for work as an extra, and my distress wasn't lessened by the fact that I found myself, several times, working with people who were accustomed, as I knew, to have plenty of high paid work. It was a bad thing for me to have to do, too, for even now, though, of course, I succeeded better than I had done before, I was completely submerged in a crowd. Unless I could hold the screen alone, or in a scene with only one or two other characters, I was not much use. And so, two or three times, I had to suffer the humiliation of seeing myself passed over, as I had done so many times before my dash to California.

Of course, I wasn't the only one who was suffering from the semi-paralysis that had afflicted the whole country, as it seemed. That made it so much the worse. The competition, which I had found keen enough before, was frightful now, for well trained actors and actresses, far better equipped than I, were glad of work as extras. And directors, naturally enough, gave them the preference. They knew them; they wanted to favor them, if possible, and keep them going against better times, when they would need them again. Moreover, the directors wanted to get the best results, and these veterans of the screen were able to help in that.

I felt myself slipping downwards. I had had a fearfully hard fight to get my feet on the ladder that led to success and some sort of position; now I was being driven down. It was not long before I was one of the unconsidered crowd that were trying, desperately, to earn a few dollars here and there. And I began, too, to realize that my story was known. The company with which I had worked in Cuba came back, and when I met Fred Armstrong, one day, in the Veronique studio, he gave me a look for which I could have killed him. I saw him talking to Le Maire a few moments later, and the French director glanced at me, and then shrugged his shoulders.

Charlie Hemmingway had not come back with the company. He had had an offer from a foreign producer, I heard, indirectly, and had sailed for Europe from Havana without coming home first. I had not had a word from him, and this news almost ended my fight. I had not formulated any definite hope in my mind; I had not consciously counted on Charlie at all. But, as soon as I realized that he had actually gone away, without a word to me, and that he was now thousands of miles distant, I understood that I had been counting upon him, nevertheless. He had supplied me with that unrealized subconscious element of hope and faith that is all that enables us to bear up under trouble at times. A great deal of apparent courage in this world, a great deal of the facing of trouble and despair that people bring themselves to endure, is due to just such indeterminate hopes as the thought of Charlie Hemmingway had brought to me. It was not until that hope vanished that I realized that I had cherished it. But, now that it was gone, I felt utterly alone in the world.

It was soon after that that I wrote to my father. I did not ask him for help in the ordinary way; I explained my situation, and a good deal of what had happened to me, to him, and asked him to lend me money enough to see me through the panic. But the letter was never answered. I had not really expected an answer when I sent it; I was so desperate, however, that I was ready to take any chance that offered itself.

But that was no chance at all as it turned out. And when the days passed without bringing any letter from Harborough, I grew frightened. I wondered what was to happen. I had money enough for one more payment to Mrs. Moultrie, and to keep me from absolute hunger for a few days. And I knew that Mrs. Moultrie, no matter what her personal inclinations, would make me leave as soon as I failed to pay the rent. She had told me so, in effect, and she had been watching me closely for weeks, knowing, I suppose, how things were going. The panic had affected her, naturally; she had turned out several of her roomers. And I would be the next to go.

I got proof positive the next time I went to the Veronique studio that Fred Armstrong had talked about me and I failed to get work. He stopped to speak to me.

"You waste your time, Mees Morgan," he said. "For leads—yes, you might do. You have improved. But for extra work—no! Not with so many others to choose from. But you—surely you can find a friend—someone to help you?"

He shrugged his shoulders when he saw me flush.

"Hein!" he said. "What of that? You are a young woman—not so bad looking! You need not be poor—even in times like these!"

There was no use in answering him; no use in trying to defend myself. He would not have understood. His standards were not American, in any case. There seemed to him nothing so horrible, I suppose, about what he suggested so callously. And—after all . . . I left him, wondering. No one believed in me; my reputation was gone. I was paying the price. Was I to get nothing for it? I had had hints before; no one, however, had been so frank as Le Maire. I was in a desperate mood when I went, as a last resort, to the Cornflower studio. Santelman was there alone; he was not making a picture that day.

"Hello!" he said. "You look sort of peaked! What's up?"

"You know!" I said, bitterly.

"Can't get work, eh?" he said. "Morgan, you're a fool! Look here, everyone knows about you. Converse, first—then Hemmingway! But you put on this pose. What's the use? Look here, you

(Continued on page 32)

"Tomorrow's Rent Day, Miss Morgan. I Suppose You'll Have the Money!"



An Outlaw for a Star

WHEN I learned from Mr. Charles J. Hill, that "Beating Back" was to be the first big production which I was to direct for him, my feelings were a mixture of pleasure and apprehension; pleasure, at the thought of handling so big and interesting a subject as the life story of a real bandit, and apprehension at the thought of the difficulties ahead of me in securing a satisfactory impersonation of Jennings from even the best screen actor.

On expressing my doubts on the subject to Mr. Hite, he promptly dissipated my fears by assuring me that Al Jennings, himself, would play. On his arrival at the Thanhouser studio, Mr. Jennings, now a leading candidate for the gubernatorial nomination in Oklahoma, announced that he had just three weeks to devote to the work of transferring to the screen his tempestuous career. A longer absence would seriously injure his chances for success in the election.

Enter worry!

With one hundred horses, scores of bandits, and marshals; a real railroad train, filled with passengers to be robbed; extras innumerable; three yoke of oxen, and all the requirements of a cattle camp to be assembled and shipped to the mountains eighty miles away, there was left little time to indulge in eating, much less sleeping and recreation.

Then it rained, and RAINED.

In the words of the oldest inhabitant of the Ogden range, the weather was "plumb juicy." I can still see Jennings booted and spurred, seated humped up in a chair on the porch of the little tavern where we stayed, gazing at the sodden skies with an expression on his face, which some of his victims of the old bandit days, would doubtless consider fearfully familiar.

At such times yours truly made it a point not to venture within talking distance of the little human dynamo in the gray suit, for the very obvious reason I, and I only, as director, was responsible for such outrageous weather



conditions. Who else could be? Jennings knew this, the actors were certain of it, and the very horses saddled and ready at the improvised racks in the muddy road, which liter-

ally ran by the little tavern, gazed at me with accusing eyes.

Then suddenly from my observation tower on an upper porch, I would note the breakings of the clouds on the far horizon, uncertain precursor of coming sunshine. But, with a sigh of relief, I would leave my post, stalk confidently up to my star, and delightedly announce that we would begin taking pictures in exactly so many minutes by the town clock.

Luck, or the fact that it was April, or some other indefinable influence almost invariably seemed to favor my proposition, and to this fact, I attribute my being able to hold in leash the most high strung, temperamental man I have ever known. Now, strangely enough, it was these very characteristics in him that, as his director, I valued most, for he had no previous experience as an actor. Without these characteristics my task must have been almost hopeless, so far as the central figure in the story was concerned.

In the earlier scenes the work was hard for Mr. Jennings. Here was a man who, living over the most vital period of his career, dressed, armed, and accoutered, identically as he had been at the very moment of his unlawful experiences, was called upon instantly to reproduce the emotions, which controlled him at such times and then to give the outward expression which would make them absolutely clear to the moving picture audience.

And the marvel of it is, that Jennings did this. In a somewhat wide and varied experience as a director of actors, I have never known a man possessing a technique more natural, more certain or more effective in securing the required effects than that with which nature has endowed Al Jennings.

Never self-conscious, direct in method, and absolutely earnest in purpose, he played scenes, seemingly without effort, that would have taxed to the limit the resources of the most experienced and talented actor.

Fortunately for me, Jennings liked my method of directing, which was calculated to secure rapidity to the limit of safety. And it is gratifying to recall that our relations throughout were of the pleasantest character.

N. B. Except when it rained!

"In Wolf's Clothing"

(Continued from page 11)

Frame sighed. His well meant effort to straighten matters out had plainly come to nothing. But he made one more attempt. That night he wrote a long letter to Brooks, giving him some information that had come to him concerning Gordon. And, though Worth did not know it, that letter was the cause of a summons he received to call on Brooks. The old man had been seriously disturbed by what Frame had told him. He was not quite ready to believe what he heard; but he was shaken. And, because Daisy's future meant more to him than anything in the world, he wanted to be very sure. He decided to question Dick regarding the stories that had caused the breach between him and Daisy.

The meeting between the two men did not occur until late; both had engagements early in the evening. And so it was after midnight when they met in the Brooks library. And, within ten minutes after Dick's arrival, he rushed from the room, pale and shaking, calling for the servants.

"Mr. Brooks is ill!" he cried. "Get a doctor!"

A doctor came, but he was helpless. The old man had been laid low by a stroke of apoplexy; he died without regaining consciousness. Daisy, called home from a visit she had just begun in the country, tried in vain to make him speak to her. Once he seemed on the verge of being able to speak; his lips moved, but no sound came from them.

Worth, seemingly changed by the stroke Brooks had suffered in his presence, refused absolutely to disclose what had passed between them. Frame's efforts to unseal his lips were futile.

"There was some reason for that stroke!"

the lawyer persisted. "Old Brooks had some shock, Dick, can't you tell me what it was?"

"No!" said Dick. "I can't Jack—that's all. I'm sorry—but that's a secret I've got to keep—for Daisy's sake."

"You Quixotic ass!" said Frame, angrily. "I believe it's got something to do with Gordon! You think she's in love with him, and you're keeping quiet for her sake! Is that it?"

But Worth only shook his head, and maintained his obstinate silence.

And, meanwhile, at Gordon's insistence, preparations for the wedding were hastened.

"You're all alone now, dearest," he said to Daisy. "I think you should come to me at once—and let me take you away from a place that is filled with painful memories and associations."

Daisy, grown strangely apathetic, offered only a faint protest. She was too stunned by the shock of her father's sudden death to assert herself. She did not fully understand her feelings; and, like so many people in her position, she yielded to avoid argument.

"I suppose you're right, Carter," she said, indifferently. "I'll do whatever you think is best."

Only Frame opposed a hasty marriage, and he, even though he was the executor and administrator of her father's will, was not able to move her. In desperation, finally, and only as a last resort, he went to Gordon.

"Look here, Gordon," he said, "I'm on to you. I can't prove anything, but I know. You're no good. You're a penniless adventurer—but you've covered your tracks well. What I know now I shall be able to prove some day. And I warn you that I shall keep an eye on you—you fortune hunter!"

"You had better keep your ideas to yourself, Mr. Frame," said Gordon, scornfully. "I know your interest in this matter and I shall see to it that you are relieved of your duties in connection with the estate of my fiancée's father as soon as I have the legal right to take charge of her affairs."

"Oh, you will, will you?" said Frame, furiously. "I—" He paused, suddenly. An idea had just come to him, and he turned away to hide the swift light that came into his eyes. "My friend," he went on, in a serious, compassionate tone, "I'm afraid you're riding for a fall. I suppose you share the general impression that Miss Brooks is a great heiress—that she will receive a great sum from her father's estate?"

"Those are the facts," said Gordon, biting his lips. "They do not affect my feeling for her, of course. I am a man of independent means."

"I should be glad to believe it," said Frame. "Because—as a matter of fact, Mr. Brooks left his affairs in terrible confusion. His sudden death came at a time when he was heavily involved in the stock market. Had he lived, he would have won I am sure of that. But his death, as you know, precipitated a small panic; his brokers, for their own protection, were compelled to sell him out. As a result, I fear that, when everything is sold, there will still be a balance against the estate."

Gordon laughed harshly.

"Very clever, Frame—very clever, indeed," he said. "But your word will hardly carry much weight against the known facts."

"Come to my office tomorrow," said Frame. "I will show you papers that will verify everything I have told you."

"Tomorrow?" stammered Gordon. Frame's manner was beginning to have its effect on him. "Why—why—that is the day of the wedding."

"Come in the morning," said Frame. "The

wedding is not until afternoon. You had better understand the situation since you intend to relieve me of my duties. I'll be glad to be relieved, I can tell you that!"

"I'll come," said Gordon. His bravado had deserted him.

"I guess that'll hold him!" said Frame, next morning. He was looking at a mass of papers. "I never knew I had such a good chance to succeed at forgery! If he's as ready to believe this as I think he is, these papers will fix him!"

And the lawyer was right. It never occurred to Gordon to question the authenticity of the papers that Frame showed him. And when he had finished, he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and stood up, his face white.

"I—I think the wedding had better be postponed!" he said.

"Impossible!" said Frame, curtly. "You should have looked before you leaped, Gordon. If you're not there . . . !"

He didn't finish the threat. But his look was significant. And Gordon left the office, a picture of despair. Within ten minutes Frame had telephoned the story to Worth.

"He won't show up!" said Frame, happily. "He's out of it, Dick!"

"Is he?" said Worth, savagely.

Again Frame was right. The time for the wedding came. The guests were assembled; the pale bride was waiting. But there was no sign of Gordon. Until—when the hour was long past he appeared—propelled by Dick Worth. Pale and confused, he stammered some explanation.

"You fool!" said Frame, to Worth angrily. "What did you do?"

"Followed him, thrashed him, and brought

him here!" said Worth, grimly. "Daisy's in love with the pup—she wants him. I decided to bring him to her."

Frame groaned.

"You blind fool!" he said. "In love with him—Daisy! Oh, Lord! And I thought it was all fixed!"

They were in a room near that in which the ceremony was to take place. Now a sudden stir warned Frame that the wedding was about to begin. He broke away from Worth. With determination in his eye he strode into the room.

"This wedding must stop!" he said. "Daisy, I'm sorry. I thought I had prevented it—but Dick Worth spoiled my plan. Listen!"

And, in a few words, he told what had happened; of the false story Gordon had believed, and of Dick Worth's chivalrous intervention. All eyes were turned on Gordon while he spoke; the man's face was a confession in itself. With a cry of anger Daisy took his ring from her finger and threw it at his feet.

Then she fled, sobbing, from the room. Outside Dick Worth was waiting. Almost unconsciously, as if she were flying to a haven, she sought his arms.

"Dick!" she sobbed, "Oh, Dick, my dear! Why did you let me go?"

"All's well that ends well, you see!" said Frame. That was later, when only he and Dick remained. "But my heavens, Dick, what a fool you were, with your Quixotic ideas! I never dreamed that you and Mr. Brooks had caught that skunk trying to steal those securities—and that that was the shock that brought on his stroke! I knew Carter was a bad egg—that was enough for me! Now, I'll tell you what, you two have got to get married right

away! I can see that you don't get a divorce—but I can't guarantee to fix up all your quarrels if you're not married!"

And, for once, Dick agreed with him.

Lions and Rams

DIRECTOR WRIGHT, of Pathé, who has just returned with his company from St. Augustine, Fla., tells a good one. It seems that in a Roman picture, which he is just finishing, it was necessary to show a lamb and lion together. He scoured the surrounding country for a lamb to take the part, but the best he could do was to get hold of a sturdy and warlike ram.

The ram was placed in the arena with the lion and the camera man got into action. So did the lion and the ram. The lion made a jump for the woolly stranger and just as he was rising from the ground the ram shot forward like a bolt from the blue and delivered a smashing blow upon the lion's stomach. The lion fell over backward, and before he could recover himself he received another jolt from the gallant ram, which took all the fight out of him. From then on it was a procession with the lion in the lead.

Mr. Wright remarked: "Well, that's all very good, but how about our picture?"

Another lion was introduced and the same thing was repeated. This lion was whipped to a finish, also, and the fierce little fighter received from the director the life for which he had fought so well.

"Don't talk to me about the 'gentle sheep,'" says Mr. Wright. "Weight for weight, he can lick anything in the world."

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

From an Exhibitor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL:

I AM glad I happened to purchase a copy of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL for May 9th, for in it I found an invitation to anyone who wished to express his views on the subject of "What the people want in the movies."

It is no doubt true, that as a factor in the education of the present generation the motion picture stands shoulder to shoulder with the press. In fact, its influence for good or evil is said to be even greater than the press, in that it more directly affects young people and children, the most plastic members of our society. This being true, it is but a step to the conclusion that to serve its purpose best the pictures must be of the right kind. They must teach a lesson, they must leave the individual better for having seen them. And the question arises, are the pictures that are being shown throughout the land elevating? Are they satisfying to the public? This is where the argument commences. Here lies the reason for Boards of Censors.

It is not my purpose to go into both sides of the argument at this point, but rather, to try to prove quite simply what the people want, by giving my opinion as to what they don't want.

For a long time I have been an exhibitor of moving pictures; I am running 28 reels each week with a change daily; I have studied pictures from every angle; I have talked with my patrons; I have studied the game from the financial side; I have tried to be fair with the public as well as with myself; I have tried to make myself believe that the pictures I exhibited were all right and that I was prejudiced in the matter. But I have come to the conclusion that manufacturers of films have no right to point the finger of scorn at the "Yellow Journalists," for Yellow Journalism in its palmy days would not be a marker to the Yellow Filmism of today.

Most of the plays produced are absolutely

worthless. Many of the so-called melodramatic pictures are so senseless and sickening in theme that they should be barred by statute; others are so manifestly unreal, so extravagantly and unnecessarily untrue to life that they cease to be a joke and become a thorn in the flesh. The moral of many of them seems to be a sentiment such as "the rich should always love the poor," or one equally absurd.

After exhibiting two such reels the program builder usually proceeds to prove his unusual ability by putting in a "western" piece. There is nothing like "western" to put ginger into an audience.

The star is clothed in corduroy trousers, dun colored flannel shirt, open at the collar, slouch hat, laced boots and wears a brace of six-shooters over a belt filled with brass headed tacks. It becomes his duty to round up a bunch of desperate characters that have terrorized the entire community for months, which he proceeds to do in his usual calm and methodical manner. He locates the bunch in a cave, slips in at the hidden opening, and, like a gum-shoe politician, slips up on them while they are around the campfire, yanks out both guns and shouts, "Hands up, you are my meat," then he throws a rope around the whole pack, draws the noose up tight and with the rope in one hand and a gun in the other, he drives them, tandem fashion, up to the Judge's office to receive the sentence of death. Great business. Wonderful picture, and, no doubt it seems quite real to the fellow who still thinks that Ohio is a trackless wilderness and inhabited by Indians, but to those of us who have tasted real alkali water and heard the coyotes howl of nights, it is a ponderous joke, and yet, there is one film company that continually features a certain individual who is always seen squinting down gun-barrels in the hands of desperate men with that same reckless unconcern he would peek through a knot-hole in a base ball fence, and it is dollars to doughnuts that if he should get tangled up in a real gun play once, you couldn't see him for

dust. That is "Western" and the only thing about it that in any manner suggests the West, is the scenery and horsemanship.

I have lived west of the Missouri river for over thirty years, I have slept in the sagebrush many a night; I have climbed the loftiest peaks of the Black Hills range; I have stood by the graves of "Wild Bill" and "Calamity Jane," I have ridden the country inhabited by "Doc Middleton" and "Kid Wade," I have followed the cow trail from the Platte to the Yellowstone river and I have seen more real cow men than it would take to patch Arkansas a mile, and yet, I have never seen such scenes in cow camps as are being nightly exhibited on the screen.

What do the people want in pictures? SENSE, just plain, common everyday SENSE, that's all. They want pictures that teach something, pictures that are true to life, that are REAL. They want to be treated like they were intelligent American citizens. Barnum said that the people liked to be humbugged, but P. T. wasn't running pictures in those days or he never would have gone on record with that statement.

The public wants honesty in pictures as well as in any other commodity, and they are going to demand it. One good picture of the angry sea lashing itself into foam on the rugged rocks will interest the public more than a dozen of the variety just named. Why? simply because it is a true picture, there is no fake about it. The public wants educational subjects, scenic, travelogue, good comedy, drama, if it is of the higher order, western, if it is true to life, anything but the "FAKE" and "Sentimental," and "Unreal."

This article may seem a little harsh, but it is time someone broke the ice, and in my judgment there is a storm cloud brewing, and film manufacturers had better close the shutters. Some day the exhibitors of this country are going to dictate what shall and what shall not be shown, and when that time comes they are going to dope it out to the producer too.

J. C. JENKINS.

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

July 4



GEORGE M. COHAN, the one and only, who says he has now retired from the stage for good and all, hereafter devoting himself exclusively to playwriting and managerial affairs.

WILLIAM FARNUM, who has been signally successful of late in two of our most important pictures, the Selig masterpiece, "The Spoilers," and the Famous Players' big hit, "The Redemption of David Corson."

ETHEL INTERPEDI, who does extremely clever work in the role of the newspaper woman in the western company of "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

BERNARD GRANVILLE, now one of the shining lights in the new production, "The Passing Show of 1914," at the Winter Garden.

RUSSELL PINCUS, the inimitable actor of precocious juvenile roles, to the fore just now in the New York cast of "Potash and Perlmutter."

FRANCES RING, who for a long time has been playing leading roles with the stock company at the Burbank Theatre, Los Angeles.

GARDNER CRANE, these many years past a headliner in our leading vaudeville theatres, playing in various sketches in company with his wife.

WINFIELD BLAKE, who recently concluded a lengthy tour around the world, singing in the various music halls throughout Europe, in association with Maude Amber.

LISLE LIGH, the well-known stock actress, who appeared for a short time last season in "The Family Cupboard."

R. L. GOLDBERG, the talented cartoonist, of "I'm the guy" fame, who frequently appears in vaudeville.

O. L. HALL, who writes dramatic opinions in the columns of the Chicago Journal, a post which he has held for the last nine years.

SOPHIE BRANDT, the prima donna, who has sung in grand and comic opera and in vaudeville, but who has not been especially active of late.

ROBERT LIVINGSTON, the juvenile actor, for many years past a leading member of various Corse Payton stock companies.

LOTTA BLAKE, for many seasons identified with May Robson's company, and more recently with Cecil Spooner in "One Day."

WILLIAM E. HINES, of the team of Hines and Remington, than whom there is no more popular pair upon our vaudeville stage.

GRACE STODDARD, the handsome show girl, who has adorned many of our leading Broadway musical productions.

July 5



FLORENCE FISHER, recalled in the support of Madame Nazimova and Amelia Bingham, and who for the past four years has been leading woman with Walker Whiteside, appearing with that actor in "The Magic Melody," "The Melting Pot" and "The Ty-

phoon."

A. W. BASCOMB, whom we recall pleasantly hereabouts in the cast of "The Merry Countess," and who lately returned to his native London, appearing there, at the Lyric Theatre, in "Love and Laughter."

BENJAMIN F. HENDRICKS, who was one of the unfortunates seen in the production of "Miss Phoenix," at the Harris Theatre last season.

WILL N. HARRIS, the novelist, whose story, "Ann Boyd," has been adapted for stage purposes by Lucille La Verne.

JAN KUBELIK, who stands alone as a master of the violin and who is to make another tour of this country shortly.

July 6



ANNETTE KELLERMANN, the Diving Venus, whose work in the picture, "Neptune's Daughter," by the Universal company, has attracted widespread attention, being one of the hits of Broadway, at the Globe Theatre.

THOMAS DE VASSY, of musical comedy renown, lately seen at the Casino with Stella Mayhew in "High Jinks."

MAY BLAYNEY, the charming London actress, recently seen in the British capital in "Between Sunset and Dawn" and "Mary-Girl," both at the Vaudeville Theatre.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, who has been playing a dramatic sketch in vaudeville all this past season.

ANNABELLE WHITFORD, the statuesque musical comedy favorite, who has lately become a convert to the motion picture world.

BURKE CLARKE, who plays both juvenile and character parts, being especially popular in stock circles.

FRANCES SAVAGE, who has had a very pleasant season of it in the production of "The Misleading Lady."

MABEL YOUNGE, whom we pleasantly remember for her work with Charles Hawtrey in "Dear Old Charley."

July 7



BENJAMIN WILSON, who has made a distinct name for himself during this past year through his exceedingly clever work in the Edison pictures, "The Chronicles of Cleek," the twelve detective stories, by Thomas W. Hanshew, which, through their thrills and excitement, have built up a following all their own.

ANNA LUTHER, the popular Lubin favorite, who was recently most successful in George Terwilliger's two-part picture, "The Changing."

RICHARD CARLE, late co-star with Hattie Williams in "The Doll Girl" and who, so rumor has it, will appear in vaudeville the coming season.

KATE JEPSON, lately seen with Annie Russell in "The Woman in the Case," and who played the role of Mrs. Pipp in "The Education of Mr. Pipp," in which Digby Bell is featured, a production by the All-Star Feature Corporation.

BIGHAM ROTCE, who recently concluded his season in the production of "Joseph and His Brethren."

AMY AUGARDE, the London musical comedy actress, seen there this past year exclusively at the Lyric Theatre, appearing during that time in "Love and Laughter," "The Girl in the Taxi," "The Girl Who Didn't," and "Mam'selle Tralala."

GERTRUDE AUGARDE, a niece of Amy Augarde, and herself well-known here as an exceptionally good portrayal of eccentric roles.

ALLEN FAWCETT, who for several years past has appeared in the support of Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

FANNY BRUGH, the talented English actress, seen here many times, and lately successful in "Sealed Orders," at Drury Lane Theatre, London.

CECIL LEAN, the musical comedy comedian, specially well liked by Chicago theatregoers and who has been playing in vaudeville of late.

MARION KERRY, recently seen in Klaw and Erlanger's production of "Cordelia Blossom," in which she will probably continue this coming season.

FREDERICK ROSS, who was a prominent figure in the London production of "Within the Law," at the Haymarket Theatre.

CORINNE RUNKLE, who celebrates her fifth wedding anniversary as well, and who has appeared for some time in vaudeville, in company with her husband, Ted Breton.

July 8



FRANK FARRINGTON, late with "The Midnight Girl," who has since permanently allied himself with the Than-houser company, two of his recent pictures being "The Mohammedan Conspiracy" and "The Strategy of Conductor 786," and who will be very

much to the fore in the biggest of all Than-houser features, "The Million Dollar Mystery."

LOUISE WOODS, who has appeared on Broadway in numerous productions, "Is Matrimony a Failure," "The Great Name," "Youth," "The Greyhound," and "Stoep Thief."

FRANCES McLEOD, a prominent member of the Bainbridge Players, at the Shubert Theatre, Minneapolis.

KATE BONNINGTON, the musical comedy favorite, who recently announced her marriage to George B. Rock, which occurred on March 21 last.

HARRISON CARTER, who was for some time identified with "Kismet," supporting Otis Skinner.

July 9



MACLYN ARBUCKLE, who has lately been lured before the camera, appearing in his famous role in "The County Chairman," which is being shown upon the screen by the Famous Players company.

FLORENCE ROCKWELL, who was last seen in the cast of "Fine Feathers," previous to which she played leads in Robert Mantell's support.

DAISY RUDD, who has adorned many musical plays on Broadway, ranging from "Florodora" to "The Silver Slipper," and from "The Follies of 1911" to "The Man from Cook's."

CARLOTTA ADDISON, the London character actress, whose most recent appearance was at His Majesty's Theatre, with Sir Herbert Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in George Bernard Shaw's latest play, "Pygmalion."

SEPPIE McNEILL, who for a long time was a member of that famous dancing aggregation, known as the Pony Ballet.

July 10



ANNE SCHAEFER, the popular member of the Western Vitagraph forces, a few of whose most recent hits have been in "Maree, the Half-breed," "Johanna, the Barbarian," "The Last Will," and "The Power to Forgive."

NED FINLEY, who has been doing notably good work with the Vitagraph company, both as actor and director, in proof of which you have only to recall his recent admirable performance of the crook in "The Tattoo Mark," which picture he also directed.

GAIL KANE, who has won many admirers before the footlights, through her recent work in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and who has also been making a name for herself among picture patrons, as witness her efforts in "The Great Diamond Robbery" and "The Jungle."

PERCIVAL ATLYMER, late stage manager at the Little Theatre, Philadelphia, and more recently with the Lucille La Verne company in Atlanta, Ga.

MAUDE LILLIAN BERRI, the dashing prima donna, lately seen with Kolb and Dill in "A Peck of Pickles," at the American Music Hall, Chicago.

EVA DAVENPORT, the operatic comedienne, recently seen with Julia Sanderson in "The Sunshine Girl."

JENNIE WEATHERS, the clever character actress, whom we were glad to welcome this season in the cast of "Too Many Cooks," with Frank Craven.

DOROTHY TENNANT, the well known leading woman of yesterday who, since her marriage several years ago, has not appeared upon the stage.

ARLINE BOLEY, whom we especially recall on Broadway in the various Ziegfeld Follies.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

RICHARD STANTON of Kay Bee, director and actor, had a narrow escape from death recently when he stopped his new Studebaker six, at the sheer edge of a cliff. It was the first time he had driven the machine and he did not fully understand it. The powerful brake was all that saved him.

The newly organized Cascade Company of Pasadena will soon be ready with their first two reel comedy, the name of which has not yet been made public.

Edwin August gave a short speech at the Photoplayers' Wednesday supper, for the first time Eddie prefers acting to speaking in public and it may be his acting is better than his impromptu speaking.

Bruce Randall of the Balboa Company is an especially fine pianist. He has a comfortable income and acts only for fun.

There is not a vast amount of Jackie Saunders, but what there is of her is all pluck. She did a 25 foot jump into 40 feet of water in "Through Night to Light," recently produced by Henry Otto at Long Beach.

Wallie Reid and Dorothy Davenport no longer act together. Wally is with Director Cabanne at the Mutual and Dorothy is with the Balboa people.

Little Thelma Salter, who does delightful work at the Kay Bee camp is entirely unspoiled. Her daddy and mother are English. It was some months ago that Mr. Salter's house of business was burned down, and Mrs. Salter and Thelma went acting to help matters out. He is well established again.

In "The Sand Hill Lovers," J. Warren Kerrian played the first dual role in his career. It seems strange he should have escaped this distinction for so long. He is a curiosity anyhow, he doesn't write any of his own photoplays!

Edna Maison went back to her old loves, hard riding and a Western picture, in "The Brand of Cain." She can ride like sixty.

They work along without pause up Lasky way. Oscar Apfel is starting on "The Man on the Box" with Max Figman and Lolita Robertson, and De Mille is preparing for "The Call of the North" with Robert Edeson. No one seems to think of vacations.

Poor Jim Kidd. Jim is about the oldest cowboy in the movies and has made a steady business of getting smashed up for years. This time the fall was a particularly bad one and Jim has three broken ribs and several internal injuries. This with the N. Y. M. P. Co.

Mrs. David Horsley with her son Stanley, has left to join Mr. Horsley in New York, after a long holiday with relatives in Hollywood.

An ornery common or garden goat got Jack O'Brien's recently, near the conclusion of a long and important scene in "The Sheriff of Contention" when said goat jumped on a table and "Maa-maa'ed" at George Seigmann. It broke up the scene and it took O'Brien a long time to get his performers down to normal again.

Eddie Dillon is poking fun at the "White slave plays" at the Mutual studios this week. The photoplay is called "The White Slave Catchers" and Eddie himself, Fay Tincher and Tod Browning are the fun makers. It's about the most wholesome class of White Slave play at that!

Two photoplays of singular beauty have been turned out from the American studios this last week. "The Dream Ship," produced by Harry Pollard with Margarita Fischer is an artistic triumph and "Jim" put on by Thomas Ricketts with Eddie Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood is one of the most charming of recent plays. We could do with more of their kind.

Courtenay Foote possesses a fund of dry humor which, although dry, is always bubbling over. He is a descendant of the famous wit Samuel Foote, who died in 1777. Foote is both an artist and a poet of parts.

Thomas W. Ross who was the star in "The Only Son," produced by the Lasky people, is infatuated with screen work and will without doubt be seen in other film productions. He appears in New York with Amelia Bingham in September.

Director David Miles of the Biograph spent a week at Catalina with his company. They return to New York on June the fifteenth. It is not known yet whether Dell Henderson and his company will go or stay in Los Angeles. Gertrude Robinson has already departed.

William Sloan of Biograph is returning to the legitimate stage. Gus Pixley, Tom McEvoy and Gertrude Bambrick are Henderson's chief mirth producers at Pico Street. Gus says you can't pry him from California ever again.

Bernstein, the general manager of the big "U" is a vision of beauty these days. Yessir, he is clad in white from head to foot and a pearl pin replaces the usual diamond question mark in his tie, and adds the crowning, perfect note.

Harry Von Meter, that fine all round actor with the American at Santa Barbara, was at one time a teacher of physical culture in Denver. He has never "let up" on his exercises and is a very powerful man as well as a good performer.

We (the writer) are extremely annoyed with Harold Lockwood. We dug up a very unflattering photo of his nibs and sent it to him suitably framed in a ten cent frame. He writes us he gave it to the colored person who makes up his room and she thinks it is lovely. Ingrate!

Grace Cunard is leaving the Universal after the "Lucille Love" series, she may go into vaudeville or may appear in a new series written around her. Francis Ford will remain with the big "U."

Rollin S. Sturgeon is to return to the Vitagraph fold at Santa Monica and it is said he will only produce big features in the future. It seems to be a habit to leave the Western Vitagraph and go back again. Ask George Stanley.

Wilfred Lucas and Cleo Madison are putting on a novel stunt for the business men of the city. It is a satire on the evils of pessimism and the beauties of optimism and is written by James Dayton. It is a sort of "morality business" photoplay.

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Jesse L. Lasky—Producer

(Continued from page 10)

to consider quality first of all, his success in the field was inevitable. He has been concerned with moving pictures less than a year. Unlike Hite and Selig and Blackton and some of the other big men in the industry he hasn't grown up with it. But he has assumed a commanding position already, because he has the qualities that made that certain. He knows what the public wants.

When Lasky finally decided to go into the movies he didn't hurry. He studied the field; looked into every angle of it. And when he began he didn't make false steps. He knew what he wanted to do. And the result is the dominating position he has already taken in the production of feature films. Next season there will be a studio in the east, as well as the big one in Hollywood, California. He has made himself a man to be reckoned with. He has persuaded David Belasco, who, like himself, held out for a long time against the films, to join him in the production of the Belasco successes. And, though he isn't ready to talk about them yet, he has big plans that are going to provide some of the film sensations of the near future.

So that's Lasky. A young man who has stepped into the small group of big men of the film in less than a year, and is going to stay in that group. He looks straight at you when he talks to you, and he radiates a quiet and deadly efficiency. Seeing him, it is very easy to see that he has found his real job at last—that all that preceded his entry into the field of the movies was by way of preparation. He has arrived now, and you who are movie fans want to keep your eyes on him. He has come—and he has come to stay!

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 27)

and I've had some hard words. But I'll pass that up. I'll give you a job, I'll fire Hastings. I'll put you in her place. But—"

"But what?" I asked wearily.

"I'll expect you to be—well, you know—to be nice to me," he went on, leering.

"You beast!" I was up, then, glaring at him. "Those stories are lies—and you know it!"

"I don't know anything of the sort," he said, still smiling. "But—if they are—you're still a fool, Morgan! What's the difference whether they're true or not? Everyone believes them. You're down and out that way. Everyone thinks you—well, you know what I mean. What's the use of being stiff necked? You might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. If you're going to be tarred, you might as well get something for it. Come, I'm not such a bad sort. Let's be friends. Report to-morrow. Let's eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die!"

I looked at him. Somehow the thing didn't seem so impossible. Dreadful—horrible—oh, yes, a thousand times! But, wasn't he right? Was his argument just sophistry? After all, society was making me pay for something I hadn't done. Why was I making my fight? Why shouldn't I yield, as thousands of women had done, without such reasons as mine?

"You don't have to decide now," he said. "Think it over. Sleep on it. If you come here to-morrow I'll know that you're—going to be sensible."

I couldn't speak. I just got up and left him. And I went straight home. In the hall, outside my door, Mrs. Moultrie met me.

"To-morrow's rent day, Miss Morgan," she said. "I suppose you'll have the money?"

"I've always paid, haven't I?" I said, and went into my room. I counted the money in my purse. There was a little more than a dollar. That night I did not sleep. I lay awake, and I seemed to be at the cross roads of my life—the parting of the way. I had to make my decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Read Each Issue of The Movie Pictorial for Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

MIRIAM NESBITT'S afternoon tea has become a social event at the Edison studio. Any afternoon at the appointed time Miriam can be found presiding over the electric stove, and dressed to represent any character in life from a poverty stricken widow to an heiress—according to the role she might be taking at the time. The role of hostess, animated by her charming personality—and unsurpassable tea—is one in which her friends all like to assist.

Marguerite Snow's habit of visiting antique shops has been acquired since the inauguration of "The Million Dollar Mystery," the habit being formed of necessity rather than pleasure. As Countess Olga, Miss Snow finds that, to costume herself as a lady of Russian nobility, requires a great deal of money and not a little time spent in search of unique ornaments of genuinely Russian origin. So far her search has rewarded her with oddly designed earrings, bracelets, beads, coiffures, barettes, and several unique and beautifully jeweled belts—all typically Russian.

Flo La Badie's role, Florence Gray, the millionaire's daughter, is just as demanding though probably not as hard to satisfy as that of Miss Snow. Her shopping tours for the latest in Parisian fashions lead her to Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Miss La Badie's favorite shop is a little one located on Broadway near Fifth Street. Though meek and unpretentious in its appearance Flo insists that its tastes are distinctly individual and up to the last minute in style.

Claire Whitney of the Solax company was a cup winner in the contests held in the convention hall at the Palace during the recent exhibition. The crowds watching were so great as to almost interfere with the dancers and made the judging difficult, but all conceded that the prize belonged to Miss Whitney.

Thomas W. Ross was among the spectators who witnessed the initial showing of "The Only Son" in which he took the titular role. In fact the others have him to thank for seeing it. Mr. Ross arrived from Hollywood, Cal., with the picture at one o'clock and it was run off for the trade and exhibitors at the Grand Central Palace, at three.

Ever since Dick Neill broke his shoulder in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" the Edison directors have been careful not to give him a chance to risk his neck again. His physique and undaunted nerve stand him well in parts calling for risky thrills but broken shoulders are too big a price to pay even for reality in a picture. In one of his latest pictures, "The Counterfeiters," he escapes from a third story window by descending a rope, hand over hand, and, what is worse, a little later, climbs up the same rope while Sally Crute wrestles with the loose end to prevent his bumping against the wall.

Ethel Grandin and Ray Smallwood have left the Universal staff, but have not as yet announced their plans for the future. Miss Grandin, though only twenty years of age has been a motion picture favorite for the last three and one-half years. For the past year she has appeared exclusively in Imp releases. The picture in which she became best known was "The Traffic in Souls." Mr. Smallwood, in addition to being a capable director, is one of the best photographic and technical experts in the motion picture industry.

Justus D. Barnes is a man of original tastes, untarnished by convention. Now with the Thanhouser forces, Mr. Barnes has to his credit the record of having played more than four hundred character parts on the screen. As a means of travel, horses fill the foremost place in his affection. For aeroplanes or automobiles he has no use. His carriage horse, "Tom," is well known as one of the finest harness horses in Westchester County.

Ellis F. Glickman, known as one of the foremost of Jewish character actors, is now appearing in motion pictures owing to arrangements made with C. J. Hite, president of the Thanhouser Film Corporation. Mr. Hite prides himself on being the first to manage Mr. Glickman in pictures. He is a wonderful character man, having played more than eight hundred character parts on the speaking stage. The first picture in which Mr. Glickman appeared, "Repentance," has been pronounced a big success; the next play in which he will be presented is "The Last Concert."

Nolan Gane was recently so unfortunate as to pass by a party of visitors in the Thanhouser studio, whereupon one of the ladies asked, "Is that little boy in stock?" Mr. Gane is twenty-one years of age and is the New Rochelle company's most talented juvenile lead.

Riley Chamberlain, who has been called "the Jefferson of picturedom," is the prize golfer of the Thanhouser studio. Though sixty years of age, thirty-five of which were spent on the legitimate stage, Mr. Chamberlain can lead many of the younger fellows a merry chase and then leaving them panting at the last hole. He loves children and is a favorite with all of them. Next in his affection and pride come his horses, several of whom are blue-ribbon winners.

Harold Lockwood of the Famous Players had a close escape in a scene lately, when he received a sword cut in the eye. Fortunately the blade did not penetrate the eye ball.

Billie Ritchie, the well known burlesque comedian, will soon be seen in the role of "Happy Hooligan," the exponent of the tin can variety of hat. The Nonpareil Company will produce the pictures, Paul Arlington and Jack Mahoney handling the scenarios and direction.

Augustus Phillips has found out that the next-to-the-most-thankless job in the world is umpiring a ball game. The sport of piloting his roadster around having gone tame, Phillips' ambitions wandered on to the baseball diamond. The game between the Edison team and the medical staff on Blackwells Island saw him behind the catcher, "calling 'em." Evidently his decisions didn't coincide with the doctors' ideas of a square deal for at the end of the game as a reward for his services they wished upon him many weird and ghastly diseases, which only a physician of good standing could pronounce or think of.

Anita Stewart, Helen Marten, Muriel Ostriche, are among the victorious ones in the contests given recently in conjunction with the convention at the Grand Central Palace. The largest of the group of cups, a big beauty offered by the Milo Cigarette Co., was won by Anita Stewart at the New York Roof on the closing night. At the first event, the clam-bake at Brighton Beach, the cups were taken by Misses Stewart and Marten. On the steamer Adirondack Miss Marten won the prize and the following night Miss Ostriche was adjudged the winner at the New York Roof. The final contest at the same place on Saturday night was won by Anita Stewart.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

LESTER B., SPOKANE, WASH.—Red Eagle, the Indian chief who appears in many Western Kalem productions is a full blooded Sioux Indian and the son of a chief, not a white man made up as an Indian. He is a graduate of Carlyle, where he studied law.

"VITAGRAPH FAN," CHICAGO, ILL.—Harry Morey was the "Colonel Lenox" of Vitagraph's "My Official Wife." The picture was produced under the direction of James Young, but we cannot tell you in just what locality the exteriors were taken. Leo Delaney played opposite Norma Talmadge in Vitagraph's "The Blue Rose." "Broncho Billy's" full name is Gilbert M. Anderson, not Max Anderson. Where ever did you get that "Max thing?"

FANNY W., NEW YORK CITY.—Elita Proctor Otis who enacts the role of "Deep Sea Kitty" in Life-Photo Film Co.'s "The Greyhound," played the same role in the legitimate stage production. E. K. Lincoln was "Richard" in Vitagraph's "The Wreck."

PERCY K., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.—Irene Hunt is appearing in Mutual films made on the Pacific coast. Jack Adolphi produced several of the dramas which have recently been released in which she plays a principal role. Grace Darmond is the daughter in Selig's "The Estrangement." George Cooper is the villain in Vitagraph's "Out in Happy Hollow."

CLARA H. T., JOLIET, ILL.—As a rule we can't give casts of foreign productions, but we happen to have the "Spartacus" cast and so can answer you this time. Here you are: *Spartacus*, Mario Ausonia; *Idamis*, Christina Russell; *Marcus Licinius Crassus*, Enrico Bacci; *Narona*, Maria Gandini; *Noricus*, Luigi Mele, and *Artemon*, Verdi Giovanni.

MABEL ST. C., DES MOINES, IOWA.—Boyd Marshall was the physician in Princess "All's Well That Ends Well." Ruth Hennessy was "Prudence" in Essanay's "The Wedding of Prudence." No, Florence Lawrence has not left Victor to return to Lubin. We don't find any such player as Marcia Caswell. Are you sure you have the name right?

OLGA G., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Irving Cummings is now with Thanhouser. Pictures in which he plays leading roles will soon be released, though we can't tell you the name of the first one in which he is to be featured. Glad you like *Movie Pictorial* and "particularly the Questions and Answers Department."

"MARY JANE," SUPERIOR, WIS.—Joe King and Stella Razetto had the leads in Selig's "A Splendid Sacrifice." There are but thirteen parts to the "Kathlyn" series, although Miss Williams is to appear in another multiple reel animal film following the last of the "Adventures" series. Letters to the players will reach them if sent to the studio address. Yes, a lot of them answer letters personally.

COUNTRY JAY, VERNON, IOWA.—Yes, Francis X. Bushman makes his home in Chicago and nearly all of the films in which he appears are taken at the Chicago plant of the Essanay Company. Mary Powers was the little girl in Lubin's "When the Earth Trembled." No, the exhibitor doesn't buy the films he shows, but merely rents them from a film exchange. Prices for films vary according to how old the subject is; that is a picture just released costs more to rent, than it does when it is three weeks or a month old.

"FATTY," NASHVILLE, TENN.—Yes, the Richard Travers with Essanay now is the same Travers who used to appear in Lubin films. May Buckley went from Lubin to Selig's Chicago Company. Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone took the roles you mention in Majestic's "The Baby." Fred Mace left Apollo to make films for himself. None of them have been released as yet.

EDWIN L. J., SAN JOSE, CAL.—Pat and Nora Muldoon in Lubin's "A Tango Tragedy" were Billy Bowers and Frances Ne Moyer. The widow in the same picture was Julia Calhoun.

CLARA MAC D., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Hazel Buckham was the thief in Rex's "For the Family Honor." Lon Chaney was the brother of Pauline Bush in Gold Seal's "The Honor of the Mounted."

MABEL T., BUFFALO, N. Y.—The Answer Man doesn't like to decide bets but can inform you in this case that you both win, for both William Shay and William Welch appeared in the Imp three reel drama "The Price of Sacrilege." Herbert Brenon was the producer of the above subject.

WRITER, WILMINGTON, DEL.—For Heaven's sake, forget that birthmark identification thing in your scenario. It's been done and done and then done again. Your letter has been passed along to Mr. Thomas, head of the photoplaywright's department of *Photoplay Magazine* and you will probably hear from him in the near future.

LINEMAN, LINCOLN, NEB.—We can't tell you the particular style of telephone used in the picture you mention, but you might find out something about it if you were to write the offices of the film company. Yes, we agree with you that much can be learned from the pictures and they seem to grow more and more interesting and educational as time passes.

CHARLOTTE G., WILKES BARRE, PA.—Herbert Standing was "Pere Froulard" in Broncho's "Breed O' the North." Natomish, the old Indian woman, was a real old Indian squaw, and not in any way made up.

CHESTER O'D., CLEAR LAKE, IOWA.—Beauty films have been on the Mutual program for some months and if you are seeing your first ones now you certainly are behind the times. However, we envy you, too, for you have some big treats in store.

"OHIO," CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Yes, you are right in believing that Dorothy Gish was born in your state, but it was in Dayton and not Cleveland. 1898 is said to be the year. She has blue eyes, we understand, though we haven't had the pleasure of actually meeting her in real life.

MISS X. Y. Z., CHICAGO, ILL.—It's been some hunt, but we are now able to give you the complete cast on Royal's "A Boy For a Day." Here it is: Snip Devine—Isabel Dainty; Silas Smith, the boss—Walter H. Stull; policeman—James Harris; ragman—George E. Reehm; man on crutches—Robert Burns; office boy—Walter Kendig; stenographer—Maxine Brown; Snip's mother—Helen LaVerne; costumer—Jack Peters. Mabel in Komic's "The Man in the Couch" was Fay Tincher, the same actress who plays the role of the adventures in "The Battle of the Sexes," the big Mutual feature.

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—Osler.

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JULY 11, 1914

NUMBER 10

"WILL O' THE WISP"

The Redemption of a Misanthrope

"I FIND the Baron very amusing, yes," said Julia Rider. By KATHERINE SYNON

She accompanied the admission with a half smile. But Larry Thorn, the man to whom she made it, did not smile. His ring was on her finger; their engagement had been announced scarcely a month before, and there had been plenty of girls—and mothers—to envy Julia for her capture of Thorn, beginning then to take his place as a leading novelist.

"I don't," he said, shortly. "And, Julia, I must—"

"My dear Larry," the girl interrupted. "Can't you see that you're being quite absurd? You're acting like a character out of one of your own books! Do you want me to believe that you're jealous—and that you're going to assume a proprietary attitude? Because—I won't have it!"

Thorn flushed. He hated to be twitted about his work, and he felt that Julia, knowing that, was trying deliberately to irritate him.

"Very well," he said. "You know my feeling, Julia. I don't need to say anything more."

"No," she said, reflectively, twisting his ring about her finger. "I think you've said too much as it is, Larry."

What more he might have replied to that was cut off. The music outside of the retreat he had found stopped; the little conservatory, was invaded by couples fresh from the floor. A moment later another partner claimed Julia, and, as the music began again, she went off with him, smiling at her fiancé. Thorn, moody and hurt, went off to his club. He was in a dangerous state of mind. Only a spark was needed to set him ablaze; at the club that spark was struck.

It chanced that a few scraps of a conversation came to his ears as he entered the reading room. He caught Julia Rider's name, and heard a sneering laugh; then his own name was spoken. With flaming cheeks, he strode across the room, to a little group that had not yet seen him.

"Baron Von Keller!" he said.

A tall German sprang up and faced him, clicking his heels.

"Herr Thorn!" he answered.

"I have the honor to inform you that you lie, Herr Baron," said Thorn. "Also that you are, to borrow your own expressive German phrase, a pig-dog—a schwein-hund! And to—"

He needed no words to finish that phrase. A stinging blow of his open hand left a livid mark on the German's cheek.

Von Keller, choking with rage, was speechless for a moment.

"In my country—I could call you to account!" he stammered, when he had collected himself. "Here you will dodge behind the

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM BALBOA FILM, RELEASED BY FOX OFFICE ATTRACTION COMPANY



On One of His Foraging Trips He First Saw the Will o' the Wisp

cowardly custom of your country! I know you Americans—you will refuse me satisfaction—"

"Oh, no, I won't," said Thorn, cheerfully. "I'll give you any sort of satisfaction you prefer! Your friends—if you have any!—will have no difficulty in finding me!"

Then he turned on his heel, feeling incredibly better! He had done a silly, almost a childish thing. He had not the slightest intention of hurting the Baron; he meant, however, to silence his insinuations concerning Julia Rider. Von Keller, in fact, had come to America to try to sell his title. Julia Rider was wealthy enough to be eligible, and also more pleasing to him than most of the rich young women he

had met, but he had found her engaged to Thorn. In spite of that he had pressed his suit; now he had descended to still lower methods.

"You're a damned fool!" said Thorn's closest friend, Blaine Stewart, later that night, when Thorn told him what had happened. "I don't blame you much—but it was a fool thing to do! You ought to keep ideas like that for your stories! Still—I'll fix it."

And later, after a conference with Baron Von Keller's representative, an attaché of the German embassy in Washington, Stewart reported that a meeting had been arranged for the next morning, in Westchester county.

"There'll be no interruption—but don't kill him!" said Stewart. "And don't let him kill you!"

Morning found both sides ready. Thorn, as the one challenged, selected rapiers. He was a swordsman of considerable skill; he felt sure he could hurt the Baron's feelings without injuring his body. But there was no duel. For, as the word was about to be given, an automobile drove up swiftly, and Julia Rider descended from it.

"Oh, I'm in time!" she cried. "Baron—you mustn't fight! He's tricked you into this meeting—he means to murder you! I forbid you to fight! I've warned the sheriff. You must all go!"

"Julia!" said Thorn, indignantly. "How did you hear of this? And how dare you interfere?"

She turned on him, her eyes blazing. "I am doing what I know is right!" she cried. "You are a coward! Here, take your ring! I never want to see you again!"

And the next moment she had turned to the Baron, and was sobbing in his arms.

"Come on, old man, there's no use waiting here," said Stewart, sympathetically. "Can't you see what's happened? The Baron has given you the double cross. He never meant to fight! It was he who sent word to her. No one else could have done it, because only four of us knew! And it was neither you nor I."

IN SOME circles the sudden disappearance of Larry Thorn, novelist and man about town, was a nine days' wonder. He dropped out of sight entirely. His clubs saw nothing of him; he told no one where he had gone, nor what he meant to do. And, though his going caused talk for a time, that soon died away. The general impression was that he had sought seclusion to help him in the creation of a new book; some added that he wanted to forget Julia Rider and heal a broken heart.

Thorn himself, after the revelation of that morning, cherished thoughts of a broken heart. But not for long. An intense depression, in which he did fly from the sight of his friends, and from all the places he knew, was succeeded by a mood of cynicism in which he rejoiced at his escape.

"I've had my lesson," he wrote to Stewart — without giving his own address. "Hereafter I believe in no one, in no woman, at least. I have been wrong in my writing. I have exalted women. Now I know the truth. And I am going to write a book that will set forth that truth. It won't be popular, because it will not be pretty. But it will be true, and it will be big. I had to learn my lesson. Now I know it."

Thorn had taken refuge in a country as far removed from anything he knew as could be imagined. He had chosen a farming section, where even summer boarders were unknown. Partly to avoid human companionship, partly because he really required quiet for his work, he had fashioned a dwelling for himself, in a great tree near a creek. In its branches he made himself comfortable, and there he worked, as close to nature as a man could be. He had a gun; some of his food he found by hunting, some he bought from different farm houses. He discouraged inquisitiveness, and, because the people about him, in the main, worked hard for a living, they were glad enough to let him alone.

It was on one of his purchasing, or rather, foraging trips, that he first saw the Will o' the Wisp, as he came to call her. She was an image rather than a girl, as he first glimpsed her. He saw her, with wild, tousled hair, with white legs, innocent of stockings, flashing through the bushes near his creek, ragged clothes revealing rather than clothing a lithe and agile body. And it was she who first annoyed him by seeming to harbor some curiosity concerning him.

More than once he caught her looking at him, strangely, though she seemed anxious, despite her evident curiosity, to avoid his glance. When she saw him looking at her she would vanish. It was that peculiar quality of hers, that ability to disappear, seemingly into thin air, that led him to name her to himself. And that was only the first stage of an interest in her that, as soon as he became conscious of it, he bitterly resented. She threatened the misanthropic pose he had chosen; he did not want to be interested in her kind!

And yet—he could not help it. He abandoned his usual tramps, confined himself, for days, to such food as he could find by primitive methods, by fishing, by shooting, or by picking berries, and, sometimes, by stealing vegetables late at night. But she had cast a curious spell over him. Despite himself, though he struggled furiously against the impulse, he was being drawn more and more to the places where he knew she was likely to be seen.

And he did more. Shamefacedly, owing to himself, at least, that he was yielding to an in-

OUR SCOOP

THEY SAY trusts kill competition.

But competition absolutely annihilates trust.

In other words, the more competition there is, the more distrust, the more jealousy, the more knocking, and the more of all the other little irritations that make competitive business so interesting!

The film business is competitive—is that all we need to say?

Or shall we continue to the effect that when somebody in the film business puts over something big the rest begin to anticipate the obsequies, at which they love to foregather?

But the purpose of this editorial is not to register a complaint. It is merely to establish an identity—to prove the "*corpus*" *delecti*, as it were.

WE have just put over something BIG. And we want to explain that WE did it:

It was THE MOVIE PICTORIAL that retained William J. Burns, the world's greatest detective to help our readers solve the "Million Dollar Mystery" and give them a preferred chance at that \$10,000 prize.

It was not the film company, nor any one else but our own little selves. WE put over this stunt absolutely independent of anybody and everybody—and we might add, in spite of almost everybody—because it is such a GOOD stunt.

We got aboard without a ticket, and we're not riding on a pass either.

The whole story is that we knew a good thing when we saw it—and we will say further, as a little tip, we are so far-sighted and observant that we can see a good thing as far—well as far as the Hearst-Selig pictures reach, which is to say, clear around the world.

sane mood, he tried to find out things concerning her. At first, he made the excuse that she was a new type; that her character was one to interest him in his quality of novelist. Half sprite, almost wholly wild, untrained, uncivilized, she was a creature apart. And such few facts as he gleaned from those he questioned, idly, lest they suspect his deeper interest, confirmed his conception of her.

Hazel Martin, so she had a name, other than the fanciful one he had bestowed upon her! And she lived alone, with her father, in a meanness and wretchedness that made him shudder. That seemed to account for many things.

At last he gave up the struggle to hide his interest in her from himself. He gave his imagination full play, and his novelist's mind invested the girl with qualities that were of its own creation. Gradually she took form in his brain as the central figure, if not the heroine of a novel. And, once the conception was complete, he cast aside the work he had been doing, and launched himself joyfully upon what he realized was to be his best and biggest book.

But though the girl was serving as the inspiration of the book, and as the original of its heroine as well, nevertheless she would not have been flattered had she known the conception of her that Thorn had formed. In

day he stayed in his strange retreat, high in the branches of the great tree. If he noticed the heavy rains, he paid no real attention to them. He was sheltered from them; a useful handiness with tools had enabled him to make his retreat weather proof. And so the rain, and the steady rising of the waters did not disturb him, even when the creek finally refused to be longer confined by its banks, and spread out into a shallow lake that covered the low lying fields for a mile or more.

It was the rising waters, that finally forced a meeting between him and the girl. The steady encroachments of the water deprived him of his sources of food and other supplies, one after another. And he found himself, at last, forced to sally from his retreat one morning and make his way to the nearest village to buy food. On the way back he was startled, when he was not far from his tree home, by a cry for help, steadily repeated. There seemed no panic in the cry; it came at regular intervals, perhaps half a minute apart. He followed it; cynic though he had become he was not yet deaf to such an appeal.

The cries led him off the path he was following, and through a tangled mass of young timber, where the going was difficult, at best. And now it was at its worst, for here the water had risen, so that, in some places, it covered

his knees. He came upon the girl who was calling for help suddenly, and stopped, almost smiling. It was the Will o' the Wisp, the girl who had so constantly occupied his thoughts. As soon as she saw him a frightened look came into her eyes, and she caught her breath. But then she smiled.

"Help me!" she said. "The water made me step the wrong way. I couldn't see. And I'm caught! There's a quick-sand here, dragging me down."

He had her arm in a moment. And, though it was both difficult and dangerous, he managed to pull her free. She looked wilder than ever. But she did not, as he had half expected, vanish. Instead she looked him squarely in the eye.

"Thank you," she said, simply, and he was surprised to notice the gen-



Though It Was Both Difficult and Dangerous, He Managed to Pull Her Free

the infection of her voice. "You saved my life."

"And you're grateful for that?" he asked, with a bitter smile.

"I am—though I don't know why," she said. That surprised him, and he tried to search her eyes.

"I ran away from home," she said. "I suppose I'd better tell you. This flood terrifies me—I don't know what's going to happen. The water has never been so high. And I had to run away."

"Why?" he said.

"Do you know Frank Allen, the farmer above you, on the creek?"

"By sight—looks like a cave man."

"Perhaps he is, the brute! He—was going to—oh, I don't know just how to put it! He—has been after me for months—years, almost. He's tried to kiss me—to put his arms around me. Last night—they thought I was asleep. I heard him talking to my father. He offered him money—and gave him whiskey. And my father—said—told him to take me! So—I ran away."

"He wants to marry you?"

"I don't know. I don't care! I can't bear him! I had to run away!"

Thorn stared at her curiously. She aroused no chivalry in him, she did not even appeal, now, to his deep lying sex instincts. He looked at her coldly, dispassionately, as a vivisector might look at the subject of an experiment.

"Then you don't want to go home?" he asked her.

"I can't!" she said. "I'm afraid! I was out all night after I heard them. And this morning I was crossing the bridge over the creek and Allen found me. He started for me and I had to climb on the rail and then jump over. He couldn't swim so he was afraid to follow me."

"Well, you'd better come with me," said Thorn. "I can give you food and a chance to get warm and dry."

In silence, they made their way to his retreat. Thorn's mind was working rapidly, and in strange circles. He was not himself; the bitter shock of Julia Rider's treatment of him had by no means worn off. And so he was ripe for mischief; for playing a trick upon this girl, in the nature of an experiment, an investigation of her mind, that it would have been impossible for him even to conceive had his condition been normal. He said nothing more until he had made her comfortable. Then he looked at her, until she lowered her eyes, and shivered a little.



The Will o' the Wisp, Now Thorn's Wife, was the Sensation of the Year

"Well," he said. "You know what anyone would say—that you have simply traded your friend Allen for me?"

"But you're not like him," she said, quickly.

"Why, one can trust you!"

"Can one?" he asked. "Wait! You're alone. You have no way of supporting yourself, have you? Some man has got to do it? Your father, or Allen or—well, say, I?"

Somehow she grasped his point.

"I suppose so," she said. "You mean I'd have to go back to my father or else marry?"

"I didn't say marry," he said, with intentional brutality. "Look here, my lady, wasn't one trouble with Allen's proposition that you weren't going to get anything out of it yourself? He offered the money to your father, not to you?"

"No, it wasn't that," she said. "Perhaps I can't explain. I don't know much about such things. I don't know any other girls. I don't understand them. But I have read a little, and

thought. And I know this. I can give myself, but I can never sell myself. I can give myself to you if you want me!"

"We'll see!" he said, grimly. "I'll find a place for you. And later, when I have finished some work, I'll take you away. I'll give you jewels and clothes—and I'll take you."

She laughed in his face.

"I've known you so long!" she said. "I've watched you. Now you are trying to frighten me. But, I love you, and you can't! I ought not to say that? But I am not like other girls. I have heard you when you thought I was not listening. And you called me what I am—a will o' the wisp!"

AT EVERY turn, in the days that followed, the girl defeated his experiment. Determined to use her, as the woman of his book, to prove that artifice triumphed in the make-up of every woman, that innocence and purity of motive no longer existed, Thorn still found himself unable to incorporate such characteristics into the dream woman of his story, daily becoming more and more inextricably entwined with the real girl. He had taken her to a woman of the neighborhood. There he saw her well cared for. There, too, he gave her presents, clothes, and books; jewels, as he had promised, for which he sent to distant cities.

But the book would not go. His conception defeated him. And he felt himself yielding; felt his cynicism leaving him, and being eradicated by a growing impulse to believe in her. Until at last he determined to make a final experiment. He brought her to his retreat.

"Hazel—will o' the wisp," he said. "I've been deceiving you. My money is all gone. I can give you nothing more. I can never marry you. I am married to a woman who will not free me. You are free. You can fend for yourself now. Will you go, or stay?"

Her answer was a glad cry. In a moment she was in his arms.

"Oh, I'll stay—stay—a thousand times!" she cried. "It's you I want, my lover, not money, or jewels, or even your name!"

He was satisfied at last. And, while she clung to him, he told her the truth.

It was at a reception in New York, months later, that Thorn first let his old friends see his wife.

"That girl? Thorn's wife? Stunning, isn't she?" said one woman. "They're just back from their honeymoon—Paris—everywhere! There's quite a romance, you know. She's the heroine of his last novel! Yes, the one that was such a sensation."



"I Had to Climb on the Rail and Then Jump Over"

J. STUART BLACKTON

The Belasco of the Motion Picture Play

By Monte M. Katterjohn

lightning sketches. That night the theatrogoers looked upon and heard the Belasco of the motion picture play.

though anxious to get away from the glare. It is the way of this man—J. Stuart Blackton. He is one of a triumvirate in the motion picture industry which represents millions of dollars, and although one of its most powerful forces he prefers to remain silent and obscure. The cry for "Author" following the success of his playlet, "The Honeymooners," brought him conspicuously before a theatre audience for the first time in the sixteen years since he was a successful young crayon artist and entertained his audiences with

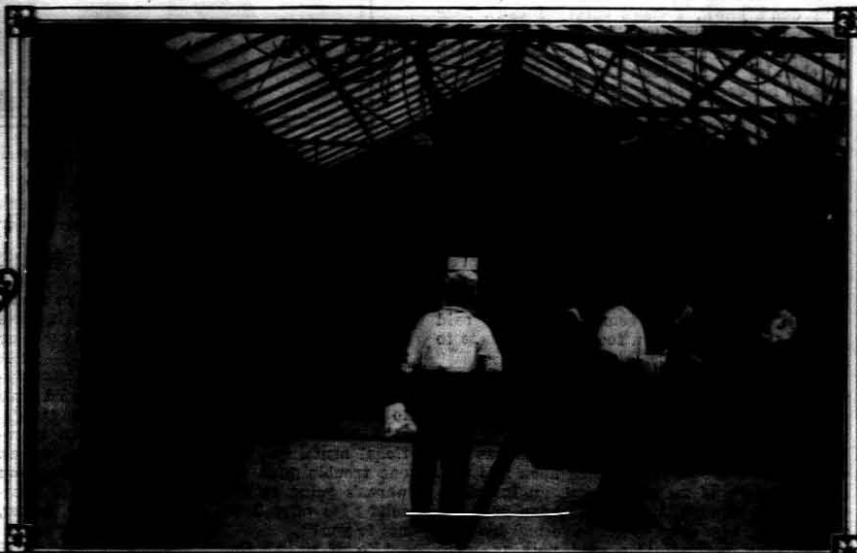
For sixteen years he has devoted every available hour of his time to the development of the motion picture, for he was one of the pioneers—an adventurer who marched with the art of the photo-drama through the perils of first experiments, the crudities of early efforts and the criticism of skeptical doubters. And though there are some who believe that the motion picture play has reached the zenith of its perfection, J. Stuart Blackton toils on, for his eyes are the eyes of youth and dreams. That night



J. Stuart Blackton, the Motion Picture Belasco

ON THE occasion of the opening of the Vitagraph theatre, in response to loud calls of "Author," varied by cries for "Blackton," there issued diffidently from the wings an embarrassed and nervous man with a pale countenance and wistful eyes. As he bowed humbly, in infinite gratitude, the people in front stared at a face that was ever after stamped indelibly in their memories. It was the face of the student who never ceases studying. The wistful eyes were the eyes of a poet or a painter. One noticed that the man paused between remarks, and perhaps there were some who thought him a victim of stage-fright. They did not know that he was weighing each word thoroughly before giving it utterance. And after saying "I thank you," he hurried from the footlights as

Mr. Blackton and His Motor Boat Played an Important Role in the Fifty-Minute Broadway Star Feature, "Love, Luck, and Gasoline"



A View Inside One of the Studios—Marion Costello Shooting a Scene for "A Picture Idea"



The Vitagraph Triumvirate—Seated from Right to Left—William T. Dick, President; Albert E. Smith, Treasurer and General Manager; J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President and Secretary

he told all in that crowded theatre that the surface of the motion picture and its possibilities has hardly been scratched.

Shortly after Thomas A. Edison's announcement of his ability to make and show motion pictures and the introduction of the novelty to New York, J. Stuart Blackton embarked in the moving picture business. Though an artist and a lover of photog-



raphy, he took up the exhibiting end. He had watched the exploitation of the novelty and arrived at the conclusion there was money to be made by providing the citizens of the staid old New England villages with moving picture entertainment. He had witnessed all the best pictures of the period—mostly comics and scenes—and enjoyed them, and this, in spite of the crude methods by which they were exhibited.

"If the people of New York will spend their money to see moving pictures, so will the people of New England," reasoned Blackton, and he began to save his money to purchase an outfit and some rolls of film.

While making his initial arrangements to become a showman he met a young mechanic, Albert E. Smith, who had had considerable experience in a theatrical way. The two became friends, then partners. Young Blackton felt that his mechanic-partner would prove a valuable assistant because of his knowledge of delicate machinery, of which he knew very little. Blackton proposed that he handle the business end and Smith operate the machine which projected the pictures. They purchased one of the crude picture outfits of the time, consisting of lantern, gas tanks, and slides, rented several short length rolls of film from the Edison company, and began giving exhibitions in city halls, churches, village opera houses, and empty store-rooms.

But the artist nature in young Blackton immediately asserted itself. As he watched his partner project the pictures he began to see the possibilities of the art, for an art it is. He discussed his ideas with Smith and they soon announced their intention of engaging in the manufacture of motion pictures. Their first studio was a small room on the top floor of the old Morse Building, at 140 Nassau street, New York, where their New York branch is still located. Their studio proper—where the acting and the camera work was done—was on the roof.

This was the era of the "chase" and scenic pictures, also of arriving and departing steamships and trains. Blackton began to study up ideas that would prove suitable for picture production—something that would "go" with the public. Smith, meanwhile, devoted all his spare time to perfecting the projecting machine, which was very faulty. He soon developed and patented many improvements on motion picture cameras and projectors.

Smith knew that in any kind of entertainment, delay is certain to be fatal. This was the chief fault of

He has an Interest in the American Yacht Club



hand ran up the Stars and Stripes in its place. Wherever the picture was shown the crowd broke into wild cheering, and there wasn't a man who saw it but who claimed he got his money's worth. It was produced shortly after the sinking of the Maine and our declaration of war. It was a stroke of genius to produce such a picture at such a time.

Their second production was even more thrilling, being called "The Battle of Santiago Bay." Photographs of American men-of-war which were actually engaged in the conflict were procured and

Sketching the Gondoliers of Venice



In the Vitaphone Studio Just Prior to the Beginning of a Company of Players for the "Ballet" of New Jersey

the patents of that day. One could not project a picture without having to stop after running four or five feet of film, re-thread the machine and then continue for a second or so, only to repeat the operation.

In the beginning Blackton painted the scenery, and he and Smith very often took part in the plays to fill out the casts. They didn't have enough money with which to hire the necessary actors. If Blackton was acting Smith operated the camera, and the reverse if Smith helped out "in the picture." They felt they were doing some high art on top of the Morton amid the chimneys and far above most of the surrounding buildings.

Like Belasco, Mr. Blackton has the ability to respond to the demand of the times. The first picture he produced was that of a Spanish flag fluttering proudly in the breeze. For fully thirty seconds there was nothing to be seen; but this hated emblem—it was during the Spanish American war—then a hand appeared; slowly the great hand reached towards the flag, grasped the hostile banner and dragged it down, and the same



pasted on wooden floats to represent the fleet. Santiago Bay really consisted of a painting made by Blackton, of the background of low lying hills and this painting was made stationary in a tank of water—the sea—and the floats placed here and there. Paper pellets were dropped from above to indicate where Spanish shells were ripping up the surface of the bay as the Spanish forts fired on the American fleet. Personal friends of Blackton and Smith stood behind the painting puffing cigarette smoke through tiny holes—the belch of flame and fire—that the realism might be increased. Smith was busy turning the camera crank while Blackton was officiating in the humble capacity of gunner for both Spanish and American fleets, being engaged in setting off little powder flashes with an ignited piece of punk. A chance spark ignited the contents of the powder box just as Blackton put one hand inside. There was a blinding flash of a pound or more of black powder and his hand was burned almost to a cinder, but the picture was an immense success.

Some few days after this occurrence a friend met Blackton and noticing his hand all bandaged up, made inquiry as to the injury. Blackton replied that he was injured at the Battle of Santiago Bay.

A short time later William T. Rock, a most successful carnival owner, learned of the work of these two young men. They were getting along famously, although they were seriously hampered by a lack of cash. Rock had seen most of their productions, and being a true showman, decided to "plunge" with them. A triumvirate was formed. Rock was to furnish the money, Blackton was to think up the plays and stage them, and Smith was to attend to all mechanical matters and assist Blackton. The Vitagraph Company of America was then formed and incorporated with the following officers: William T. Rock, president; Albert E. Smith, treasurer and general manager; and J. Stuart Blackton, vice president and secretary. This came two years after Rock had met the two young geni.

At this time questions of patents and infringements arose. The Edison patent holders alleged the camera used by Messrs. Blackton, Smith and Rock was an infringement on the Edison camera. So for four years, while litigation was pending, they exhibited their own products, as individual exhibitors, all over the United States. Seven years later they purchased a piece of land at Greenfield, which is now in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York, and here they began to make more extensive and elaborate productions in an open air studio, while they were building a permanent one which was completed in 1906.

It was in 1907 that Gilbert M. Anderson, now the world famous "Broncho Billy" and half owner of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company came to Blackton and offered his services as an actor. He had just finished working in the first thousand-foot moving picture ever made—"The Great Train Robbery," which was produced at the Edison studio. As a result of the meeting of the two men, Anderson assumed the leading role in the second thousand-foot picture, which was directed by Blackton. It was called, "Raffles, the Amateur Burglar." It was a big success and put Anderson "on the map" as a picture actor.

As the motion picture industry began to assert its strength as a factor in the amusement world the Vitagraph Company of America was obliged to add building after building to its original plant, until it now occupies a whole block of land surrounded by a high stone wall, enclosing six studios and six other buildings which house their plant. One must go and see its vastness in order to know. The plant includes machine shop, joining and negative, developing, carpentering and stage carpentering, cabinet and upholstering, ornamental, costume, property, scenery, accounting, shipping, scenario, reference, and publicity departments, in addition to a lunch room for the actors and actresses.

The studios are constantly humming with activity. Out in the studio court auto busses, taxis, autos, and big and little motor trucks are continually going and coming, loaded with players and camera men who are employed in

outside scenes, taken here, there and everywhere. In addition to the autos, the Vitagraph horses make up a very imposing procession. It is not unusual to see some fifty or more fighting men of the desert mounted on their wild steeds as they prepare to journey to the sands of New Jersey for a scene.

In addition to the Brooklyn plant, there is a second Vitagraph organization at Santa Monica, California, where a fully equipped studio is maintained the year round. Two large producing companies are quartered here. "Captain Alvarez," the spectacular Broadway star feature which recently opened a long run at the Vitagraph theatre was produced by the California companies.

Also, there are Vitagraph branch laboratories in London and in Paris. The working force at all this gigantic company's numerous homes numbers almost a thousand people the year round. This, of course, does not include the extras, who often number as many as five hundred a day.

If one were to gather statistics as to the output of the Vitagraph studios the figures would show they are responsible for 2,100 miles of the celluloid film shown annually in the United States. More than 12,500,000 feet of film are manufactured in the Brooklyn plant alone. Each week six new photoplays make their appearance, and of this number, two are of more than the usual 1,000 foot length, being feature subjects of two reels or more. This does not include special productions like "A Million Bids," "The Christian," "Barnes of New York," and "My Official Wife."

Probably no company in the world produces such spectacular photoplays as does Vitagraph. A recent production, "The Wreck," involved an expenditure of \$25,000 for just one scene—that of a head-on collision between two trains. With Vitagraph, it isn't a case of faking. The two locomotives were purchased, as well as nine

coaches, a special track built, the engines turned loose, and the result—crash recorded by the camera. As yet this feat has never been duplicated for the motion picture camera, though miniature engines have been built and sent heading to destruction by producers who believe the public accepts it for the real thing.

And so it is that the Vitagraph name has come to stand for the best in photoplay productions. Early in the history of the motion picture play this company produced a five part picture, "The Life of Moses," one of the first of its kind produced in America. This was followed by such notable features as "Vanity Fair," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Illumination," "The Vengeance of Durand," "The French Spy," "The Money Kings," "Love's Sunset," "The Mills of the Gods," and "The Curse of the Golden Land." Yet, the Vitagraph does not exert all its strength on feature subjects. In the list of one reel offerings are such wonderful productions as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," "Beau Brummel," "The Spirit of '76," the "Sonny Boy" series, "Adam and Eve," "Rock of Ages," "The Barrier That Was Burned," and "The Wood Violet."

But of the man, Blackton, who has been the chief factor in the production of all of the above named masterpieces. He speaks in a soft drawl way and calls all his players by their first names. Humanity is large in him. Wishing to pay to man or woman, player or writer, the most comprehensive of compliments, he uses one brief embracing adjective—"human."

I doubt if he has ever lost his head. Though the active chief of an enormous business, involving primarily, the art of entertaining mixed audiences, and secondarily, a staggering array of other problems, artistic, commercial, mechanical, and political, he is never in a hurry. At his door every minute of the day a host of players, employees and visitors await an opportunity for a few words with him. He is the hub in the whirling wheel of the Vitagraph studio. But sitting at his desk he suggests the dreaming artist rather than the main-spring of an organization that is bulwarked by millions of dollars.

Even in trade circles few people know that Mr. Blackton reads almost every scenario before it is produced. His desk is piled high with possible plots which have been previously selected for his reading by the head of the scenario department. Owing to the vast amount of work he must do as regards the production end, it is not infrequently that he carries huge bundles of scenarios to his home where he buries himself for hours in the productions his directors will take up a month or so later.

Mr. Smith also devotes much of his time to the reading of scenarios, and both men always discuss and agree on all productions of more than one reel. Every little detail is written down, and before the director begins work he discusses the entire play with either Mr. Blackton or Mr. Smith.

Mr. Blackton holds that the successful pictures of the future will come from the pens of the great playwrights and authors, and from trained photoplaywrights who have studied the motion picture play as intensely as the directors have been forced to study it. He believes that the producer and the author will work hand in hand in the production of a play, the author's book or story or stage play appearing simultaneously with the picture play.

"The scenario," says Mr. Blackton, "is the very back-bone of every picture drama. I do not understand how any motion picture manufacturer can afford to overlook the importance of the story. A motion picture play is but an acted story, and unless the story is good, having the essence that makes for motion picture presentation, all the acting in the world will not lift it above the commonplace."

And in this connection it is interesting to know that the Vitagraph Company was the first to offer a prize greater than \$500.00 in a contest which any person might enter. The chief prize of \$1,000.00 was won by a young New York lady, Miss Elaine Sterne, who, prior to October of last year, had never written a motion picture story, although she had long been

Lucky?

DORIS BAKER, at the age when most youngsters haven't even begun to learn to spell, could retire today on what she has earned on the "movie" stage. Just about the time she could talk her salary was \$50 a week. Here are only a few of her many accomplishments:

She can ride bucking broncos.

She can take a fall into deep water and swim for her life with the best of them.

She has played the leading role in hundreds of film dramas with half a dozen companies.



When most girls are finishing grammar school she will have enough money to live on comfortably the rest of her natural life.

But one can't help but wonder whether Baby Doris, now six years old, wouldn't be just a wee bit happier with a rag doll and a kitten than as the petted star of the "canned drama" world.

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF SECOND EPISODE: Vroom, faithful lieutenant of Braine, attempted to bully Jones into revealing the secrets regarding Hargrave's wealth, but without results. After the rogue's departure, the butler displayed his ingenuity by edging his chair up to the library table and withdrawing the 'phone receiver with his teeth. He then called the police station and the officers responded immediately, entering the mansion and releasing him. Mr. MacGrath says in his newspaper story that when Hargrave picked up Jones to share his fortunes, he put his faith in no ordinary man. The following morning the newspapers had the sensational story of the Hargrave case. Jones met Florence and Susan Wane at the station, established identity by means of his half of the bracelet, and took the ladies to the Hargrave home. He engaged the teacher as companion to Florence, showing power-of-attorney from Hargrave. Susan felt that the butler was trustworthy. Florence grieved at finding no photograph of her father (the film has her viewing a portrait of him, but Mr. MacGrath's story waives this point). Jim Norton, the reporter, hastened to the mansion, explaining that he was a friend of Mr. Hargrave, and expressing his belief that Mr. Hargrave was still alive. To pacify Norton, Jones promised him the big story—provided Norton could wait, and Norton evidently entered the butler's confidence. Norton was attracted by Florence. Braine entered the Princess Olga Perigoff's apartments with a newspaper that told of the picking up of an aeronaut at sea with \$5,000 on his person. The Princess (who was a cousin of Florence's mother) hastened to the Hargrave home. The seeming dependable blood bond caused Florence to regard Olga trustingly. Two of the Black Hundred, disguised as detectives, called at the mansion, one questioning the girl while the other searched the rooms. The appearance of Norton, just as the gangsters were preparing to take Florence away (at the Princess' suggestion), precipitated a fight. Norton telephoned the police and the rogues were arrested.

tain the million dollars is in the hands of Jones—that he knows where it is and what became of Hargrave, but our intuition might be wrong. The Black Hundred themselves are helping us search, just as I told you they would, and the Princess, in her conversation with Braine, shows that not the least among the searchers is Olga herself.

When you read the conversation between the Princess and Braine, after they learned of the return of an aeronaut with five thousand dollars on his person, you had them reasoning out the negative and positive sides of that situ-

released from bondage, he went to bed and slept soundly. Was he not afraid of the criminals who lurked about? He knew that so long as they suspected him of entertaining knowledge

of the location of the million dollars, they would not murder him. For all that, they might torture him! Also, he seemed to be thoroughly satisfied that those skilled, practiced, deliberate felons could not lay their hands on the wealth. If we can imagine Jones as realizing that thousands of wide-awake Americans are as eager to learn his secret as are the Princess and Braine, I think we should still find him slumbering as soundly! Do you think that this is a discouraging view to take? Not at all. Jones is not worrying much about the financial future. He is sat-

isfied that he has the upper hand. The butler is not simply a rich man's duli servant. He is quite as wonderful as Hargrave. His hand at the helm is a master's hand. He is a pilot who knows the channel that he navigates. Thus far he has baffled Braine, Olga, and the organized forces of the Black Hundred. He has kept inquisitive reporters in the dark. Nor would I take him to be the manner of man who would go to the hiding place (if it is in the mansion or near it) and count over the money. He would be amply satisfied to keep away, lest somebody spy upon him and learn the secret.

In my discussion of the first episode, I advised you to make notations in a sort of "field book." To these notes add the fact that Jones is satisfied that his knowledge is secure. Make another entry that Norton is regarded by the butler as worthy timber. Do not state positively that the reporter knows anything about the mystery. That we must determine by following episodes. Do not overlook the person who was picked up by a steamer. If he comes into evidence again, try to determine if his actions are similar to those of Hargrave. We must not dismiss him as an incident, because he is important until we prove him otherwise. As to the million itself, remember that the rogues have looked back of pictures, into vases, back of tapestries, in book-

cases and in many other places where money might have been secreted in hasty flight. Deliberation was the governing factor of deciding upon the fortune's disposition.

Everything has moved logically enough in the plot—but Hargrave's absence leaves our tracing of events incomplete. Bear that in mind. Returning to our intuition, we must feel, in common with Norton, that the fugitive is not dead. We do not learn it from Jones. He would show his "front" without alteration if he knew that his master had passed away, but also it is highly probable that he would tell the police the truth and seek the undoing of the Black Hundred so that Florence might come into her own. He would be unwilling to fight alone, would he not? Very much the servant would be glad to do for his master, if he could. If Hargrave lives, and if Jones knows it, the butler will continue to play the part of silence until the band is broken up and its leaders are in prison or dead.

Jones indicates many "leads" to us, without having to show us the bank notes. As subsequent episodes unfold themselves, other of his actions will throw additional light on the facts he does not indicate in any other manner. And here we couple Norton up to the mystery. If Norton loves Florence, then he will be all loyalty to her cause, and should that loyalty and love give Jones confidence in the reporter, then some of the secret will be shared between the two men, and the actions of both will aid us in running the facts to earth. Let



Jones, the Butler, Summons the Police

LOVE affairs mean complications—in stories at least—and we view the second episode with the feeling that Norton and Florence Gray are rather attracted to one another. This love, I repeat, is sensed rather than proved, and that brings us to something that may guide us or dumbfound us. And this something is intuition. Do not try to FORCE this intuitive sense. It rises at times in flights of inspiration as true as the course of the homing pigeon. I shall not go so far as to say that great cases have been won purely on this sensing of clues; rather, the inspiration has suggested a line of reliable thought and successful investigation. This episode teems with this inspiration: the confidence Jones evinces in Norton—the attachment of Norton to Florence—the belief Susan has in Jones—the feeling of Norton that Hargrave is alive—the "hunches" of Olga and Braine. If we are to add our intuitive ideas, shall we help matters? When the very air throbs with mystery and beliefs, is it not good to search for the red meat of reality?

The most striking truth in this episode is that the hasty searching of the premises by the conspirators did not reveal the million dollars in any ordinary hiding place. It is a common belief that the best way to hide a thing is to put it where it would be the easiest to find. Would a man take a chance of this kind with one million dollars? He might with ten dollars, or a hundred, or a thousand—but a million! That's different. You and I may be cer-

ation. The one declared that the man who was rescued was Hargrave, and the other thought it was the aeronaut, but neither knew. Nothing as yet proves that he was Hargrave or the balloonist, or some other person entirely. This much only we may be sure of: We shall have to watch for evidence of his movements. Surely he must bob up here and there, and if possible, we must "shadow" him. If I am called upon a case, I have my suspects watched. Whom do they meet? What places do they frequent? What are their habits? After a good "shadow" has been on a man's trail forty-eight hours, he knows more about that man's peculiarities and even his life than the suspect's own family knows. The members of the Black Hundred we need not shadow; at least, not unless we think there is treachery among them. They will meet and discuss their success, failure and ideas. Norton is very friendly with Jones—and the butler makes us believe this esteem is mutual. If Norton is in on the secret, he will baffle us, because then his efforts will be directed toward causing the downfall of the conspirators, instead of an attempt to tell the world about Hargrave's location or the hiding place of the money.

You may wonder why Jones does not arrange for the flight of Florence, Susan and himself from the house of mystery. Perhaps the butler knows that flight is useless, or maybe he has better reasons for holding the fort. Mr. MacGrath has told us that, after the butler was

me make this point very plain: If we cannot actually SEE everything a person does, we must judge that person by his MOTIVES, and we find motives the way a physician DIAGNOSES a case—by the SYMPTOMS. For example, I can imagine both Jones and Norton ready to die for Florence to save her pain and torture. Let us suppose either of them as going to the police chief and saying, "This young woman is in positive, imminent danger. Her father very foolishly joined a secret Russian order years ago and now the band that he discovered to be criminals, and because of that discovery deserted, is threatening his life, as well as the liberty and life of his daughter. Hargreave is a multi-millionaire. His daughter is a sweet, innocent girl. These ruffians should be apprehended and deported. They are poor citizens for America to harbor. The Russian secret police would likely dearly love to lay their hands on them." What would occur? The entire machinery of the police department would be turned into every avenue that would promise protection and victory. Also the papers would tell the world every harrowing morsel of scandal, if scandal should exist.

This is not the method of operation for Jones. He bides his time. He will call on the police to aid only as he finds some tangible charge to lodge against a member of the conspiring scoundrels. Jones, we adduce, is a far-seeing calculator. He is not going to fan a tempest out of an ill-wind, and take chances of future danger. He is going to make a good job of it if he can.

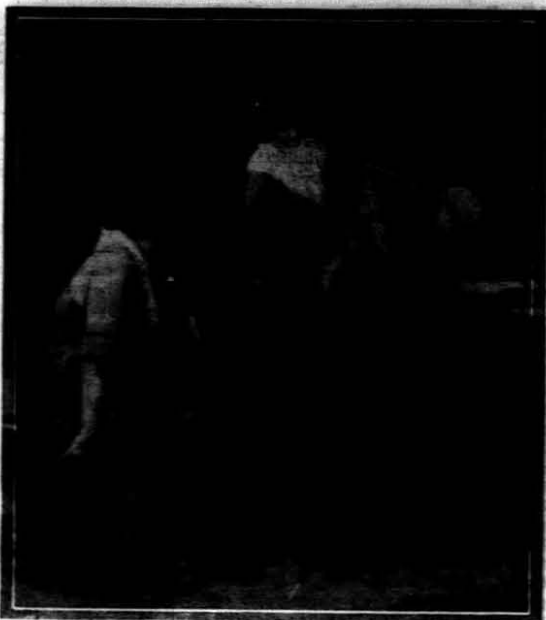
A moment ago, I referred to imagination. I wish to make that reference guardedly. We imagine, or build images, out of what we know. We cannot imagine beyond what education, experience, observation, etc., have permitted us to imagine. If we imagine some grotesque monster, it is merely a composite of creatures of our knowledge, or about which we have read. Imagination is not always safe. It often proves to be inflated reasoning. You might imagine that the end of the story will mean Mr. Hargreave's triumph and the marriage of Norton and Florence, but that is like standing on the foothills and gazing at the continental divide. The great peaks seem to be very near, but before you reach them, you must go down-hill many times before climbing higher—and you must cross canons, gulches, streams—and sometimes retrace your weary steps.

Many events have transpired since the opening of this story, and yet we are not ten per cent. through it, and we must watch—WATCH faithfully. Many of the things you imagine now will be dashed to bits, and situations you have little dreamed of will come up to puzzle you.

It occurs occasionally that such knowledge as we have is not sufficient to guide us to a solution of a problem. We then must wait for future events. We must see what new rays are cast on the dark places. If these further happenings do not fit in perfectly with past events, then the flaw may give us a clue. I am led to wonder why Braine or Olga did not hasten at once to find the captain or members of the crew of the boat that brought in the mysterious stranger who was rescued at sea. Perhaps they have thought of it. But if they fail to locate their quarry, what will they do? What would you do? You would watch the Hargreave home. You would keep close surveillance over Florence. You would follow the actions of Jones. If Stanley Hargreave came back, some of these persons should soon learn about it. And in the meanwhile, your thoughts may wander just a little farther from the money itself. This intricate network of action is blinding to your eyes if you do not keep a clear head. At all times hold in view the possible outcome. Remember that the events in the first, second and other episodes must build toward that culmination.

As you view each episode on the screen, let your eyes take in surroundings. Watch diligently for the most trivial circumstances. When you read the newspaper story, be on the lookout for all little "Inconsequential." The way to hit the target is not to look for the bullet speeding through space. The way to discern clues is not to be carried away by action, but to associate that action with whatever relates to it. When you see a locomotive racing along the tracks, and hear the whistle blow at intervals, you are certain that there is a man in the cab directing the operations of that locomotive. Why should you be more positive of that truth than that well-ordered human thought on the Hargreave side of the argument is governing the battle against the Black Hundred?

If Hargreave lives and would only SHOW himself, we might progress much more rapidly. Still, is it speed we desire so much as certainty? No one is going to secure that ten thousand dollar award until EVERY person who reads the story and sees the films, has been



The Princess Olga Trims to Make Friends with Florence

given a chance to arrive at a conclusion. YOU have the same start that anybody else can boast. Your diligence is as valuable, surely, as the watchfulness of any other person. When you have taught yourself to THINK "The Million Dollar Mystery," then you are well along the pathway of its solution. No man learns another language until he can THINK in that language, and this story is a language of signs, clues, plot. It is tempting you to carry every detail in your mind (which your field book will assist in doing) so that you can PIECE together each fragment that must go to make up the great mosaic.

J. Stuart Blackton

(Continued from page 10)

a contributor to numerous magazines. The winning scenario, "The Sins of the Mothers," will appear shortly as a Broadway star feature, being six reels in length.

Mr. Blackton has a high standard for the actors and actresses his company employs. "In almost every instance," he says, "actors, to be acceptable motion picture players, must have had stage experience, besides that compelling quality we call personality. Suppose two young ladies were to apply simultaneously for a position. One has been experienced in stage work, while the other, although she might seem adaptable and clever, is without experience. It is natural that, were we to choose between the two, we would engage the actress with theatrical training. But education and refinement are requisite in picture acting.

Away from the turmoil of the motion picture studio, J. Stuart Blackton is an ardent devotee of motor boating. As Commodore of the American Yacht Club of New York City, he leaves off working a day or so every week during the summer and fall and enjoys himself with his "Baby Reliance," the fastest motor boat of its kind in the world. Now and then he combines business with pleasure, as in the case of the fifty-mile-a-minute farce comedy, "Love, Luck, and Gasoline," in which Mr. Blackton assumes the role of the Commodore who assists "Cutie" in winning the lady of his heart. "Incidentally, the public might be interested to know that it was Mr. Blackton's good fortune to discover the inimitable "Cutie"—Wallie Van—through his liking for aquatic sports. Wallie Van was a mechanic, and an expert when it came to solving the troubles of a motor boat's engine. He met Mr. Blackton, who recognized in him the making of a picture comedian. Everybody knows "Cutie" nowadays. He is almost as big a drawing card as the world-famous John Bunny.



The House of Mystery

CONSTANCE CRAWLEY

Exponent of Classical Photoplays

By William Richards



Constance Crawley
Played with
Arthur Hodge
and George
Gibson in
"Thais"

is the fortunate possessor of a singularly beautiful voice.

When Miss Crawley talks one listens and catches her undoubted enthusiasm—it might almost be termed modulated enthusiasm. One watches her as she constantly changes position, watches her willowy, swaying form and the actions of her graceful hands—hands which the artist Burne Jones immortalized in several of his masterpieces. It was Burne Jones, too, that was so impressed with her "Stuart-like" face that he wanted her



Miss Crawley Played a Strong Part in
"A Florentine Tragedy"

THERE is no more interesting actress for the photoplay than Constance Crawley. Her line of parts is sharply defined, her future as well as her present is clearly defined. She is the exponent of the classic drama. Her grace and charm are of a by-gone age; she affects not modern dress but rather the flowing draperies of the classical era, and wears jewelry which is genuinely ancient and remarkable for beauty of shape and setting.

Indeed she scarcely appears to live in our times and if it is affectation it is genuine affectation and certainly not put on in any way as a talk with this remarkable woman will prove. She treats everyone with courtesy and is as frankly at ease with the purveyor of bad manners and bad English (so long as the owner of such qualities is genuine) as she is with the highest in the land.

Miss Crawley is an artist in the highest sense of the word and cares but little for outside opinions as long as she can attain her ideals.

Constance Crawley is a bad subject to interview—I would not attempt it in the usual way. I preferred to let her talk for she is extremely interesting and



As She Appeared
in "Thais"

to pose for him as Charles the First, but she could not bear the thought of putting on the Stuart moustache and Vandyke.

Miss Crawley is as much in love with her birthplace, Chiswick on the Thames, as ever. "It is the dearest place in the world," she says. "My mother lives there yet and I go and see her as often as possible. The little town is full of social and artistic personalities and as a girl I almost lived on the river and with some other girls organized an eight and we rowed for the pure love of it."

"I started my career on the stage with Beerbohm Tree, now Sir Herbert Tree," she continued. "I remained with him for about three years and played some delightful parts in a series of revivals of his greatest successes. Amongst other parts were the pathetic lit-

tle lame girl, Faith, in "The Dancing Girl" and Minnie in "Partners." Then followed a wondrous trip to South Africa with Alfred Haviland with a series of classic and Shakespearean plays which embraced the Lyceum repertoire.

"We played in all of the big towns and many of the smaller ones and were there both during the war and for two years after it was over. I owe it to the fact that I am a distant relative of General Kitchener's that I was allowed to go into Pretoria during the hostilities and I experienced some wonderful times. I enjoyed it all so much. I love strange and out of the way things no matter whether there is danger connected with them or not, not that I claim to be particularly brave, but because I rather assimilate the

strangeness than think of the danger I believe. I have always rather regretted that it was the train preceding ours that was fired upon and not the one I was in. On one occasion the mules we drove slipped over an embankment and we got back very late to camp and were hauled

over the coals by the authorities, this was due largely to the fact that I was momentarily taken for a woman spy and there were quite a number of them at that time.

"Towards the close of the war we had lots of trouble getting necessities and went through some hardships but everyone made it so pleasant that I did not notice it even when I did

(Continued on page 30)



Constance
Crawley
in "Follies
and Melodrama"

MARY MAURICE

The Grand Old Lady of the Films

By Monte M. Katterjohn

Primarily, this is an article concerning the oldest motion picture favorite in the United States, and per-

haps in the world. Assuming an author's license, however,—which some editors will stand for—I must tell you another story first.

From Seventy-second Street to Brooklyn in the Subway is almost an hour's ride. On the particular day I chose to make the trip my train was stalled directly 'neath the Hudson. When I finally breathed real air again I boarded Brooklyn's elevated bound for Elm Station, out in Flatbush. This devoured twenty additional minutes. Naturally I was late in keeping an engagement with the editor of scenarios out at the Vitaphone motion picture plant. The editor there is as hard to see as is Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., since the Colorado strike began. Some one was relieving himself of some remarks upon my arrival, and I was told to wait ten more minutes. When the ten minutes had stretched themselves into more than a half-hour and there was still no sign of a cessation of conversation within, I started across the studio yard, on exploration bent.

I entered the big studio building, found the studio and began to roam about and inspect different stages. The first two I came upon were deserted. I wandered through a maze of "props," and found myself in a gorgeously appointed ball-room—a set I later learned had been made ready for the morrow. Suddenly a cluster of big arcs at the far end of the building became a brilliant white. So they were working! Falling across the throne of a king and scratching a ghastly scar on his festival board, I came upon the scene of activity just as the director shouted, "Action!" My foot caught on a "prop" brace, ripped it from the floor, and I fell sprawling into the scene. The sudden jerk loosened the walls of the living room. There was pandemonium. I was buried beneath the debris. I had destroyed the set, ruined

fully thirty feet of negative, and stopped all work. Fortunately for me, the director was magnanimous. He merely laughed.

When matters had been smoothed over by profuse apologies, the set was again placed in position, and once more the fierce rays of the calciums beat down upon the actors as they made ready to complete the final scene.

"The Awakening of Barbara



Mrs. Mary Maurice, by Her Wonderful Acting Makes the Most Commonplace Scene Fairly Glow with Pulsating Heart Interest. She is a Peg Woffington in the Movies



Dare," a throbbing heart-interest drama, was once more under way. Mrs. Mary Maurice, in the role of Barbara Dare, was portraying one of those puritanical old New England mothers. Exercising an authority over her thirty year old son as though he were but a child, she bade him farewell as he departed for the Southland, where, according to the scenario and all the previously produced scenes, he hoped to regain his health.

Mother Dare was very solicitous.

"Have you your flannels? You're sure you didn't forget your cough syrup? You'll write me every day, won't you John?"

A hundred and one natural questions were asked

by the motherly old woman as she rejoiced and at the same time shed tears because of her son's first departure from home.

"My God, what acting!" exclaimed a blonde standing on my left. She hadn't removed her make-up since working in a different picture an hour previous. Upon turning, I discovered her mouth was wide open, so much so that you would have thought something was hurting her.

To say that I, a hypercritical and hardened viewer of picture acting, was equally impressed as my friend of the blonde tresses, would be putting it mildly. I was amazed, and then some. The mimic procedure gripped and held me as no similar occurrence ever had, though I have watched hundreds of picture play dramas while they were undergoing the preliminary stages of production.

But of Mrs. Maurice. Here was acting such as one seldom sees on the regular stage—a Peg Woffington in the movies. A most ordinary scene was lifted



out of the common-place by the wonderful acting of Mrs. Maurice. And the answer—it was reality not pretense.

Until the time of my intrusion, I had only watched Mrs. Maurice on the screen. I had often noted the amazing naturalness of her work, but I had never heard her voice or realized the strength she employed in her work. I suddenly changed my mind about seeing the

As She Appeared in
"The Seventh Son"



scenario editor. I must interview Mrs. Maurice.

"Will you introduce me to 'Mother Maurice'?" I asked of the director, when the scene was finished. I feared the motherly old lady might take offense were I to forego formalities and force my inquisitive presence on her, according to the custom of most interviewers. Mrs. Maurice seemed to be of another world. Being an actress is the last thing in the world you'd expect.

"I'll be glad to tell you anything you'd like to know," she told me, adding, "But there's not much to tell." Then she asked, "Do you just want to know about my life?"

"Yes, that, and anything else you care to tell me," I answered. I didn't seem to be able to ask her questions in the manner I had used with other stars of the picture world.

"I was born in Ohio, the Buckeye state, but I was educated in Philadelphia. Shortly after graduating from the Normal School there, I was induced to give some readings from Shakespeare at a charity bazaar. My success soon led me to the field of professional reading and lecturing on Shakespearean heroes and heroines. I soon took up this work in costume.

"Then another step was taken when I en-

tered dramatic work, my first appearance being at Pittsburgh in stock. I seemed to do satisfactory work, and continued in repertoire for several years, appearing before audiences in New Orleans, Boston, Chicago, Providence and Cleveland. During this time I supported many of the prominent theatrical stars of years ago, including Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Modjeska, Mayo, Davenport, Adams and Rankin. The last star of whose company I was a member was Robert B. Mantell.

"The incessant travelling on the road became very wearying, so, when I was offered a position with the Vitagraph Company I was only too happy to accept. I am a real human being now—not a gypsy. I have my own home with all the comforts I require. I am no longer worried by satchels and trunks. Poor hotels are a thing of the past.

"I became a member of the Vitagraph stock company three years ago, and since have played in almost a hundred pictures, always portraying a mother. Here at the studio every-



body calls me 'Mother,' and I am happy in the name. I try to be just that to everybody.

"The making of pictures is fascinating work. It is the sort of thing into which one couldn't go half-heartedly, even if one wished.

It captures the imagination from the very first day. Perhaps the young people don't feel

quite the way I do about it. To them it is almost a matter of course that they should be a part of the immense new field of industry which the motion picture has opened up. But to me it seems the most wonderful thing in the world, that I, at my age, should be in the vanguard of my profession. I am entirely

happy in helping advance the art."

"Do you mind if I call you 'The Grand Old Lady of the Films?'" I asked, as she turned away to join a group of young girls who were waiting to escort her home. "You are, you know," I added, in a sort of matter of fact way. She smiled.

"Do you think the magazine will print it?" she asked. She was too far away for me to assure her they would. So you can bet I'll send her a marked copy!



Louise Glaum and How She Made Good

By RICHARD WILLIS

"I THINK that every girl should be taught to earn her own living just as every boy is," said Miss Louise Glaum quite simply. No one, from her quiet way of stating this would have guessed

and golden. She has a creamy skin, very like a jasmine petal in color and texture, that takes on almost a golden tint at times from her hair and eyes.

And her frocks are as "different" as her type of beauty. She abominates wearing exactly the same sort of clothes that every one else wears and so she designs her own dresses and coats and suits, yes, and even her hats. Being a mere man—I had to get assistance from a member of the opposite sex for my description of the fashionable girl—it is impossible for me adequately to describe what she was wearing at the time I talked with her, but I know it was of some lovely silken stuff, not transparent, but very soft and clinging. I don't

remember noticing what color it was, except that it was becoming and when questioned by my feminine adviser in the matter of fashionable dress—I discovered that I didn't know in the least how it was clinging. But I do know that it was the prettiest dress I ever saw, an altogether satisfactory dress. (I regret exceedingly my inadequacy in this matter,

In "Up and Down," a Title That Might Be Appropriately Applied To Her First Stage Experiences

She Detects Her Own Really, But It's All In the Day's Work

that she knew how iconoclastic an idea she was voicing, an idea that is only just coming to be discussed by what we term the "great middle class" and is taken as a matter of course only by those who have to work for a living—and with them it is never an ideal—and with that very small class of people we lump off conveniently as "feminists." And further discussion disclosed the fact that Miss Glaum really did not realize that this was a unique point of view for a charming young woman to hold.

For Miss Glaum is charming. And the secret of this charm of hers, which is compounded of many things, is, I believe, her utter uniqueness. She is "different" and that's all there is to it. I wonder if I can analyze and describe this quality of hers, of being different. It begins, in the first place, with her appearance; for she isn't pretty in the accepted sense of the word, and it is obvious from the way she dresses, that she doesn't want to be pretty. To be pretty, of course, one must have regular features, a pink and white complexion, hair coiffured in the latest fashion,—just now it can be high or low provided only that it is excessively narrow and excessively neat—and a really "smart" frock, preferably Roman striped with a second knee length "apron" skirt over one that is narrow enough to suggest trousers.

Now, Miss Glaum is, and has, none of these things. Her features are irregular; her face is triangular in shape, broad at the cheekbones and tapering to an adorable sensitive "cleft" chin. Her eyes are big and brown and her hair is brown

She Has Golden Brown Eyes and Golden Brown Hair, and a Skin the Color and Texture of a Cape Jasmine

She is Not a Militant. Note Her Approval of "Fertile Fodder"



especially as I am obliged to use much more space for my descriptions than I would need if only I knew the proper technical terms for dress.)

Last of all I come to her voice, which is even more charming than her appearance if that were possible. If you closed your eyes and listened to Miss-Glaum for a few minutes, you would fall under the spell of that voice, low and warm, and vibrating with feeling; a voice that can hardly state commonplaces without bringing tears to your eyes.

You who know her only on the screen have never heard that voice, and you have never seen the real Louise Glaum. It is impossible to imagine any two people more utterly different than the Louise Glaum of the screen and the Louise Glaum of real life. What a harum scarum, she is, on the stage with her irrepressible high spirits, her mischief, yes, and her hard-heartedness. No matter what the plight of the other people in a scene, this young hoyden rejoices, and, if possible, adds to their misfortunes.

Now, the real Louise Glaum, for all her feminine appearance, is not in the least irresponsible, but she is independent. For instance,—but here let me use her own words as she outlined her life briefly to me.

"I was born in Washington, D. C., but the family came to Los Angeles when I was a baby and have lived here ever since. I went to school here and did one or two parts in high school theatricals, but otherwise I had shown no preference whatever for the stage. When I left high school it was up to me to earn my own living and I decided to try the stage simply because there is



more money in it for a woman than in any other profession if she makes good, and I was determined to make good. I came to Chicago to try for a job and got one, too. It was the ingenue part in a play called, appropriately

them for a year, playing in 'The Servant in the House,' and the 'Squaw Man'; later, with another company, I created the ingenue lead in 'Officer 666' and from then on it has been plain sailing most of the time.

"My first work in pictures was with the Pathe Company in Indian parts. I got the position on the understanding that I could ride, so as soon as it was settled I hid me to a riding academy to learn. Four or five lessons gave me enough pointers so that I could at least act as though I was a good rider, even if I was one of the worst who ever cantered across a screen. After that came my comedy work with the Nestor Company, then I went to Kay Bee at Santa Monica, from there to Kalem where I played opposite Carlyle Blackwell, and finally to Universal, where I've stayed. So you see that my picture experience has been almost as varied as my work on the legitimate stage."

If I had not been taking notes, I should never have remembered these details of Miss Glaum's. To tell the truth, her first statements had set me to thinking, and I couldn't think of anything else. Here was a girl who had attacked the problem of work in exactly

the same spirit as a man. She had gone into it with the determination to make good, that is behind every boy's success, and that is comparatively rare with girls.

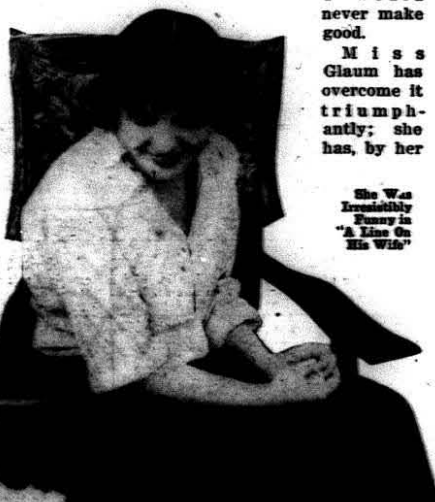
Now, there may seem to be nothing remarkable about this at first glance, but I insist that there is. Girls are not treated like boys. From the time that they are babies, they are privileged persons, with one ideal set before them: to grow up into attractive young women, and marry successfully. Nothing more is expected of them; the successful marriage is the aim and end of their existence. So, whenever a girl makes good, she does so, not because of her bringing up, but in spite of it. No mere man can realize what a handicap this bringing up is. But I do know that I would hate to be brought up as a girl is; I should be

afraid that I would never make good.

Miss Glaum has overcome it triumphantly; she has, by her

She Was Irresistibly Funny in "A Kiss On His Wife"

One Gets the Impression That Miss Glaum Has Just as Much Fun Out of "The Battle of the Little Bighorn" as the Spectator



'Why Girls Leave Home.' And oh, how homesick I was.

"I tried to keep my homesickness out of my letters, but I didn't succeed very well, for mother kept writing to me to come back home. But I had made up my mind that I was going to make good before I went back. Father and mother had stood by and hadn't said a word when I announced that I was going on the stage; they had given me the same liberty of choice parents give to a son, and I had sense enough to realize that here was my chance to prove what I was worth.

"But I honestly hate to think of what I went through. I had a shabby little room in a big shabby boarding house, and it seems to me that I was always hungry. There was a time when I came to consider myself lucky to have any room at all. Twice my funds ran so low that I was visited by a stern landlady and requested to leave, but I managed to hang on, somehow. I played insignificant parts for a long time, and finally got the part of Gladys in 'The House of a Thousand Candles,' out of Chicago. Then I got an engagement with the Imperial stock company and was with

own efforts won success; she is the ideal of the feminists; the woman who is economically independent. She further fulfills their ideal by possessing intact all of her feminine

charm, which a great many people insist the woman who works for

a living is sure to lose. If bringing up girls the right way will produce the sort of young women that Miss Glaum is, I, too, agree with her quiet, matter of fact statement:

"Every girl should be taught to earn her living exactly as a boy is."

It Would Be Difficult To Find a Greater Contrast Than That Between the Louise Glaum of the Screen and the Louise Glaum of Real Life



Reel Hats

DOT KELLY, of the Vitagraph Players, if not a genius, at least believes in the old adage "Necessity is the mother of invention." She required a certain kind of hat in a hurry, and as it was late, and the shops were closed, concluded to manufacture one. An old white straw, some ribbon and her deft fingers, quickly fashioned an article of feminine headgear that suited her requirements, with the exception of an ornament, and she could find neither feather, wing, aigrette or flower. Her mother, coming in from a shopping expedition, had a basket of delicious cherries among her purchases. Dot, seeing them, received an inspiration. Taking the best of the cherries she quickly sewed them on her new hat and, with a contented smile, carefully placed the "creation" in the ice box, where the cherries would keep until the hat was needed.

Modern Modes of Travel and the Passing of the Ancient

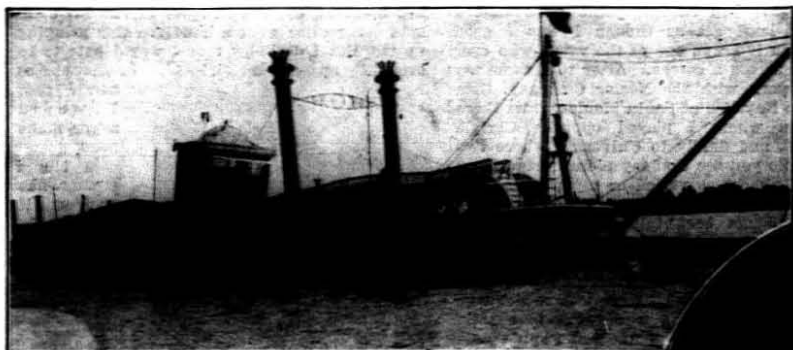


Photo by F. G. White, St. Louis

A View of the Steamboat, Majestic, Which Recently Sank at the Intake Tower, near the St. Louis Water-Works



© International News Service

The Majestic Was the Best Run Boat for the International Guy Raising the Defense and Vessels with Quite a Load

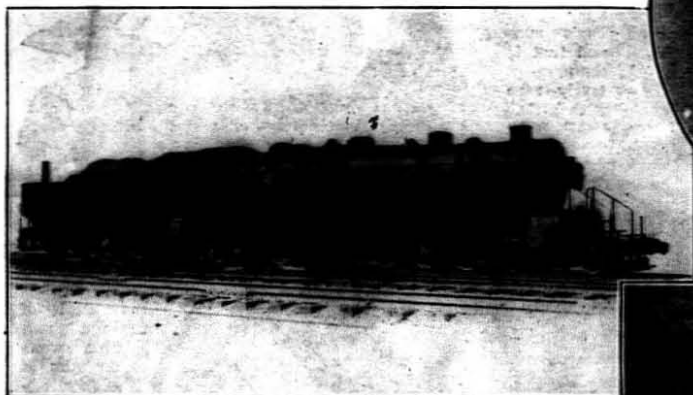


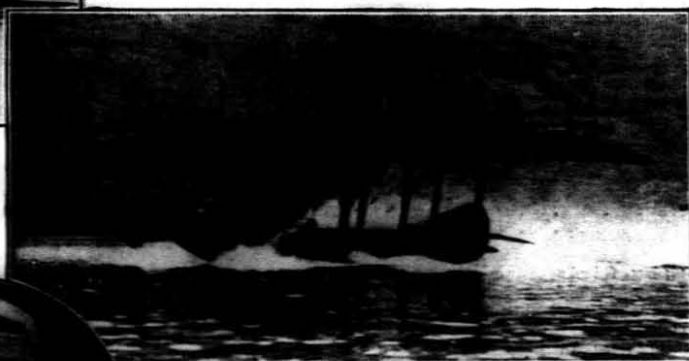
Photo by Pacific Photo News Service, San Francisco

The World's Largest Locomotive Used on the Erie Railway Weighs 477½ Tons and Develops a Tractive Force of 180,000 Pounds



© International News Service

The Sight-Seeing Yacht, Tourist, Recently Sank on the Jersey Mud-Flats on the Hudson River, after a Collision with a Stone-Scow



© International News Service

The Wasmaher-Curtiss Transatlantic Air-Boat, America, Recently Made Her First Flight, Which Proved to be a Success



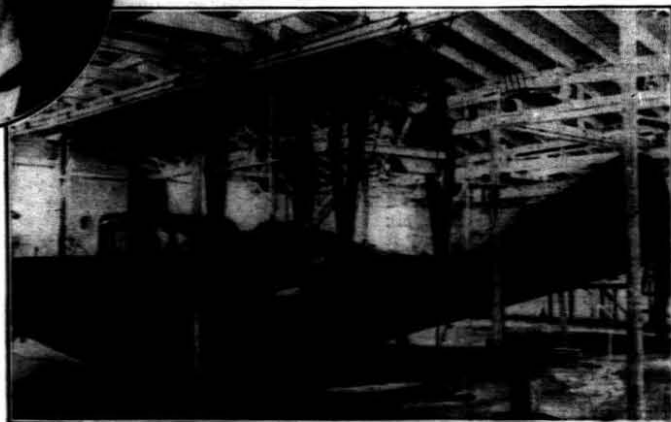
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A View of the America, at a Height of about 200 Feet



© International News Service

Lieut. John Cyril Porte of the British Naval Flying Corps, Who Will Attempt the Transatlantic Flight in the America



© International News Service

A View of the Air-Boat, America, Just Before Its Completion, Showing the Unique Construction

The Latest News of the World in Pictures



© Underwood & Underwood

520 000—The Amount Shown on the Table—is the Sum That Went to Jack Johnson Whether He Won or Lost the Fight with Moran



© International News Service

Miss Laura Stalla, Daughter of Edward E. Stalla, Cincinnati Millionaire Who Will Wed Italian Prince, Famous Suspended Footballist



© Underwood & Underwood

Tango Dancing Seems to be as Popular as Swimming at Brighton Beach



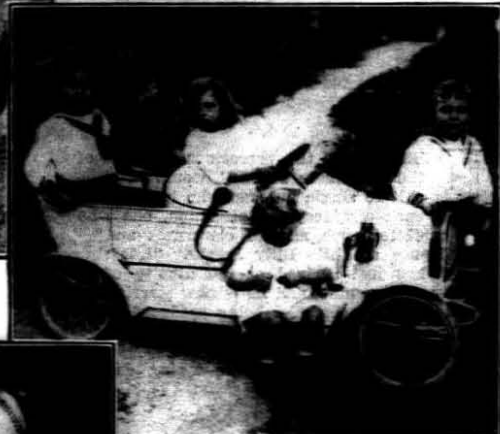
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Suzanne Longien, the Child Lawn-Tennis Player, Who Recently Won the Women's Singles in Paris and, with the Help of Miss E. Ryan of California, Won the Women's Doubles



© Underwood & Underwood

How Ruth Marquard and Christy Mathewson Hold the "Fell" When Delivering Their Famous Fade-Away Ball



© International News Service

The Four Oldest Children of the King and Queen of Spain. At the Front of the Automobile is the Prince of Asturias. Next to the Throne is the Prince of Asturias. Next to the Throne is the Prince of Asturias. Next to the Throne is the Prince of Asturias.



© International News Service

Captain Kendall of the Steamship Empire Testifying before the Commission. Left to Right: Captain Demers, Professor Welch, Judge McLeod, Lord Hersey, Judge Routhier, Commissioner Caybourne, Engineer Howe; Standing in Rear, Hon. J. D. Evans



© International News Service

The Czar of Russia and His Family Who Recently Narrowly Escaped Death from a Bomb Explosion. The Heir to the Throne is the Little Boy in the Front of the Picture

The Youngest Movie Star

By Harvey H. Gates

As a Mischievous Son,
He Can Run Round
This 29 Months Old
Wonder



Hollywood to keep my appointment with the world's youngest screen star, whom I had never met though I was familiar with him on the screen.

When I got out of the bus one of the Universal employes met me and escorted me to the studio. Billy was busy when I got there, playing in a comedy called "Papa's Boy." I waited for him under the shade of a big tree. As soon as he had finished the scene, he came over to me, and, after a careful inspection of me he evidently decided that my knee was the most comfortable spot from which to be interviewed, and he gravely climbed up, and seated himself. In the accepted manner of grown ups, I im-

mediately asked him an unintelligible question.

"Billy, which would you rather do or play in pictures?" I said. (Let me assure you that this question is a classic among adults who have to talk to children.)

"Oh, I dess nothin'," he replied with dignity, but with a puzzled expression that showed that he scented facetiousness.

Obviously I deserved the non-committal answer. I became serious. anything better than

came more "Isn't there you like to do to play in pictures?" I put the question earnestly.

"Course, I couldn't like anyfin' better nan playin'." was his prompt reply.

And that answer gives away the secret of his success, his adorable childishness, his utter lack of self consciousness. It's all play to him, not acting at all. Mr. Ford Sterling, with whom he plays, all of the people around the studio, help to preserve this attitude of "Billy's" by treating him as

EVEN among the precocious children of the legitimate stage it would be difficult to single out one who has created such a widespread sensation, one who has exhibited such marked cleverness and intelligence as little Billy Jacobs. "Little Billy" has just arrived at the dignity of twenty-nine months, and he is now starring in the Sterling comedies being produced at the Universal Studios at Hollywood, California.

It was a typical California spring day when I climbed into the huge bus which runs between Los Angeles and



He Knows the Way
to a Girl's Heart



Billy Can Play Lovers' Parts
to Perfection

Billy Likes Parts
Where Ice Cream
is One of the
"Properties"

Billy in One of His
Favorite Roles—
and One of His
Favorite Costumes



"Just Plain
Boy"

Ford Sterling and Billy Jacobs in "Fupa's Boy"



really remarkable work. Blessed with a lively imagination, he seems able to grasp the story outlined to him and to throw himself into the part with all the abandon of an experienced star, and his expressive little face contributes not a little to the effect he gets.

His little hands are fat and chubby, always ready to go into your pocket in the hope that some "goodies" might be secreted there. It's his perfect abandon, his wholesomeness, his spontaneous smile and splendid good-nature and willingness that makes him such a valuable asset on the screen.

Billy's career as a motion picture actor extends over a period of six months. He first appeared in Keystone comedies, sometimes with other children only, and sometimes with Ford Sterling. His unusual ability was soon detected and it was not long before he had



Compared to Other Juvenile Actors, Billy is a Pigmy

had plays written especially for him.

Of course Billy is too young to have money. Yet the salary that he demands would make many a man with a family envious. Most of it is going into a trust fund for him, so his parents assured me, to be used for his education later, and what is left will be given to him when he comes of age.

And, if he keeps on as he has started, he will come of age with a blare of trumpets. Good luck to him!

a playmate. And his father and mother are determined to keep him "just a boy."

If it is Mr. Sterling who is putting on the particular comedy, in which Billy is to play, he approaches him something like this:

"Now, Billy, let's play going to war. I am a soldier man, and you're the big captain. You don't like me, because little Mary Louise likes me best, so you take this big mudpie and throw it right at my eye."

Of course, Billy proceeds to throw the mudpie with great zest and he thinks it's lots of fun. Perhaps he likes comedies with lots of mud flinging and best of all, but he is enormously fond of plays in which ice cream is one of the props, too, and he loves to "pretend."

It is in these games of "pretend" that Billy has done some of his



Old Enough to Stand on His Rights As An American Citizen

You Can't Muff this Boy



Billy Knows the Penalty for Jam Stealing

"Million Dollar Mystery"

EPISODE NO. 4

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

ALL STAR CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire..... Alfred Norton
 Jones, Hargreave's butler..... Sidney Bracey
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter.....
 Florence LaBadie
 The Princess Olga, a member of the "Black Hundred"
 Marguerite Snow
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter..... James Cruze
 Braine, the leader of the "Black Hundred".....
 Frank Farrington
 Miss Susan Farlow, Florence's teacher and companion..... Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

WITH Braine and the Princess Olga in command, the "Black Hundred" continue their dastardly plotting. Confident that Florence Gray knows the whereabouts of the missing \$1,000,000, they lure her to an apartment house by means of a letter purporting to come from her father, which states that she must come to him secretly if she wishes to save his life. Florence has never seen her father, so she trustingly embraces the bearded man who meets her, never dreaming that he is a black-hearted thief. But, happening to glance into the mirror ahead of her, she sees many dark, evil faces peering at her and realizes that she is trapped. In this terrible situation, instead of shrieking or swooning, this courageous wisp of a girl plans a desperate means of escape and, miraculous as it seems, she does escape. The conspirators return to find that, although the room was locked, and the only windows in the room are four stories from the ground, Florence has vanished.

As Florence Has Never Seen Her Father, She Does Not Dream that the Gray Haired Man Whom She So Trustingly Embraces is a Black Hearted Thief

One of the Reasons for Luring Florence Away is that the Conspirators May Search in the Hargreave House

Frank Farrington as Braine,
Leader of the "Black Hundred"

Marguerite Snow as the
Princess Olga

Florence Nearly Despairs When She Discovers that the Door,
Her Only Means of Escape, is Locked

While the Conspirators Are Looking for Her Out of the Window Florence Escapes from the Conspirator's Clasp, Rushes Out of Room and Looks Them All In

Florence is Horrified to Discover in the Mirror Many Evil Faces Peering at Her



Mabel Trunnelle as Meg



Hugh Gregory Opens a Store in a Little Mountain Town and Immediately Falls in Love with the Widowed Darthea Westerly



Herbert Prior as Hugh Gregory



Hugh Saves Jake from the Infuriated Mountaineers



Meg o' the Mountains Mistakes Hugh for the Father of Her Child

"Meg o' the Mountains"

The Return of Reason Averts a Bitter Tragedy

Two-Reel Edison Film.

CAST.

Meg.....	Mabel Trunnelle
Hugh Gregory.....	Herbert Prior
Simon Grant.....	Bigelow Cooper
Darthea Westerly, a widow.....	Anne Leonard
Colonel Matthews, her father.....	Yale Benner
Jake Shearer, Meg's brother.....	Allen Crollius
Meg's Mother.....	Alice Forsythe
The Sheriff.....	Edward Taylor

SYNOPSIS.

MEG lived down in Carolina in the shadow of the great Blue Ridge. As a girl she had been strangely beautiful—a gypsy-like elf of the woods and forests. Now, she was mad.

When Hugh Gregory opened a store in the little mountain town, and fell in love with the widowed Darthea Westerly, he incurred the bitter hatred of Simon Grant, who had long courted Darthea. When Meg's little son ran away, and Gregory found him, and gave him back to his mother, the crazed woman thought she recognized in him the father of her boy. When she returned home, she told her brother that she had found her child's father. The brother, infuriated, confronted Gregory, and demanded that he marry his sister. Gregory refused.

Grant met Meg's brother, while Jake was still half insane with rage over Gregory's refusal. The next day, as Gregory and the colonel were riding together, Jake fired at them from a barn. Gregory is uninjured and saves Jake from the infuriated mountaineers.

Meanwhile, Darthea, who had fallen in love with Gregory, learned of Meg's terrible accusation against him. The story naturally changed her feelings toward the man. Then suddenly Meg came upon Simon Grant, and with a miraculous flash of understanding, remembered that he, and not Gregory, was the man. With the passing of her madness, Meg's life went out, but not before she had told Gregory and Darthea the truth.



Infuriated, Jake Goes to Hugh and Demands That He Marry Meg



With a Breaking Heart Darthea Gives Up Hugh When He Refuses to Make Any Explanations About Meg

"Youth and Art"

And the Love of a Man for a Woman

One Reel American Film.

CAST.

Richard Fane, a poor artist who afterwards becomes a great artist..... Ed Cozen
Lady Golden, formerly Dora Grey.....

Winifred Greenwood
Lord Golden, a wealthy aristocrat..... George Field
Millie, maid to Lady Golden..... Ida Lewis
Fanchon, a model..... Charlotte Burton

SYNOPSIS.

LORD GOLDEN wishes a portrait of his wife by the eminent young artist, Richard Fane. He introduces the young artist to his wife and discovers immediately that they have known each other before. How well they have known each other he is never to know. But Richard and Lady Golden had been sweethearts in their student days. As the picture progresses the young people feel their love for each other revive. They cannot try as they will, forget the past when they shared their crusts in Bohemia and plighted vows that were later to be broken by Richard's ambition and Dora's jealousy of it. But her beauty had brought her many suitors and she had passed from his life to become a great lady, while he threw himself furiously into his work and became a great painter. Now, they prove not altogether lost to honor and decide to part before it is too late but:

"Each life's unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still patchy and scrappy,
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy,
This could but have happened once
And we missed it, lost it forever."

—Robert Browning.

Richard, Working at His Easel, is Tormented With Memories of Their Student Days

Under Her Air of Proud Dignity, Lady Golden, too, is Bugged With Memories of Those Days

Winifred Greenwood

Ed. Cozen

In Lady Golden, Whose Portrait He Has Been Commissioned to Paint, Richard Fane Recognizes Dora Grey, His First and Only Love

A Model Had Painted in Richard's Studio and Dora, Coming In, Had Become Furiously Jealous

The Delightful Reunion of Their Student Days Had Been Broken Through Dora's Jealousy of One of Richard's Models

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

I WAS at the cross roads, indeed! I harbored bitter thoughts that night, as I remembered Santelman and his horrible offer. And yet—somehow the man seemed less horrible to me than he had ever been. He had been frank; indecently, dreadfully, frank, if you like. But still, with him, frankness was a virtue, in a way. He had been so coldly, pitilessly, logical. He was a beast; I had no illusions at all about that.

But, even so, he was only acting after his kind. Devoid of finer instincts, of course, and seeing such things from his own peculiar and unwholesome point of view, he was still better than some men I had encountered—and was still to encounter—just because he didn't try to conceal his true nature. The dangerous thing was not his proposal—that wasn't tempting. It was the genuineness of his sophistry. I knew I was blameless; that I had been the victim of circumstances. Blameless? But—is anyone ever altogether blameless? I had broken a rule, in a way. I had defied my father's authority. But that things should have turned out as they had was a ghastly accident. I had supposed myself properly married to George Converse.

And so I reasoned with myself, back in my lonely room, knowing that the landlady would give me no more time, that fate had abandoned me—had done worse, had deliberately turned against me. Even Charlie Hemmingway hadn't altogether believed me, and I had opened my heart to him as I had never opened it before to any human being. What was the use? Why should I keep up a hopeless struggle? I had been damned by that episode with George Converse. Everyone believed that I had. I cried with futile rage as I thought of it! They believed those things of me and I was helpless. Indeed, just then, it seemed to me that perhaps the only person who believed that I was not what gossip made me out was Santelman!

That was the ironic; the most dreadful thing about it all! That beast, that beast of prey, knew, down in his heart, that I wasn't the sort he said everyone believed I was! Men of his sort seem always to know. They can see the truth in such a case. Yet he wanted to force me, because of the position in which gossip had placed me, to make that gossip true!

There was never any danger that I would yield to Santelman. The man was repulsive; to me he represented everything that was vile and abominable. But he pointed the argument that fate was using. Oh, I had met plenty of suggestion, of innuendo. Few had dared to be so open in their proposals as Santelman. But I had not lived in the real world, after my flight from Harborough, without coming to understand such things. These men, subtle as were their suggestions,

knew that I understood. That was as far as they were likely to go. They would require some encouragement; some intimation that they might make their real advances in safety.

I lay awake most of that night, thinking, struggling. There were just two things for me to do. I could do what Santelman suggested; offer some man the only thing he wanted of me, or I could turn on the gas without lighting it, or in some other way end everything.

Some people, who think they are very wise, will tell you that a really good woman never even comes to the particular cross roads that I had reached in the journey of life. They are wrong! I was a good woman then. Good, I mean, in the commonly accepted sense of the word. Personally, I have revised the meaning of some words. I know women who have never even been tempted to what we call a moral lapse; whose lives, in that respect, are stainless and irreproachable. Yet they are essentially evil; bad, through and through. And I know others who have deliberately, for reasons that seemed good to them, defied the conventions and the moral law, and are still good women in the best and truest sense of the word. I do not defend these women; I do not palliate their views. I only say that they are good women.

I thought of such things that night as I lay sleepless. They were forced into my mind. I had to make a decision; that seemed certain. But morning came, and I had not made it. And with morning, and the mail, came a respite, for which I hardly knew whether or not to be thankful. There was a letter from Sterling King, a director for whom I had done some extra work. He could give me a week's work, he wrote: that was all he could promise. But that much I could have if I reported by nine o'clock.

Mrs. Moultrie, when I showed her the letter, was more human than I expected. She believed that I was honest, it seemed.

"All right, Miss Morgan," she said, in her flat, lifeless tone. "That means twenty-five or

thirty dollars, you say? All right, I'll wait till you're paid. I know you'll pay me if you have the money yourself. That's more than I can say for some. All I ever need to worry about with you is whether you'll have it."

There was something curiously encouraging about that! For some one, even a Mrs. Moultrie, to have any sort of faith in me braced me up in a way I couldn't understand at all. I felt that perhaps the trouble would work out after all, that I could find a middle course between what Santelman wanted me to do and the other course that had suggested itself to me.

King wanted me for a character bit. He told me he was only able to pay extra woman's rates.

"Sorry, m'dear," he said, in his indifferent way. "It's worth more, but not just now. Take it or leave it. There's others if you don't want it."

Not so long before I would have had nerve enough to insist on getting the proper pay for whatever I did. I suppose. But not then!

I was too near the brink; the money meant too much to me. But I never quite forgave King, just the same. He'd always been the same way. He was frantic to make a record for economy. I suppose it did him some good; his company was one of the biggest and richest in the field, and he could have paid me properly, even in panic times. It was just one of his dodges to improve his record. And, though I was pretty sure of that, I simply didn't dare to risk losing the chance.

I worked hard that week; King had other ways, besides paring salaries, of economizing. I played several parts beside the one I was especially engaged for, but, though I did feel that King was taking advantage of me, I wasn't sorry. Being busy kept me from thinking too much, and thinking wasn't the best thing in the world for me just then. The thing for me to do was to hang on, in some fashion, until the tide of disaster turned. I never had any idea that it would not, of course. I knew that

things had to get better. The only thing was, how soon? Could I endure until then? Would there be enough windfalls like this engagement, trifling though it was, to tide me over? I was earning enough in this week to keep me going for at least a fortnight—my expenses having been cut to the irreducible minimum.

I had ignored Santelman, of course. I only hoped he would ignore me, too; forget me. But he didn't. On the last day of my temporary work under Sterling King he appeared, just visiting, as he explained. I was doubling up then, and I was wearing a very beautiful dress, because I was supposed to be an adventuress. I suppose I looked better than usual. Anyhow,



"I Was Wondering Why You Didn't Show Up," He Said, His Eyes Getting Narrower and Narrower

I felt Santelman's evil little eyes fixed on me. I was doing my very best, too, because I was hoping against hope that King would change his mind and give me permanent work. And I did have a flash of hope. He had spoken to me while the stage was being set for a scene.

"You're doing fine, Morgan," he said. "You've sure improved since the last time I saw you work. Like it here?"

"Yes," I had answered, simply and directly. I was in no mood for the game of bluff that all but the top notchers have to play, in the movies as in the world of the legitimate stage.

"Well, you've done fine," he answered. And I knew that he was watching me very closely. So was Dempsey, the star of the company, who had paid very little attention to me during the week. But a few minutes after that Santelman came in. He looked at me, giving me just a nod of recognition. Then I saw him talking to King and to Dempsey. After a while he got me alone, and came over to speak to me.

"I was wondering why you didn't show up," he said, his eyes getting narrower and narrower. "I see now! Got a job here, eh? But, when this is done—eh? What then?"

"That won't interest you," I said. "I'm through, Santelman, as far as you're concerned."

"You're through here," he said. "King just told me. King's a moral person in some ways."

It was hard to keep from turning on him at that. He had been talking to King, the beast! A lot of those men work together. King was decent himself, more decent than many of them. But he liked Santelman, I suppose. And I didn't count much, one way or the other. Anyhow, Santelman was right. I spoke to King before I left, when I saw that he wasn't going to speak to me.

"Will you want me next week, Mr. King?" I asked.

"Next week?" He didn't seem to understand at first. "Oh, no, I guess not, Morgan. Nothing in your line. I've got your address. If I need you later I'll let you know."

I didn't plead with him. There was no use in that. But I think my eyes must have betrayed what a blow it was. I happened to turn, and saw Dempsey looking keenly at me. He was very good looking then; it was before he began the dissipation that killed him, in the end, as a movie star. He had big, soulful eyes, and a beautiful complexion, more like a woman's than a man's. But he wasn't effeminate and at that time he was the biggest, very nearly, of the innumerable idols of the screen. I didn't know much about him, except that he was pleasant to work with. He spoke in a low voice, and he was less disposed to "hog" the picture than most stars. But when I left the studio, after changing into my street clothes, I saw him outside. He lifted his hat and came toward me.

"You're leaving us, aren't you, Miss Morgan?" he said. "I'm so sorry! I spoke to King—but—"

He shrugged his shoulders. I was surprised, and rather touched. He'd been nice enough all week, but he had never seemed to take any particular notice of me.

"Oh, I may be back!" I said, trying to be cheerful. "It's nice of you to notice, though."

"Not at all," he said. "I think King's making a mistake. You have a quite unusual talent, Miss Morgan. Your methods are rather subtle, but I think your technique will win audiences, when they grow accustomed to seeing you."

We were walking away from the studio all this time. It was over near the North River, and there were two or three blocks to be covered before we reached the car line. I had



"Here's a Letter—a Registered Letter," She Said. "Maybe There Will be Good News"

a little secret; I didn't intend to take the car! Even a nickel counted heavily, you see! But now, as we reached Forty-second street, he beckoned a taxicab, and I was glad! I was dreadfully tired, and the idea that he was going to take me home was welcome. I had not had much money all week; not enough to get decent meals, in fact. And so I was weak. I meant to spend as much as fifty cents on my dinner that night.

"I say, Miss Morgan," he said, as the cab came toward us, "why can't you dine with me to-night? You haven't another engagement, have you?"

I hesitated a moment. But my starved body backed the invitation, and the knowledge that it might mean a whole day of respite later!

"No," I said. "I'll be very glad, Mr. Dempsey."

"Good!" he said, heartily. "I'll tell you what. It's a bit out of season, but it's a decent sort of night. We'll go to Claremont. They do you very well there, you know, when the place isn't crowded."

He ordered a heavenly dinner, that much I must say for him. And it put new strength and life into me. I felt good all over. He had good taste; he didn't order champagne, just a light, delicious, white wine. And he talked very well. He seemed to know some of the things I had done, and he spoke very nicely of some of the California pictures, and of the Cuban stuff, which had been shown for the first time a few days before.

"You've got a future, Miss Morgan," he said enthusiastically. "But, a little hard just now, eh?"

"Oh, I'll be all right," I said. I really believed it, too.

"Of course you will," he said. "You've got pluck and that counts every time. I wish King wasn't such a stubborn ass! I'd see to it that you were well placed with us until things cleared up a bit. But I don't seem to be able to make him listen to reason at all!"

"Please!" I said. "You're awfully good, but don't worry about me! I'll be all right."

"Oh, I'm sure enough of that!" he said. "But I hate the idea of you worrying—being bothered. You ought to be safe from that sort

of thing. Well, we'll see."

His manner was perfect. When dinner was over he took me home.

"But we can have another little dinner soon, can't we?" he said. "Let's see—this is Saturday. About Wednesday evening? I might call for you here at, say, half past seven?"

I agreed. It never occurred to me to refuse. He'd been so nice. And, since the first days with Charlie Hemmingway, no man had been nice to me. I wasn't the least bit in love with him; I wasn't even wondering if I might be. But, after the experience I'd had lately, it was a relief, and a real experience, to meet such a man. I felt that he was only trying to be nice, too; that he knew my straits, and that he was taking the only way open to him to help me. I could accept that sort of help without losing my self respect.

I had three hard days before I saw him again. Wherever I went I found a subtle difference. Santelman must have done a lot of talking; I was sure of that. I had no chance to ask for work, really. And I had canvassed the field pretty thoroughly, so that I was utterly blue and discouraged when Mrs. Moultrie came to my room on Wednesday evening to tell me that a gentleman was calling. The dinner that evening was just a repetition of the other. I dined with him four times in the next two weeks. I saved up my appetite for those dinners! For during the days, while I hunted for work, things seemed to go

from bad to worse. There was absolutely no opening for me. The figure of Santelman loomed up, ominous; King, to whom I did make one more appeal, refused even to see me. And at last, when I met Dempsey for dinner, I knew I had about reached the end. I had had to tell Mrs. Moultrie, in the morning, that I could not pay her.

"I'm sorry," she said, gloomily. "You're a nice young lady, Miss Morgan. But if you can't pay to-morrow I'll have to have the room."

Dempsey saw at once, I think, that I had reached a crisis. And, over our coffee, while he smoked a cigarette, a strange look came into his eyes.

"Things pretty bad?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. I couldn't keep up the pretence any longer.

"Sorry," he said. "Look here, Mollie!"—he'd never called me that before, but I didn't seem to mind—"you've got to do something, haven't you? Haven't you any friends?"

I shook my head.

"Well," he said. "I—I don't know—just how to put it. You don't care for me, I suppose, and, to be frank, I'm not in love with you. I'm pretty well through with that sort of thing. I'm married you know. My wife's living west, somewhere—I look after her. So—well, you understand. Why don't you come with me for a while? No silly sentiment about it—just good friends."

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. I just stared at him. This was different. In spite of what he was suggesting, there was an elementary sort of decency about Dempsey. It wasn't just his frankness; it was his whole manner.

"I'm a little lonely sometimes," he said. "We'd get along all right. No claims either way. It's a queer world. Well?"

This wasn't a Santelman, you see. I must confess it. I was really tempted. It was a way out—and it seemed—not easy, perhaps, but possible. That was just it. It was possible. I stared at him. And, quite suddenly, he got up.

"Think it over," he said. "Telephone me in the morning, just yes, or no. Beastly, but

(Continued on page 33)

The Heart-Interest Play

A GREAT deal has been written about the heart-interest drama, what it is, and what elements of plot and construction are re-

quired to make it a photoplay coming under this particular designation—for of its kind, it stands eminently alone in the category of film-drama. To the writer of scenarios it is a difficult question to answer, for no matter how well a heart-interest play is developed in technical construction, the whole must not be the result of strained effect, nor the effort to jumble together a series of disjointed events with a view of making a play appeal to the deeper senses of emotion. A heart-interest play must convey to the audience the human impulse—more than that, the audience must receive from the screen—impression, unconsciously, whatever meaning the author has instilled into the story in order to reach the human heart. Anything which only touches the emotions superficially is not a heart-interest story. The story must strike, stay, and leave behind its lasting impression.

The greatest of all heart-interest stories are taken from life, itself. And some of these stories come from its simple and most humble phases. So long as the moving picture shall exist, there will be a limitless breadth and scope in this great field to draw upon, so that it will not be necessary to pluck romance out of the clouds. Personally, in the writing of all my photoplays, I believe in realism—the same as in my fiction, but not realism of the sordid, harrowing type. Enough of the idealistic uplift can be introduced into any story to raise it from the depths of tragedy, for unfortunately we cannot pass tragedy in real life, but we can send our audiences away with a feeling of hope, and often show them how to better the ways of real life, if a like situation is at the present visited upon them. And this is the beauty of realism—we seldom have a story to teach on the screen but what among the silent watchers is a heart which at some time or other in life has been rent by the same story. I have often watched people in theaters absorbing a play with more than general interest: by their forward attitude and eyes fixed tensely upon a screen, it appeared that they were living again something which must have been a part of their own lives, and they waited breathlessly to see if the better solution did not turn out in the play.

Personally meantime, I do not approve of, nor ever will—of some of the heart-methods resorted to by writers in order to quicken the sympathies (supposedly) by introductions of melodramatic atmosphere. I do not believe in, nor have ever yet written a death scene; I do not like the too often over-drawn religious element of little children praying at a mother's knee, with a startling "cut-back" showing the devoted, but recreant father in jail; nor would I ever clothe a criminal in stripes for any prison scene. The better prisons have adopted the plain uniform, and if we are to depict progress upon the screen, we should always preach the best and highest ideals of reform. I say I do not approve of these things, yet at times my directors have gratuitously introduced these very elements into the production of my stories, thinking perhaps that I was unaware of just the right punch needed. But I never failed to speak of it after the release of the film. Happily now, my plays are purchased for the points I write into them, and unless an over-stock of ideas, carries a play beyond camera possibilities, they are produced as written. Like in fiction, if we are to strive to put originality and individuality into a play, those very little touches must be observed faithfully in production, for very often it is not until the final assembling of the film that their strength is defined.

This brings to mind a scene in one of my recently released photoplays, Selig's "A Splendid Sacrifice." There was introduced in one scene, what some directors might have thought

By Maibelle Heikes Justice

THE STORY OF ACTUAL STUDIO EXPERIENCE IN THE PRODUCTION OF
"THE SONG IN THE DARK," ONE OF THE MOST UNUSUAL HEART-
INTEREST PHOTODRAMAS EVER WRITTEN

a minor, superfluous incident and have passed it—the simple dropping of a handkerchief, but Director E. J. LeSaint saw it in another light. When the reviews of the play came out after its release, the critics had noticed the dropping of the handkerchief, and mentioned it. In these sometimes very simple effects we might say, lie the elements of the heart-interest story. Feel human—be human when you write and if your story has evolved in a natural way, you may be pretty sure that your drama will be "human" on the screen. I know of no better way to express the requisites of a heart-interest photoplay.

Released by the Selig Polyscope Co., June 2nd, I was particularly pleased with Mr. LeSaint's direction of another heart-interest play, "The Rummage Sale," wherein an elderly, courteous gentleman, reduced to the throes of shabby gentility, experiences the vanity of his youth, and buys his first dress-suit at a rummage sale for seventy-five cents. As usual, the sweet-charity sale is presided over by the debutantes and society matrons of the town. Then by a series of events, brought about by his own simplicity of mind, through the purchase of this dress-suit, Septimus Snow, the copier of manuscripts, gets into real society and finally marries a million. Mr. LeSaint caught the very subtlety of story and construction I endeavored to instill, and the finished work of William Huchison, as "Septimus Snow," is truly a delight. The photography and staging is ideal. Though only a one reel, "The Rummage Sale" might be truly called a companion play to "The Pay-as-You-Enter Man," produced in two reels by Essanay last winter, in which Richard C. Travers made such a signal success in bearing the brunt of the title character. It is no use trying to give any explanation of why or how I write heart-interest plays. I simply feel and live them myself and remain with them till they are interpreted upon the screen, then pass into the discarded reel-world again as some faded memory.

I always feel that, in the making of any heart-interest play, however, that we must be in accord with our directors and our players. In whatever we write, we know the director must first be impressed by, then imbued with our story before he can proceed with its true interpretation. In the same way, the actors who must "live the action" of our thoughts should be permitted free access to a story and have time to think over the creation of their parts, and not simply be rehearsed, unknowingly a few times in each scene before the camera registers the final details. I cannot impress this point too deeply. It is a benefit not only to the author but to the manufacturer—to all who make a part of the production, in fact. There are details in perfection over which a writer and producer can talk that can be gained in no other way, and if the players are to be entrusted with the final work of bringing the story to life, why should they not be accorded some confidence beforehand? I am under the impression that such is the case in a few of the studios, and I can truly say that it has been of great help to me to confer with each and everyone who contributed either by direction or action, in the makeup of my work.

It has therefore been of inestimable pleasure and gratification to meet and know the directors and actors in the great studios wherein my plays are produced, and having been granted the open sesame of the Essanay and Selig Polyscope Companies, of Chicago, where the immense facilities for artistic production have added limitless detail to my "moving picture experience," I can say with no exaggeration that some of the most charming and cultured people I have ever met have been found under the "flaming lights" and "glass roofs." In

studios, there seems to be a general *bon comradie* that is infectious. One feels it at once and the impression is lasting. Nor can I ever lose a sense of loyalty to these two companies who first "discovered" me and have made much of my work an artistic success. A very big end of the producing world lies in Chicago, and among the surprises which will emanate from this end within the next six months, will be work from fiction authors, who like myself, have been lured over into the fascination of the moving picture. In fact, our fiction writing has suffered much because of it.

As requested by the editor, the real object of this article is to give an insight to the production of one of the writer's heart-interest plays, "The Song in the Dark," released by Essanay, June 12, from actual experience in the studio. By those sensational writers who have sometimes gained access to a moving picture studio without knowledge of the producers, quite a bit has been written about the production of pictures being more or less of a joke, where the actors and actresses draw enormous salaries and have a good time in general and directors create marvelous trick-effects to fool the sight-believing public. No impression could be more erroneously conveyed. The studio is a place where real work becomes an enthusiasm and the dignity of production can not be assailed. After reading the story of "The Song in the Dark," I do not think anyone will ever doubt the heart-felt seriousness and emotion the players throw into their work, when a story grips them, and nothing could be more gratifying to an author than to watch some of this work as it took place. The story itself may be called unusual, but there is no explanation to give why—or from whence the idea came—the whole play simply evolved like an inspiration recently out of a sleepless night—came from nowhere, from the void of darkness as it were, but by morning the whole was complete. There was nothing left to do but to record it on the type-writer. The play was accepted on sight. Briefly, its story is this:

CHARACTERS.

Angela Clifford, the girl... Gerda Holmes
Richard Darr, the man...
Richard C. Travers
Mrs. Clifford, the mother... Helen Dunbar
George Clifford, the brother...
Bryant Washburn
John, the bird-vender... John Cosmar
Dr. Forbes... Charles Hitchcock
Magistrate... Thomas Commerford
Kominsky, police-court lawyer...
Mr. Von Betz
The Maid... Virginia Bowker
The Bird... A Yellow Canary
Society at flower show, police-court attendants and spectators, citizens from the East Side, etc.

Time: Present. Place: A city

THE STORY

Part One

It has been written by poets of old, that the sweetest tears are those glistening through smiles, and the sweetest smiles are those haloed by the light of tears. And these, the two great tell-tales of human emotion, are often inspired by the simplest of things—such as, when the deepest tragedy in realism may be raised to the ideal, by the silvery song of a little bird.

This story, with its trend of psychology, which is woven through in a delicate thread, binding the wounded soul of a beautiful young woman to an equally unfortunate little song-bird, bursts at last with its gradual and startling climax into the real song of life, wherein is shown that out of the greatest shadow may shine the uplifting light.

Angela Clifford, a young woman of beauty and social position, possessed of much of the world's goods is at the moment on the greater threshold of happiness in that her engagement has been announced recently to Richard Dare, a rising young lawyer of the city. Their joint interests at present have been the watching the erection of a new home where they are to abide after their marriage.

One day as Angela runs down the steps to enter her motor car, she is accosted by an itinerant bird-vender, who, with his quantity of little wooden cages slung over his shoulder, each with its singing canary, opportunes and cajoles with her in the manner of his race to buy one of his birds. Angela does not wish a bird, but something in the brilliant song of one impels her attention, for the little singer seems to be bursting its slender throat with melody. Singularly charmed and touched Angela buys the bird, hands it to her maid, takes the bird-vender's card, and goes on her way.

Returning to her boudoir later, Angela is gratified to find "the little new friend" perfectly at home and singing with unusual sweetness, so much so, that she calls her family to hear it. The next day, when the salesman comes with the new gilt cage, in which the little bird is duly installed, Richard Dare interrupts the proceeding, much amused over what he thinks are Angela's increasing fads. "A bird! Well, what next?" he laughs.

Sometime later—at midnight, in fact, Angela is aroused from her sleep by the brilliant song of the bird. Rising, she goes over to the cage and questions her little friend in tender solicitation—"Why do you sing in the dark?" Noting that the bright moonlight is streaming on the cage, she smiles significantly. The little singer has been inspired by its silvery spell! But then as she lingers, Angela's hand, passed affectionately over the cage does not still the silvery throat of its wondrous song. It is frightened neither at her nor the dark.

In the days which pass, the glorious melody is never stilled, neither day nor night, till striking a poignant strain of sympathy, the sweet song imparts its telling effect over the whole house.

At breakfast one morning, Angela receives a letter from a very old lady, announcing her seventieth birthday, with a prayer that she and George come for a cup of tea to cheer the day. This suggests to Angela the idea of sending the old lady another canary bird. Looking up the bird-vender's card, she departs in her car for the East Side, eager and happy in her quest. The steps to a dirty cellar lead to John's living rooms, but leaving her chauffeur on guard, Angela descends.

John recognizes Angela. Of course he has another bird! He shows her a tier of the little cages whose warbling inmates are ready for sale, but tells her the others piled up on the shelves are not yet "ready." John, meantime, has received Angela with a little canary in his hand. Upon the table burns the flame of an odd vapor-lamp. He bids Angela to wait a moment—that he will "make her the most beautiful singer of all—one that he has especially picked out!" Unconscious, and in seeming ignorance of his great crime, the bird-vender heats a long, steel needle in the flame. With a cry of horror, Angela detains his hand, just as she realizes the man is about to put out the bird's eyes. Furthermore, with a stricken glance toward the cages that are "all ready for sale," she knows that each little songster has been maimed—so that, bereft of the sense of sight, it may double and triple the song in its little aching heart. She knows why her own bird sang in the dark. She knows now why the pathetic sweetness of its song reached her heart as no other song might. In the big scene here, Angela pleads with the man, whose only argument, combined with his surprise at the interruption, is "Why not—it make heem sing better?" Rushing up from the cellar Angela speeds her chauffeur to the office of her brother, George, also a young lawyer, and tells him of the state of affairs which she has discovered. Dragged to the bird-vender's cellar, George confirms the startling conditions and convinced that the bird-vender will not cease his wicked calling through a warning, summons police officers and the offender, with his little blind birds taken as witnesses,

is hauled into court for a hearing. The bird-vender is held and George prosecutes the remarkable case.

Because of the nature of the complaint and the high standing of the prosecutor and his family, the trial draws a wide following to the court-room, not only members of society, but immigrant companions of the bird-vender from the slums, as well. With Angela on the stand telling her strange story before venerable judge and jury, George, with unusual brilliance and a demand for justice, lays his case before the court. The surprise comes, however, when the bird-vender's lawyer, one German-Jew, Kominisky, known of the police-court variety, arises before the judge and with fine acumen and victorious flourish, exclaims to the court, "Your Honor, the statutes of this state provide no law for the punishment of this offense!" With open books he proves his point and asks that the prisoner be discharged. George is compelled to acknowledge this finding.

With set lips, and eyes upon the little sightless birds, the venerable magistrate leans over the bench. He exclaims: "Very well, then—we'll make a law!" Sending an attendant for a cat-of-nine-tails, the prisoner is flogged in the open court.

Overcome, Angela leaves the court-room with George and Richard, feeling that at least, a little of the wrong done by John has been compensated. Behind her, the magistrate still leans over the bench. "Who will give a little blind bird a good home?" he asks. Eager hands are reached out from among the spectators and the judge distributes the cages. Liberated, the bird-vender, in company with his followers, hurls his imprecations after Angela as she leaves the court-room, and bereft of his birds and his calling, he flings himself vindictively into the street, shaking an ominous fist.

Part Two

Fate or Destiny when least expected often casts her deepest shadow. Once more Angela takes up the trend of her life and prepares for her coming marriage. A visit to the new home in building, now nearly complete, convinces her and Richard of the great happiness in store. Returning in their car, they run upon the annual flower-show, a brilliant affair largely attended by society. An impulse causes them to enter, where they are greeted with showers of flowers and congratulations by their enthusiastic friends. They leave, followed to the curb by their companions. The curb is lined with automobiles, but in front of their own car, a couple of workmen, plumbers or the like, have paused in the arrangement of their paraphernalia. One is testing a blow-lamp. As Richard's and Angela's party approach, unobserving, the man's companion calls, "Put that down"—but too late. There has been a flash of white light across Angela's eyes. With hands pressed over them, she reels in Richard's arms and is borne home with a dark veil across her suffering face, her joyous flower-tokens of the moment before dropped at her feet.

The old story—the hand of fate descends upon the fairest head. In the great Clifford home, there are days of weary waiting for the outcome. At last, at the crucial test, when the family physician with his cheery optimism, unwinds the bandages from Angela's eyes as she sits in the boudoir surrounded by her sweet heart and family—there is expressed the last word in suspense and expectancy. The bandages removed, she sits with wide-open eyes, smiling, as if waiting for the operation to be completed—the others watching the mobile face for a sign of sight—the doctor waving his hand before the beautiful face. With stricken glances they see it has been a failure. Angela is blind for life. At last, no longer able to restrain himself, Richard kneels at her feet—only to have her fluttering hands run over his face and hear her cry—

"Dick! Dick! Is this you, dear?"

In the days to come the great test is now placed upon Richard—his conflicting resolution of a great love for Angela and a creeping terror of the responsibility which life has now thrust upon him. Will he fail? In his darkest hour, it is George's brotherly slap on the shoulder, with, "Be a man, Dick!" that brings

him to his senses. But it is Angela, who taking up her cross of darkness, will not burden Richard and gives him back his ring. Richard does not go. He is surer of a greater awakening.

A plaintive touch of human nature enters, the day on which John, the bird-vender, newspaper in hand telling him of Angela's affliction, comes to the house and begs to see Angela, that she may forgive and absolve him from what, in his superstition, he feels has been the result of his curse. In his hand, he carries a peace-offering of gaudy paper flowers, so much admired of the Italian settlements, which he presses into her hands. With a smile Angela strokes his hair and upturned face, then consumed with his grief, he presses many a quivering kiss against her silken sleeve and gropes his way out. But John's coming has aroused Angela from her lethargy and adds a new interest. Afterward, nevertheless, she suffers alone, until unable to endure the eternal darkness longer, she feels she is losing her mind. As she wanders about her boudoir one night in the frenzy of abandon, feeling with trembling hands over the old familiar objects, she gropes her way to the sun-parlor near her bed-room, where in the days of waiting, her own little bird had hung forgotten among the ferns and palms.

Below stairs in the library, George and Richard are engaged in their usual evening game of chess, while the mother makes ready for Angela's coming by arranging her easy chair.

All at once, as Angela stands in the sun-parlor, battling with the deepest question of her soul, there arises to her ears the thrilling song of the little blind bird. The light breaks! The message is given.

With a cry of hope, she holds the swinging cage against her head. "Oh, little bird—and you have sung so long!"

Creeping down stairs herself, past the chess players unobserved, she enters the drawing-room. Finding the grand piano, she runs her hands over the keys and her own soul goes out—in the song in the dark. Electrified in the next room, the chess players lift their eyes and listen—slowly they rise to their feet. "Angela's voice!"

Mother, brother and Richard start for the drawing-room, but the lover holds up his hand. Richard goes in alone. He sits down beside the inspired girl, whose own song tells of the other silvery song that has shown her the light, and again slips the ring back upon her finger. Angela never recovers her sight. But Richard's cry of "Angela!" brings her from her joyous resignation to the haven of his breast, while his strong arm gives holy witness that she will have a life protector in his love. There has come the great awakening—and the picture fades—

• • •

The above is the synopsis which carried the story into the studio. It has never been my idea to include only a short synopsis, but to give sufficient detail so that both manufacturer and director can absorb the plot-interest and see at a glance the possibilities of production. Then of course, after the synopsis, follows the scene-plot and "lay-out" of the photodrama itself, that is, the play written tersely, scene after scene, as the story runs.

The day that the big scenes of "The Song in the Dark" were put on in the studios, where Director E. H. Calvert was working in three stage-sets built at once, Director Hopper was producing in the other end a comedy by George Ade, with Mr. Ade himself present, and we derived quite a bit of interest in watching each other's "show," for it was distinctly an author's week at Essanay's. Questioned about his advent into the moving picture world, Mr. Ade replied with his usual characteristic humor, "Everybody is doing it, so I am doing it, too." A few moments later in the midst of a library setting, Mr. Ade underwent his first real experience before the camera himself, when several hundred feet of film were taken in a picture which will likely preface a series of comedies he is writing. He bore the ordeal well, although next day he disappeared to his Indiana farm and is still there!

Up in the other end of the studio, meanwhile

(Continued on page 30)

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

July 11

BETH FRANKLYN, well-remembered for her work in stock in Baltimore, Boston and Worcester, Mass., who did excellent work in "The Christian" and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and who last season was prominent in the support of Chauncey Olcott in "Shameen Dhu."

JOSEPH KILGOUR, who divided the past season between "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Along Came Ruth," and who will shortly appear in the Chicago production of "A Pair of Sixes."

LAURA NELSON HALL, who recently did some notably fine work in the six-part feature photoplay, "Dope," in which she was the unhappy Mrs. Binky, the dope fiend.

MAURICA W. STEUART, JR., the juvenile actor, whose features are well-known to followers of Biograph pictures.

RUTH HANDFORTH, who was for a long time prominently placed in the cast of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

HOWARD ESTABROOK, who has been highly successful this past season as the young physician in "The Things That Count."

ARTIE HALL, who formerly was known as "The Georgia Coon Shouter," and who has long been popular with vaudeville audiences.

KELLAR, the magician, who continues steadfast in his determination not to again appear behind the footlights.

LEE WILSON DODD, author of those two highly entertaining plays, "The Return of Eve" and "Speed."

July 12

FAN BOURKE, who last appeared behind the footlights in "Mere Man," since when she has been a leading light in various Thanhouser pictures, building up a following quite her own, as recall her work in "The Strike" and "A Woman's Loyalty."

HERSCHEL MAYALL, the former stock leading man, and who now appears in Domino and Broncho pictures, doing notably good work in "The Card Sharp," of the former brand, and "The Wharf Rats," of the latter.

WILLIAM BECHTEL, the popular Edison player, a few of whose recent hits have been in "The Mystery of the Amsterdam Diamonds," "The Coward and the Man," "A Pair of Shoes," and "The Counterfeiters," in each of which he did exceptionally good work.

DALLAS ANDERSON, who recently appeared in the repertoire season at the Fine Arts Theatre, Chicago, just preceding which he was seen upon the screen, being Fag in "The Rivals," as offered by the Kinemacolor company.

CHARLES FISCHER, the veteran actor, this season playing with Frank Craven in "Too Many Cooks."

JOSEPH CREAGHAN, who has played many roles in stock, notably in New York, at the Academy of Music.

July 13

JOSEPH ALLEN, for a long time a member of the Cohan and Harris forces, this season scoring the hit of his career through his performance of Peter, "the ghost," in the New York cast of "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

HILDA ANTHONY, the successful London actress, seen recently in the British capital in "Joseph and His Brethren," at His Majesty's Theatre, and in "People Like Ourselves," at the Globe Theatre.

EDWARD D. LYNCH, than whom we have few better-known stock leading men, and who is now playing with Harry Davis' company, at the Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh.

MARGARET SAYRES, whom we pleasantly recall on Broadway in the productions of "The Harvest Moon" and "Sire."

DAWSON MILWARD, fortunate actor that he is, for he is in the London cast of "The Great Adventure," which has been running at the Kingsway Theatre continuously since March 25, 1913.

GRACE ATWELL, seen on tour in "Seven Days," and who has a distinguished stock record, as leading woman in Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Memphis, Winnipeg, and Toronto.

E. DAGNALL—which is the way Ella Dagnall's name invariably appears upon London play-bills—who recently appeared there in "Who's the Lady?" at the Garrick Theatre.

J. E. VEDRENNE, the amazingly successful London theatrical manager, lessee, with Dennis Eadie, of the Royalty Theatre, where they produced "Milestones," and where "My Lady's Dress" is the current popular bill.

July 14

WALLACE EDDINGER, who successfully played the hero in the original cast of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," and who recently tried his hand at picture acting, being Dick Brummage in "The Great Diamond Robbery," as produced by the Playgoers Film Company.

JUSTUS D. BARNES, one of the popular members of the Thanhouser forces, and who did notably fine work as Abdul in "The Mohammedan Conspiracy."

ROBERT BROWER, the character actor, whose name and fame have long been associated with Edison pictures, some of his recent effective work being in several of the "Dolly of the Dailies" series, and in "An Alaskan Interlude" and "The Coward and the Man."

MAURICE W. STEUART, one of the five members of the Steuart family, all of whom are prominent in various Biograph releases.

JESSIE MILLWARD, whom we pleasantly remember with the Empire Theatre Company, and in more recent times in "There's Many a Slip," "The Taming of Helen," "A Clean Slate," "The Hypocrites," "Lady Frederick," "The Girl in the Taxi," and in various sketches in vaudeville.

PAUL GILMORE, who is playing a summer stock-starring season between two cities, Knoxville, Tenn., and Asheville, N. C., and whose recent vehicle, "Captain Alvarez," has made a most effective Vitagraph picture.

CHARLES A. MASON, the German comedian, lately seen in a variety of musical comedies, at the Gaiety Theatre, San Francisco, under the direction of "Broncho Billy" Anderson.

HARRY CLAY BLANKY, of "Across the Pacific fame, and who is shortly to appear in a number of special feature films.

W. H. DUPONT, for many years seen in the support of William H. Crane, and whose name generally adorns the program of one of the Frohman attractions.

HAL DE FOREST, who has for a long time appeared with the Harry Davis Stock, at the Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh.

LAURA BUTLER, the handsome and statuesque, whom we have not seen in a Broadway production in some time, being recalled in "A Gentleman from Mississippi."

July 15

JACK BARNES, who was successful in "The Great John Ganton" and "The Nigger," and who has lately been playing in vaudeville, in company with Helene Hamilton, of "Sis Hopkins" fame.

MARIE TEMPEST, of whom there is but one, who recently made a most successful revival of "The Duke

of Killcrankie," at the Playhouse in London.

MASTER RAYMOND HACKETT, whom we saw behind the footlights with Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" and with John Mason in "As a Man Thinks," but who has for some time past been playing numerous boy parts with the Lubin company.

MADAME ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK, the distinguished contralto singer, equally at home, either in grand opera or upon the concert stage.

ALFRED HERTZ, conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House, and who wielded the baton at the first production there of three notable operas, "Parsifal," "Salome" and "Koenigsbinder."

VIOLA TREE, eldest daughter of Sir Herbert Tree and who had a brief but successful stage career, now being Mrs. Alan Parsons, retired.

WILLIAM WINTER, the dean of American dramatic writers, for many years play reviewer for the New York Tribune.

LANGDON GILLET, who made his stage debut this past season, appearing in the Frohman production of "The Conspiracy."

July 16

EDWARD EARLE, who appeared in numerous musical plays, such as "The Boys and Betty," "The Matinee Idol," "Dr. De Luxe," and "The Quaker Girl," but who has been identified with the Edison company for some time past, doing some excellent work in



"The Unopened Letter" and "The Hand of Horror."

EDITH LUCKETT, who was seen last season as leading woman with George M. Cohan in "Broadway Jones."

MALCOLM WILLIAMS, whose work attracted most favorable comment in the title role in the Famous Players' production of "The Brute."

GRACE FOX, who for over eighteen years was a prominent member of Corse Payton's various stock companies, and who is now playing with Kirk Brown's organization, at the Lamont Park Theatre, Altoona, Pa.

SHEPARD CAMP, who followed Frank McIntyre in both "The Traveling Salesman" and "Snobs," and who stepped into Maclyn Arbuckle's shoes in "The Round up."

JOSEPH O'MARA, the Irish opera singer, recalled here in "The Highwayman," "The Three Dragoons" and "Peggy Machree."

ADA BLANCHE, who recently concluded her season in "The Pearl Girl," at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, a playhouse with which she has been identified for some time.

COSWAY WINGFIELD, who for a long time appeared in the support of Henry Miller in "The Rainbow."

CHARLES R. BURBORN, whom we recently saw at the Shubert Theatre, with Sam Bernard and Gaby Deslys in "The Belle of Bond Street."

MELVILLE G. ROSENOW, who appeared with John Drew in "Jack Straw," and William Faversham in "Hered."

WALTER VON BEEKMAN, who recently concluded a year in stock work, divided between Ottawa, Can., and Allentown, Pa.

July 17

GEORGE LE GUERE, who plays juvenile roles capably, lately seen with David Warfield in "The Auctioneer," preceding which he was seen in "The Point of View," "The Right to Be Happy," "White Magic," and "Rebellion."



NANETTE COMSTOCK, the charming ingenue actress, whom we do not see behind the footlights as often as we should like nowadays.

ROBERT GREY, who recently joined the Western Vitagraph company, and who made quite a hit through his portrayal of the young Westerner in "An Innocent Deilah," sharing the honors with Jane Novak.

LILY LENA, the charming English serio-comic who enjoys a following in the music halls of both America and her native land.

CARNEY CHRISTIE, who will long be remembered for his work in "The Climax," and who for the past three years has been with John Craig's Stock, at the Castle Square Theatre, Boston.



The Heart-Interest Play

(Continued from page 28)

was taking place I was told, one of the most unusual happenings which had ever occurred in this studio. This was the real emotional interest the players were taking in their parts in "The Song in the Dark." One of the tense climaxes was on. As Director Calvert rehearsed the actors through the scene, then with the signal, "Go!" put them under the camera's recording detail, each player was so gripped with the tenseness of his and her part, that upon several occasions after the camera stopped, the whole company broke down. For several weeks, the actors told me, the story had been the talk of the studio and when the time came for their portrayal of it, they were so infused with its sentiment that every act and thought they put into their work was heartfelt and real. In the one scene wherein "Angela," so exquisitely played by Gerda Holmes, was found to be blind, the tears of Helen Dunbar, the mother, Richard C. Travers, the sweetheart, Bryant Washburn, the brother and Charles Hitchcock, the physician, were real, while Miss Holmes ended the scene in a burst of hysteria, making it impossible for the camera to go on for some time. Again, in the finale scene, in her own song in the dark, at the grand piano, Gerda Holmes lost control of her emotions, and at the ending click of the camera, threw herself across the piano, in the quivering radiance of streaming eyes, while editors, director and author stood watching, singularly moved. One could not help but be thrilled by this very human outburst of feeling. Where the bird-vender comes with his offering of paper flowers and is taken to the boudoir of the blind girl and kneels before her—she running her hands over his head and

face—he with his lips to her sleeve,—again the company went to pieces. Even in the big court scene where many "extras" are drawn upon, wherein the bird-vender stands condemned and whipped, the work of John Cosar is so effective that one feels a sympathy for his ignorance. The insinuating lawyer, in the hands of Mr. Von Betz was also fine. Everyone in the play strikes at the heart. The other companies in the studio had stopped work and came to watch, so at the time, including the "extras" from the court-room scenes, there were possibly a hundred interested spectators, but never once did the actors lose their hold on "driving the story home," nor Director Calvert his grip upon efficient producing. Mr. Calvert informed me that in using the three stage-sets at a time, it had been his idea to catch and hold his company, without the breaking in of time, in just such tenseness of spirit and acting as they were now portraying. All through their work in this drama, the company told me, it was the underlying psychological strain—or idealism of the song of the little blind bird as it raised the tragedy from its impending sorrows, which touched their emotions as they could not express. Gerda Holmes, who vibrates with the delicate sentiment of the story all the way through, related how after the second day of work, she went to bed at six o'clock and slept exhausted for fourteen hours. Richard C. Travers, who had so much better opportunity in one of the writer's earlier plays, "The Pay-as-You-Enter Man," in which he did exceptional work, did not have so great a one in this, but in the tender and sympathetic foil for Angela's renunciation of him, he attains much strength in character ap-

peal. The court-room work of Bryant Washburn is brilliant and one feels a high security and trust in the family physician, the portrayal of Mr. Hitchcock.

"Give us the plays," said Helen Dunbar, whom I never saw do better work in exhibiting the touching, soulful sympathies of a mother, "and we players will do the work. We have to often work in so many things which do not appeal to our interests, because the interests are not in the scenarios, but give us true stories of life, something into which we can really throw our hearts and souls, and the screen will not want for earnest portrayals!"

And no doubt this is all true. And such being the case, an author does not feel that his mission has been in vain. Life, I repeat, is around us everywhere and teeming with heart-interest stories, and were they more plentifully submitted in original photodramas, producers would never have to seek recourse to published novels or staged dramas.

The above are fragmentary impressions as received in the production of this one play, but they show the tremendous possibility for high-class photoplay building without the intrusion of sordid melodrama, and most of all, the keen gratification which must naturally be experienced by an author, who in feeling all these self-same emotions in the writing of a play, as I did, to find them in turn, taken up and absorbed by both director and actors, whose combined efforts have made the finished drama a thing of beauty and of art.

So, perhaps in being human—and feeling human, are after all the only requisites of the real heart-interest play, for such being the case, technique in presentation will readily take care of itself. I never write a play but once, and write rapidly, but my story is fully visualized as I know it will appear on the screen in its whole dramatic composite, before I attempt to transcribe it to paper.

Constance Crawley

(Continued from page 13)

have to burn cologne in the place of wood alcohol in my little spirit lamp. One thing I remember distinctly and that was the appearance of Tommy Atkins at the end of the war. He had an awful time trying to appear clean and orderly and it is a fact that some of the soldiers patched their trousers with tin taken from cans, it being the most available thing to use for such purposes."

Yes, Miss Crawley has a distinct vein of humor, that great saving grace with many of us. I would have liked to have heard more of her South African experiences but she passed on to other matters and I knew better than to interrupt her train of thought.

"After the war I returned to London and played Countess Mirtza Scharhoff in "The Great Ruby" at the Drury Lane Theatre. Then I was Roma in that great play "The Eternal City" and we played all over the British Isles, including London of course. It was the greatest success of its time and it was while with this company that Charles Frohman and Ben Greet approached me to enact the part of Everyman in this country. To be quite candid with you I did not want to do it, but finally yielded to persuasion and am very glad I did."

"We started with 'Everyman' at San Francisco and took in all the big cities between there and Pittsburgh and the tour was a great success in every way."

"On one occasion we played 'Everyman' in the ruins left by the San Francisco fire—I enjoyed that experience, too. On another occasion in the same city we played 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley before an audience of ten thousand people, this was under the management of Arthur Maude and myself. It was an occasion I shall never forget—it was a wonderful sight and the finest reception I ever had. I have been so splendidly treated in America especially in certain towns—San Francisco, St. Louis and New Orleans for instance—in all three of these places the public and the critics alike always received us with generous ap-

plause and praise—I have a very warm place in my heart for them all."

The artistic side—shall we call it the impractical side—of Constance Crawley's character was recited with much warmth and with genuine delight. Here are her own words as nearly as I can remember them.

"The most captivating thing that Mr. Maude and myself ever did was when an aunt of mine left me quite a nice little sum of money and we decided to thoroughly enjoy it in the way we most loved. We went to Chicago and leased a theatre and gave a series of classical performances as we felt they should be given."

"We produced 'Pelleas and Melisande' by Maurice Maeterlinck, 'Giacinta' by D'Annunzio, 'Hedda Gabler' by Ibsen, 'As You Like It' and other plays and put them on correctly as to costume and appointments and what is more we created the right atmosphere in the theatre by special lighting, expensive scents and we gave flowers to the audience and Oh! we did other lovely things which were expensive but we reaped the praise of the critics and got the sort of audiences who were thoroughly appreciative but we lost our money of course. That was almost inevitable but we will neither of us ever forget it and the pleasure will live with us. I have never regretted it."

"I am interested to know exactly what made you try motion pictures?" I asked her.

"In the first place we came to Los Angeles on the Orpheum Circuit when we presented 'A Florentine Tragedy' by Oscar Wilde. We stayed awhile to rest after a long period of work and were approached by the Universal Company to play in some classical production for screen purposes. I had long thought of doing this and believed I could see the possibilities of attempting some things which had not been attempted before so we decided to at least try, and under J. Farrell Macdonald we put on 'Pelleas and Melisande.'"

"Both Mr. Maude and myself were well satisfied that we could work out some of our

ideals and reach a wide circle by doing so in motion pictures and from that time to this we have put on some fine classical subjects and have done most of them our own way and we are still striving to improve upon each one and believe we are making considerable progress. Certainly we take pains enough and I think you will agree that we go about our work with as much intelligence as possible. We choose our actors and actresses to appropriately fit their parts and I would like to say here that I believe that it is absolutely essential that when putting on a play that one should have a proper knowledge of periods and history, that is if one is producing classical or serious plays—plays with a purpose."

"It is appalling to see some of the plays produced with furniture of some other period than what is demanded by the play and what is more, furniture of two or three distinct periods in one house, such things should not be and I will not permit them in plays in which I appear. The same argument applies to costumes, too, and I design both furniture and costumes as well as the appointments for the apartments. I believe in the utmost fidelity to periods and to truth in presentations and if anyone tells you it is impossible, you can be sure it is because that person has not the right artistic sense or does not take the trouble to be correct."

Constance Crawley is most thoroughly in earnest and her views are indeed her life, there is no sham about it, it is all vital to her. She has done remarkable work in many noted photoplays now, including the following: "Pelleas and Melisande," "Florentine Tragedy," "Bride of Lammormoor," "Mary Magdalene," from the pen of Arthur Maude; "Jess," and other plays too numerous to mention.

She is intensely fond of a little monkey who is her constant companion, and loves all animals, and intends to have a number of them in her gardens as time goes on. She is fond of children, too, and hopes to give many of them pleasure by means of her pets.

Miss Constance Crawley stands alone in her line and is doing work which must meet with recognition and when those classical plays are presented I for one hope to be invited, for I know I will then be present at artistic treats.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

LAMAR JOHNSTONE, who was so prominent in the Majestic films, will be the leading man for the Pasadena Company who are erecting studios at the present time, and who hope to start making feature pictures in two weeks time. Frederick Vroom is also connected with the new company.

One Henry Klopp invaded the studios of a California concern at San Rafael while on a drunken spree and, gun in hand, put some of the performers through dance steps and tree climbing stunts. The arrival of the police revealed the fact that Klopp's gun was not loaded, but he was hauled off to durance vile all the same.

Thomas S. Nash who was with W. N. Selig for seventeen years and who was manager of the Edendale studios, has organized the Nash Motion Picture Company with studios near Los Angeles. "Big Otto," the wild animal trainer, is associated with the company and feature animal photoplays under the direction of Hardie Kirkland are to be produced. The first picture is well under way.

It is not often that an actress can see herself in two different pictures at the same theatre in one evening. Adele Lane of Selig's did this recently, and her work as a society girl and then a country girl who gradually becomes an outcast, was very interesting.

At the Reliance studios John Adolf is producing "Blue Pete's Escape" by George Randolph Chester with Sam de Grasse, W. H. Long, Frank Bennett and Billie West in the cast. Chester's stories are admirably suited for screen purposes.

Buck Connors of the Albuquerque Company was hurt by a horse stepping on his ankle. Buck fell off a broncho for comedy purposes and says that the next time he comes off a buckier it will be because he can't help it.

Lolita Robertson is owning up to wearing her wedding ring in some of the earlier scenes in "The Man on the Box." On the legitimate stage she can cover them with strips of flesh colored plaster, but one cannot do this in front of a camera and get away with it.

J. Warren Kerrigan is directing his own plays with the assistance of Jacques Jackard. This is Jack's first attempt at producing and it will be interesting to note what success he has along these lines. He is acting too, of course.

Alexandra Phillips Fahrney, the well known photoplay writer and actress, says that if a writer can teach something which will do some actual good once in a dozen plays that the efforts have been well spent.

The new series featuring Cleo Madison and being produced by Wilfred Lucas at the Universal is entitled "The Trey of Hearts." In this series Cleo appears as a mother and as the twins, a treble characterization.

Courtenay Foote, late of the Vitagraph and Reliance has been engaged by the Hobart Bosworth Company, Inc., for which both sides are to be congratulated. Foote and handsome Myrtle Stedman will make a fine pair.

Mary H. O'Connor, who did such good work with the Western Vitagraph both as writer and character actress, is representative of several literary agents and is handling stories by famous authors for photoplay purposes.

J. P. McGowan of the Kalem forces has been trying to tame some young coyotes which were given to Helen Holmes on a recent desert trip. The result is that McGowan has two badly bitten hands and arms and he had to pay two visits to Mr. Doctor to have the bites cauterized.

George Holt, Junior, became an actor when two months old (quite recently). He is now known as the Western Vitagraph Infant. Is George, Senior, proud? Awfully!

W. E. Keefe, the publicity man at the Mutual studios is doing some fine work for the Reliance-Majestic-Griffith combination. Keefe is an old newspaperman and knows the business from A to Z.

Frank Montgomery of the Kalem had the supreme distinction of holding up all traffic between Ventura and Los Angeles for four hours when his big auto got stuck in the sand. Waiting and cursing drivers of waiting machines hunted up mules and finally Monty and the others went on their merry way.

When the Smalleys leave the Universal to take up their duties with Bosworth Inc., Rupert Julian, who did such good work with Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber, will head the Rex Company and Elsie Jane Wilson will be his leading woman. Joe de Grasse will probably direct them.

Ed. Brady made a very popular toastmaster at the last Photoplayers' Club supper. Ed. sang a new rag time song written by himself and composed by Harry McCoy who accompanied him. It was a capital dinner.

Clara Williams of the Kay Bee is the latest actress to be robbed and it happened on her birthday, too! Lost lots of pretty things besides some money. However, she received some nice birthday presents to help her out.

Charles Dudley of the Balboa Company, who has done some excellent caricatures, has received a commission to draw a series of the prominent motion picture people for a local publication.

Louis Daniel Fitz-Roy has arrived to brighten the home of Louise Fitz-Roy, the character actor and his charming wife. Louis, Senior, is insufferable at present. Mama and kiddie are doing nicely, thank you.

Charlie Bartlett, the fair haired handsome young man with Frank Montgomery at the Kalem, has a new automobile. Charlie is a careful driver and gets lots of enjoyment out of his machine and just loves to crawl underneath it.

The Lorimer Johnson concern "The Santa Barbara Film Co." is now engaging its company and is preparing to start business. The studios are very complete and well located. Feature films will be made.

Cecil De Mille of Lasky's studios together with Robert Edson and company accompanied by the writer Stewart Edward White are in Bear Valley filming "The Call of the North." A Hudson Bay trading post has been built by the lake.

Mona Darkfeather has yet another car, a two seated rakish "Lizard" all in white with brilliant lamps and with her name writ large on the front. It has no doors and Mona vaults in sideways, but it is very attractive and odd and a crowd soon collects where ever it pulls up.

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FOR PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS

The Photoplay is a plot in action. Mr. E. F. Murphy, Director of The Associated Motion Picture Schools, comes to the point: "I find the book excellent for my students. Kindly quote me price on 200 copies." Epes Winthrop Sargent, authority on photoplay writing, says: "Mr. Phillips' statements are as applicable to the photoplay as to the fiction story."

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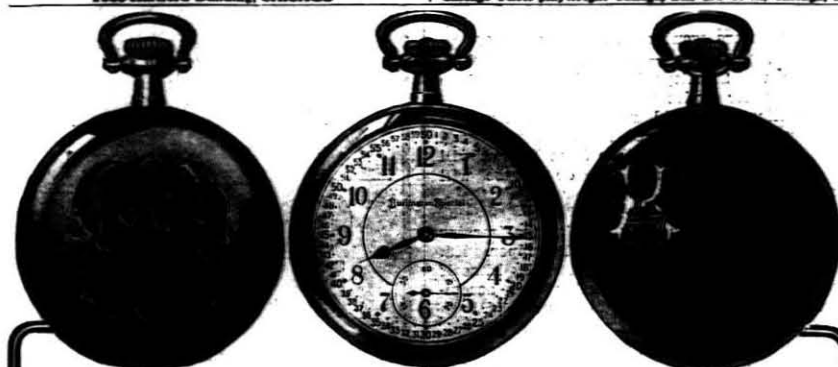
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The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 26)

what the device that are we going to do? Come on, no use waiting here. Think it over."

He put me in a cab, but he didn't come home with me. I don't know yet whether that was cleverness or just good instinct. But if he had offered to come with me I should have screamed, I think.

"You'll telephone?" he said, as he looked through the window.

I only nodded, and he smiled.

"Make-it yes, Mollie," he said, softly. "You won't be sorry."

But I didn't. I came to a thousand decisions that night. When I awoke in the morning, after a restless sleep that had come for just an hour about dawn I thought I had decided. I was going to say yes. But then I looked at myself in the glass. And I thought that if the mere decision to do that could make me look as I did, what would the thing itself be? I fairly flew to the telephone. I waited endlessly for him to answer. And then: "No! No! No!" I cried. I hung up without waiting for him to speak. As I turned away, Mrs. Moultrie was waiting for me.

"I'll wait until noon," she said. "If you can't settle then, or give me a satisfactory promise, you'll have to take your things."

I went out. Through the long morning I met rebuff after rebuff. Noon came, and I went back, exhausted, tired with a weariness I had never felt. My brain was drugged. But I was ready. I still had my room. I could go there and turn on the gas. I slipped into the house, and tried to get to my room silently. But she heard me. Before I was in my room she was at the door.

"I've come to get ready," I said, dully. "I shan't be long."

"Here's a letter, a registered letter," she said. "Maybe there will be good news."

I took the letter, still dazed. It was from a firm of lawyers, in Harborside. For a long minute I stared at it. Then I opened it. The words danced before my eyes, but I made them out.

DEAR MADAM:

"As attorneys for your late father, Mr. David Morgan, it is our sad duty to inform you that he died on the 9th inst., after suffering, some weeks before, a paralytic stroke. He did not regain consciousness after the stroke. A will, leaving all his estate to various charities, was made, but not signed, owing to the sudden nature of his illness and his incapacity. As the sole heir-at-law you will, therefore, receive his entire estate, after his debts are paid. This will amount, roughly, to about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Inasmuch as we found, among his papers, an unopened letter from you, of recent date, indicating that you are, or were, in need of funds, we take the liberty of enclosing a draft on New York for one thousand dollars. We await your instructions."

It was signed by Battle and Mardhall, Harborside's leading lawyers.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A New Star

"OLD JOE DOWNEY," a grizzled and profane relic of a day that has waned, and withal the most celebrated and picturesque member of the old guard of California's stage driving craft, has joined the motion picture profession. His advent into this new sphere of activity is directly chargeable to the insatiable zeal of General Manager, Alex E. Beyfuss, of the California Motion Picture Corporation and his producing aides for correct detail in their feature films. "Old Joe" is at present acting as understudy for Andrew Robson who plays the part of the stage driver in the Company's adaptation of "Salome Jane." Downey has driven stage for over fifty years and in that time has cursed his laborious way up practically every mountain grade that lies between Calaveras County and the Oregon line.

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN-AND-AROUND NEW YORK

HENRY HALLAM'S respect for the squatter sovereignty rights of birds' nest has increased considerably lately. In the recent campaign to discourage the early morning songsters in the vicinity of Kalem House at Jacksonville, Fla., Hallam attempted to pull apart a bird's nest and was greeted by the hostile appearance of a moccasin that had been comfortably coiled up inside. The skin which Hallam wears for a belt tells its own story about what happened to the snake.

Charles Ogle has for some time been planning and working for an automobile race between Gertrude McCoy and Bessie Learn, who both drive their own cars, which are of the same make. Previous to his entering pictures, Mr. Ogle spent some time as a practicing attorney. With the knowledge of human nature thus obtained, his methods of promoting the race were far from the ordinary. Instead of mentioning the thing openly, Ogle confined the subject of his remarks to machines, telling each of the girls, during the other's absence, the many good points of the other car. They swallowed hook and line; all that remains now is to find a suitable place and the race is on.

Muriel Ostriche, leading lady of Princess films, has long been recognized as the prize dancer and cup-winner of the Thanhouser players. Before the ink had fairly gotten cold on an announcement saying that she had won a cup at Rector's she waltzed off with another one at the New York Roof.

Marc MacDermott and Edward O'Connor, for some mysterious reason, are room-mates at the Edison studio. Just why they are paired off together is the mystery, unless it might be because of the attraction in opposites. MacDermott is energetic and restless, O'Connor is exactly the reverse. His favorite pastime, while waiting for a call to the stage, is to light his pipe, stretch himself full length, and, in the midst of this paradise, fall asleep and notify Marc of the fact by long drawn out, foghorn snores. MacDermott's only relief is to have one of the stage-hands stand outside paging O'Connor while he shakes him until he is sufficiently awake to hear himself called. With visions of an infuriated director, O'Connor rushes out and leaves Marc to continue his letter-writing or reading, in peace.

Mignon Anderson, the popular Thanhouser ingenue, has a pet monkey who plays the piano. A short time ago, after Mignon had entertained a group of friends with a few selections, "Mozart," the monkey, was allowed to contribute his share of the entertainment which he did most nobly. With a true sense of tune and time the little fellow slowly played a few measures of "This is the Life."

Robert Edson, accompanied by Stuart Edward White and thirty-five players, has gone to Moose Factory, Canada, to start on the new Lasky production, "The Call of the North." The contract between the Lasky people and Mr. Edson is regarded as the most peculiar that has yet been made in the film business. It contains allowances or remedies for every accident that could reasonably happen to prevent the completion of the picture.

John Bunny is the same old Bunny. Fat, happy, popular, and always mopping that same drop of perspiration off his brow. Nobody loves a fat man—maybe still the Bunny statuettes, showing him with that well-known smile, have become quite a popular novelty.

Harry Eyttinge, of the Edison players, was recently an innocent conspirator in a plot to fool the annoying spectators at Coney Island.

Charles M. Seay, director, planned to take some pictures at Coney so, to avoid being interfered with by everyone who wished to get in the picture, he had Eyttinge go through his comedy stunts, in a conspicuous place. The scheme worked like magic. After falling over barrels, rolling in the dirt, and stumbling into ash cans, Eyttinge was informed that the camera was a fake one and only used to draw the crowd so that a picture could be taken in some other place. Having put every bit of energy into his "rough and tumble" work Harry wasn't exactly happy when told that he was to do it over again in the afternoon before a real camera.

Philip Lonergan, James Cruze, Boyd Marshall, Sidney Bracy and Morris Foster are a few of the boosters for a tennis club at the Thanhouser studio. The arrangements are not yet complete but to date the boosters have planned on having some tennis courts put in behind the plant and on getting about five more members into the organization. The above mentioned are a self-appointed committee for the advancement of many sports in New Rochelle film circles.

King Baggot's admirers among the trade are many. It is accounted for by his cordial welcome and unassuming manner. The man who wears a natural grey streak in his hair-comb was lately asked to add his signature to an enthusiast's collection. What he wrote was, "Just King Baggot."

Harry C. Myers has long been known as one of the best natured "autographers" in the business. He lived up to his reputation when he stood at the Lubin booth and signed everything that came along from a fan to a handkerchief.

Edward Earle is now enjoying the use of both arms without the accompanying wince that their movement caused since the making of the Edison picture "The Hand of Horror." In the leading role, Mr. Earle had the pleasure of being a steeple-jack and performing stunts at dizzying heights. From hanging on ropes and things in the fulfillment of these duties, his muscles tightened and became so sore that it took many days of massaging to bring them back to their former comfortable condition.

Harry Carey, who plays the lead in "The Master Crackman," had the doubtful pleasure of chumming with a band of regular, dyed-in-the-wool "hobos" in order to put realism in a scene that represented him as a tramp. It took diplomacy to get them to agree to be photographed but after winning their confidence the director learned that they were the real thing—had an instinctive hatred of water.

If Crane Wilbur were not one of the pluckiest actors in the Pathe studio, he would not have lived through the past episodes of the "Pauline" series. He has been knocked unconscious, bruised and battered, but is still in the game.

As for Pearl White—she knows no fear. Her past experiences show that she is absolutely devoid of it when a good picture is needed; and this is not lack of judgment, either, for had she only needed an awakening to her risks she received it when she had her arms skinned clear to the elbows in one picture, when she fell down a flight of stairs in another, and when she was almost carried out to sea in a balloon, in a still later episode. Her object is to create thrilling realism when the story calls for it.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

PEARL I. K., NEW YORK CITY.—Jim Clark, the young farmer in Lubin's two reel feature "A Girl of the Cafes" was William E. Parsons.

FILMFAN, PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Chet Withey is no longer with the American Company. Our last record of him shows that he was appearing in Domino pictures made by the New York Motion Picture Corporation out in California.

MRS. B. G. R., JANESVILLE, WIS.—The "other man" in Nestor's "A Flash in the Dark" was E. J. Brady. Yes, you were right about Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport.

MISS VERA G., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—Sorry but we haven't any record of the cast in that Lubin film you mention. If, however, you will write Mr. D'Arcy, publicity manager of the Lubin Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pa., he will be glad no doubt to not only place this actor for you but also to supply his photograph for a small sum.

"PRINCESS PEGGY"—Yes "Snow" was Marguerite Snow's real name until she married James Cruze—Now of course it's Mrs. Cruze. The gardener in "The Rose Bush of Memories" (Reliance) was Courtenay Foote. Surely we will be glad to answer your questions. Send 'em along.

VIVIAN R., FT. WAYNE, INDIANA.—Kathleen Kerrigan, sister of the popular Warren Kerrigan, played that role in "Samson." She was specially engaged for that one production and does not regularly appear in Universal releases. Sssh! You mustn't ask such questions about Carlyle Blackwell, and Crane Wilbur. Isn't it a lot nicer to imagine them both single? Both the answers which appeared in back numbers of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL were correct. Alice Joyce was merely engaged at the time the first answer appeared, and when the second one went to press she was married. No charge is made for answering questions, so it will be unnecessary to send any remittance of any kind when submitting questions.

M. B. M., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—The most recent picture in which Kathryn Williams appeared was "The Leopard's Foundling" which she wrote and produced herself. Write the Selig Polyscope Company, Randolph street, Chicago, for list of films in which she is starred—there are hundreds of them and the list would be far too long to reproduce here. We're exceedingly glad to note that you like THE MOVIE PICTORIAL and such letters as yours are very encouraging. We hope to make you like us better and better as time goes on.

K. B. S., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.—We would like to suggest that you write us for sample copy of THE PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO which is devoted solely to the writing of scenarios for motion pictures and gives writers advice on where to place their scripts and how to overcome their faults. Don't believe you'd have much chance to succeed as a photoplay actress so you'd better give up that idea. There are already hundreds of applicants ahead of you at any studio to which you might apply for work, so you see you'd be almost certain to be disappointed.

ANXIOUS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Yes, the report seems to be true that Mary Fuller is leaving Edison for Universal. Can't tell you yet what brand of films she will appear in. Perhaps a new and special Fuller brand will be created as was done when Ford Sterling and Alkali Ike were acquired by the Universal.

H. M. K., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.—Interview with Francis X. Bushman has already appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You will find it in the July issue. Crane Wilbur will probably be interviewed in an early issue.

CAROLYN L. R., CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—Yes, Pearl Gaddis is a real girl—She used to be a scenario writer for the Sid Olcott Company, but now is devoting most of her time to literary work for THE MOVIE PICTORIAL and other publications. Yes, we quite agree with you that studio notes giving real "inside information" to the picture fans is interesting. It gives them a new insight into the whims, fads and peculiarities of their favorite screen stars.

CAIRE J., MOBILE, ALABAMA.—Florence Lawrence had a long and varied experience on the legitimate stage before entering the picture studios and her first work was done for Edison. Pauline Bush was also a stock and legitimate stage favorite before beginning her picture career. She was a member of the Belasco Stock of Los Angeles and Ye Liberty Stock of Oakland before joining the "Flying A" Company from which she came to the Universal.

SNOW-CRUZE FAN, CHICAGO.—It seems to us you are a bit unreasonable about demanding answers to your questions. The same queries were replied to in former issues of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL and now you send them in again. You can't expect us to answer your queries the day they are received—or at least to get the answers that quick. THE MOVIE PICTORIAL goes to press many weeks ahead of its date of publication and so the matter we are writing now probably won't appear in type for a few weeks. Be patient and look over the back numbers of this publication and we think you will discover every one of your queries has been answered.

GLADYS T., NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.—The complete cast of Thanet's "When the Wheels of Justice Clogged" is as follows:—Tom—Boyd Marshall; Nell—Mayre Hall; Jim, Nell's father—Mr. Murray; the sheriff—John Lehnberg; Manuel, a three shell gambler—Mr. Harns; and Pat, the bartender—Mr. Sherwood. The "Jim Reed" of Broncho's "The Wharf Rats" was Herschall Mayall.

CLAUDIA C., ST. PETER, MINNESOTA.—The ranch owner's wife in Eclair's "The Blunderer's Work" was Lucie K. Villa, and the niece was played by Edna Payne.

JOHNNY BULL, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.—You are right and your friend wrong. Edward Coxen was born in England and is not an Australian. While still a baby Coxen was brought by his parents to America and his childhood was spent in San Francisco.

ALBERT H., DALLAS, TEXAS.—The film manufacturers don't like to make public the means by which some of their most startling effects are secured, so we hope you will pardon us for not replying to your query. Honestly, we think a lot of the charm of the pictures would be lost for you, if you knew exactly how every trick was accomplished. Why spoil the illusion. Admire the result as much as you please, but don't try to discover "how the wheels go round."

CURIOUS, WATERLOO, IOWA.—No, Flora Finch is not Mrs. John Bunney. Bunney is married but his wife happens to be an altogether different lady than Miss Finch.

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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Perilling for Pauline

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JULY 18, 1914

NUMBER 11

"The Substitute"

A Beautiful Girl Saves a Mother's Reason and is Herself Saved

WELL," said Ann Haggerty, defiantly. She stared at the man whom she had been sent to see. First she had looked about her; they seemed to be alone. This was against the rules that Ann had been forced to learn. And it puzzled her. But a moment later she shrank, visibly. Her face, still a young, pretty, and sensitive one, was distorted by a look that held something of shame. Her eyes had fallen on a mirror; something she had not seen before since she had come to prison.

"Well?" she repeated. "What do you want?"

"Please try to understand that I wish to be friendly, Ann Haggerty," said the man. "I am a doctor, for one thing; I am old enough to be your father, for another."

"Look here—I'm straight. Get that?" said the girl. She met his look openly now, out of clear eyes. "I'm here—and that's all right, too. I'm not kicking—they caught me with the goods. But—"

"I know that, my girl," said the man. "I am Doctor Stanley, as they may have told you. I have looked up your case. You are just finishing a term as a first offender—for burglary. You were arrested at the same time as your brother, Bull Haggerty, a rather notorious thief. You had helped him in his robberies—I suppose because of the affection that you have for him or he has for you?"

"You suppose wrong," said the girl. "I hate him. He's bad, all the way through. He's not my brother, anyhow. His father married my mother—an' he adopted me—God knows why! He was my mother's second husband. Bull's no brother of mine."

"Then why did you—?"

"Help him to steal? I had to live, didn't I? An'—I had no chance! I could have—well—there were men! Bull wouldn't help me, unless I helped him. He told me to find some man, oh, you can guess, can't you? If you're a doctor you must be wise to those

By **ROBERT KERR**

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE TRAMHOUSER FILM

things—you must see them every day!"

Dr. Stanley's brow cleared.

"Yes, I can guess," he said, gently. "You relieve me a good deal, Ann. I feel sure, you see, that you are telling the truth. I don't undertake to say you were right—or wrong. It does not matter. That is past and done with. It is your future I want to discuss."

your amazing resemblance to another girl who was a patient of mine. You might be her twin sister. She—died."

"Too bad it wasn't me!" said Ann.

"She was an only daughter. Her death was a great and terrible shock to her mother. So great a shock, in fact, that it unsettled her reason. Now, though she is, comparatively, a young woman, she seems doomed to go through life, mad. There is just one chance for her. I believe that a delicate and difficult operation might restore her reason. But there must be no after shock. If it were necessary to explain her daughter's absence, to remind her of her daughter's death, it would be better not to operate, for there would be an immediate relapse. When I saw you I had an inspiration."

"You mean—you'd want me to pretend to be the daughter?" Ann stared at him as she asked the question.

"Exactly that! You are uncertain of your future. I offer you a home, loving care, comfort, even a small degree of luxury. And all in return for an imposition, a substitution that would be absolutely humane and kindly in its conception."

"I couldn't do it!" said Ann.

"I will guarantee that you can," said Stanley. "And if you fail, while no good will have been accomplished, no harm will have been done either. Think it over. I will come

"Don't be Frightened, Miss," Said His Owner. "I'm Only the New Groom."



The girl gave a hard little laugh.

"You should worry!" she said. "I suppose I'll do it over again, or I'll come to the other thing, or the river!"

"I think not," he said, decisively. "Ann, I can offer you a chance. You are wondering, I suppose, why I had them send for you?"

"Yes," she said, doubtfully, after a moment's pause. "If you were like some of the men I've seen I'd know! But, you don't look like them."

"I will explain," he said. "I was attracted by your face. He held up his hand. 'I don't mean by its—ah—prettiness,' he went on, with a smile. 'Though I don't deny that. But by

back to-morrow and, if you consent, you may leave this place at once. I should have to coach you; to furnish with all sorts of details, the things you would have to know. But that would be simple."

It took more eloquence than Stanley thought he possessed to win the girl over to his way of thinking. But he succeeded. And the next day, in the plain dress provided by the reformatory for discharged or paroled inmates, she left the place with him.

For Ann Haggerty, naturally quick witted, with her mind sharpened by the necessity under which she had lived of looking out almost

entirely for herself, it was a matter of comparative simplicity to learn to play the role of Ruth Sinclair, the girl who had died. Certain things favored Stanley in his plan. The dead girl had been a singer; by way of diversion she had made a number of phonograph records. These Stanley secured, and with their aid Ann was able to reproduce her voice, and, by constant practice, to effect such changes in her own as were necessary. Numerous pictures of the dead girl, too, made it easy to accentuate the resemblance between them; certain slight, but inevitable differences it would be easy to ascribe to changing styles.

And Dr. Stanley had an intimate acquaintance with the Sinclair family. He had brought Ruth Sinclair into the world; he had known her since the hour of her birth, both as physician and friend. He was able, therefore, to supply Ann with all sorts of intimate details, that would enable her to meet questions, to make talk, and, generally, to keep up the kindly deception. Ann herself, moreover, began to enter into the spirit of the experiment. What Stanley told her of the lives of mother and daughter brought tears to her eyes more than once.

"How I wish I had lived like that!" she said, once, wistfully. "If I had lived that way, I think—I might have been good!"

"My dear," said Stanley, gently, "no one who understands, as I do, is going to blame you for things that are the fault of your environment. You had no chance. But now you are to have a chance—it is for you to make the most of it. Many things will be hard for you. But I have made them easier, I think. As a physician, I shall use my authority to compel Mrs. Sinclair to move away. You will take up your life with her, if the operation is successful, in a place where both she and you are unknown. Here—it would be impossible. We could not take all those who knew of poor Ruth's death into our confidence. Some one would, sooner or later, betray the secret. But in that way it can be done."

Matters fell out as the doctor predicted. Mrs. Sinclair, helpless, underwent the slight operation, which was in no sense dangerous, although its success was highly problematical. The result, however, was a triumph for Stanley. And, when she had recovered, the first person she saw was Ann—whom she greeted, joyfully, as her daughter! All recollection of the truth was mercifully denied to her. Her memories were clouded. Some of the things that happened before the shock of her daughter's death she remembered; that, however, and everything subsequent to it, was completely blotted from her mind. Told only that she had been ill, she yielded readily to Stanley's orders to move to a small country place, where he himself had owned a summer house for a long time.

"I shall be near you there," he said. "I've been in harness long enough. It's time for me to retire. A few days in town, now and then, will be all I need."

Ann's life became one of quiet happiness. She had never, since her childhood, dreamed of such peace and comfort as were now her steady portion. She thrived under the stimulus of joy. Her beauty became more marked, and she softened quickly. The hardness that had frightened Stanley when he had seen her in the prison wore off; it had been a protective hardness, acquired by her because it was necessary to save her from the perils amid which she had lived. She proved a gentle girl, innately like the girl she was impersonating as well as being her physical double.

CENSORSHIP

Do you approve of censorship?

We don't.

And we are going to tell you why.

We are going to tell you who the people are who are behind the censorship, and why. (They are very superior persons who honestly believe—most of them—that it is their duty to protect the rest of us from seeing and hearing things that they hear and see themselves as a matter of course.)

We are going to tell you what sort of people are employed to do the work of this censorship—just how much common sense they devote to their job.

We are going to tell you what the result of this activity in behalf of censorship has been. (Perhaps we may say right here that one result is that in Chicago no moving picture theatre may make fun of a policeman, or cast reflection on a United States judge, or any other employee of the government.)

We are going to show why it is that censorship never has worked any better than it is working now in the United States.

We are going to explain why we believe censorship can never work any better than it is working now.

Finally, we are going to show that censorship is just as unnecessary as the men who wrote the Constitution of the United States thought it was.

Mr. Lucian Cary, who has made a special study of censorship, has written a series of brief articles which cover all these points.

We think that when you have read these articles you will agree with us that the censorship of moving pictures is undemocratic and unAmerican. We think you will want to do anything in your power to prevent a small group of "superior" persons from deciding what you are to see and what you are not to see when you go to the moving picture theatre.

The first article will be published next week.

"We have done well, little girl," said the doctor, when the experiment had lasted for six months, and there seemed no further danger of failure. "You have played your part admirably and I think it has been good for you, too. By the way, you will have to meet a test. Ralph Foster is coming for a visit. You must know of him. He saw Ruth—but only when she was little more than a baby. But he is the son of your mother's—of Mrs. Sinclair's—oldest friend. I will tell you enough of him to carry you through, as much as I know myself in fact."

The coming of Ralph Foster marked the second great change in Ann's life. Never before had a man touched her in any way. She had feared them; hated them; despised them. Stanley, of course, had been different. But he was not a young man; there was nothing about him that stirred her, filling her with strange, vague thoughts, arousing dormant instincts she had never known she possessed.

ugly, evil face had appeared.

"Don't be frightened, Miss," said its owner.

"I'm only the new groom."

He leered, and vanished. And Ann, sick at heart, retired to her room with a headache. For the face she had seen was that of Bull Haggerty, the half brother who had driven her into crime!

Haggerty, indeed, had tracked her down. That night, when she ventured into the garden, to find a forgotten wrap, he rose beside her.

"In soft, ain't you?" he jeered. "Well, my girl, so am I! I don't know the game, but if they knew you was my sister I guess it'd be queered—eh?"

"I'm not your sister!" she cried, furiously. "And—"

"It's near enough," he said. "I guess you'd be sent packing if I told what I know! Old lady's dippy, eh? Thinks you're her daughter, does she? And she's well lined. Got some



"Doctor," She Said, "I Know the Truth: This Girl . . . is Not My Daughter"

Between them, indeed, there came to pass something very much like love at first sight. Foster had been out in a world of men, doing his man's work. There had been no women in his life. But now, the time seemed to have come, for both of them.

Mrs. Sinclair, smiling, saw what was going on, and approved. Stanley, too, saw it, and was delighted. Before Ann even suspected the truth Stanley realized it. And he had no doubts. Despite all he knew of Ann's origin, of her imprisonment, he was sure of her.

But Ann, when she began to understand, was troubled. And one day, as she walked with Foster in the garden of the Sinclair house she started.

"Who is that?" she cried, putting out her hand to Foster.

In the shrubbery an

good looking jewels! Oh, I know the lay—had it all covered before I knew you was here! But I didn't expect any such luck as this!"

"Luck?" she cried. "What do you mean? You must go. I'll never let you rob this house!"

"Oh, yes, you will!" he said. "And, what's more, little sister, you'll help me! Or I'll split on you! I guess that fellow you've caught wouldn't want you very long after he'd had a talk with me! Or the old lady, either!"

"You'd never dare!" she said, with a sob.

"Don't think it!" he said, his tone changing. "What do I care for you? I'd give you away for the fun of it, if I didn't think I'd get more by using you. Listen, I'm in a hurry, too. Tomorrow night, leave the window of the parlor open. See? I can crack the safe, easy. You leave the window open."

He caught her wrist and twisted it, until the pain was almost unbearable.

"Will you? Or will I give the game away?" he snarled.

"Oh, yes, I will—I will!" she said. And fled, sobbing, as soon as he released her wrist. He chuckled as he looked after her. Not once did he turn or he might have seen the figure of the gardener, stalking him, and regarding him now, with a malevolent satisfaction.

Nor did Bull, not being a mind reader, suspect what the gardener did, much less did he suspect what he was. The man acted strangely—for a gardener. For, the next morning, finding Foster alone, he took him aside.

"These people are friends of your's, I take it?" he said. "Well, I'll show you this, then."

And he uncovered a metal badge.

"You're a detective? What are you doing here?" asked Foster.

"I work for the agency that looks after the



"Help!" Cried Ann . . . Foster and the Detective Were at Her Side in an Instant

Well, he's cooked up a scheme with the young woman here to get in after the old lady's jewels to-morrow night."

"You're a liar!" snapped Foster.

"Hard names don't hurt. I'm used to them," said the man. "I've got the right dope, sir. Listen."

And he told of the conversation he had overheard.

"There's some horrible mistake!" cried Foster, desperately.

"We can easily find out to-morrow night, sir," said the detective. "If he gets in, we'll be ready. I'd like your help, if you don't mind."

And to that Foster, having no choice, had to agree.

Dr. Stanley, who had been away, returned the next day. As was his custom, he visited Mrs. Sinclair at once. He found her reading a newspaper.

"Doctor," she said, "I know the truth! This girl who has been living here is not my daughter!"

Foster, standing nearby, heard. He turned a white face to them. And so he heard Stanley's confession.

"It was the only way to save your reason, Mrs. Stanley," he said, when he had told his story. "She has helped me nobly, and she loves you as well as your own daughter could."

"And I—love her as if she were my daughter!" cried Mrs. Sinclair. "This newspaper account has only

confirmed some suspicions I have long held. God must have sent her to me to comfort me."

But Foster, knowing what the detective had told him, went away, in an agony of fear.

If it should be true! If, for some reason, she should be in league with this villain Hag-

gerty—some spectre, rising from the dead past that had proved to be not dead but sleeping! He wanted to question her; he could not bring himself to do it.

"Wait, sir," said the detective. "Better to catch them both. The young lady's none of my affair. It's Haggerty I want. He's some hold on her. 'Tis that will make me the harder on him!"

The advice was good. To wait was the only thing to do. And so, that night, while the house slept, Foster and the detective waited. They were in the hall that led to the parlor, behind a curtain, when a soft footstep fell upon the stair. Down came Ann, clad in a negligee of filmy white. Slowly she crept to the window; opened it. Then she started back, and Foster, leaning perilously out, so that detection seemed inevitable, saw her press her hand to her heart as Haggerty slipped in. No word was spoken.

Foster strained against the detective's arm. "Wait! I want him red handed," said the man.

They waited. Through the stillness there came a whirring sound; Haggerty was trying the tumblers of the little wall safe. They heard the sibilant rush of his breath as the safe door opened.

"Now!" said the detective.

And in that moment a scream rang out. "Help!" cried Ann. "Help! I've caught a burglar!"

Foster and the detective were at her side in an instant. And Foster's eyes lighted up as he saw what she had done. She held an automatic revolver, levelled at Haggerty's breast.

"You double-crossed me!" snarled Haggerty. "I'll split on you—I'll tell them who you are."

"But—I know already!" cried Mrs. Sinclair. "My dear, you are not my daughter, but you shall be, as soon as I can adopt you!"

Ann clung to her, sobbing, as Haggerty was taken away.

Mrs. Sinclair looked at Ralph. What she saw in his eyes satisfied her. Gently she disengaged Ann's arms. Even more gently she pushed her away—toward the man who loved her.

Lucky

WILLIAM ELLINGFORD, an extra man in the employ of the Universal at the Hollywood (Cal.) studios, has just been notified that an eighth interest owned by him in a supposedly worthless prospect is worth \$120,000. Ellingford has often taken small parts in Universal pictures and only recently played a big part.



Foster and the Detective Waited. They Were in the Hall . . . Behind the Curtain

banks," said the man. "A while ago one of our banks was robbed and we were sure it was a crook called Haggerty that did the job. But we couldn't prove it. So I'm trailing him. We want him behind the bars—if not for the bank job, then for something else. I knew if I hung on to him I'd catch him red handed.

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF THIRD EPISODE:

The Princess Olga, in Norton's presence, told Florence that her mother (a cousin of Olga) had been confined in a Russian fortress seventeen years before and was undoubtedly dead. As the Princess left, Norton also departed, warning Florence to obey Jones at all times, cautioning her in such small matters as even against going to a neighboring store without the butler's knowledge. Norton promised to find Hargreave. Jones explained to the reporter that he would call up Norton's office by 'phone at a certain hour daily. Failing to receive the call, Norton was to investigate. That evening, Braine and Olga wrangled because Braine had bungled. The Princess expressed her views as to the identity of the rescued aeronaut, believing it was Orta, not Hargreave, but that the latter might have escaped before the balloon reached the sea. Braine also admitted that Katrina (mother of Florence) had originally been his sweetheart, but that he had used her as a decoy against Hargreave, with whom she later fell in love. It was decided that Olga should disguise as Florence and find the captain of the tramp steamer. So delighted was Braine with the plan, he agreed to marry Olga. Norton, in the meantime, suspecting the Princess, had verified her statements by cable, and he hastened to find the ship's captain, whose account of the rescued man was meagre, explaining that the fellow had become angry because the ship sent a wireless message. The balloon was described as having a car with mechanism to propel it against the wind. Norton bribed the captain to carry out a certain plot, involving a prearranged description of the aeronaut, saying that he had gone ashore with a package beneath an arm and entered a nearby warehouse, whose superintendent, Grannis, also agreed to admit the supposed package was in the safe, awaiting its owner. The reporter then hurried to the Hargreave home. Olga, disguised as Florence, sought facts from the captain, who told the story Norton had taught him. Grannis also carried out his part, refusing to give up the fictitious package without presentation of his receipt. That night, a gang, headed by Braine, raided the warehouse and blew open the safe, but the police were in wait and got all but Braine, who escaped.

BLOOD ties, a shattered romance, supreme selfishness and over-ripe felonious ambition mark what we see of Braine and Olga in this third episode, but the most interesting piece of news is this: The conspirators were belated in getting to the skipper of the tramp steamer. Braine is "out of luck." Like all criminals, his time has arrived to experience disappointments, and the Hargreave star right now is in the ascendancy.

Although the warehouse adventure figures as the close of the third episode, I shall give it first place in my discussion. Let us note carefully, too, that Jones and Norton are not only throwing dust in the eyes of the Black Hundred, but they are quite generous, and cast some of

it athwart our own vision. In conspiring with the captain of the tramp steamer, Norton had, as his primary object, the capture of the band. That would have removed much of the danger from the path of Florence and her father, provided he is alive. The reporter (and likely Jones, who was "in" on the plot) had another object, second in importance only to the undoing of the criminal organization. This object was to screen the possible movements of either Hargreave or the aeronaut. Let us see how this might work out:

1—If Hargreave had returned on that ship,

actually carrying any bundle, why did the captain require a description of the man and a package?

2—Was Hargreave in or near New York all the while, and did he send some one else out to meet the tramp steamer and "frame" the whole story?

3—Is it possible the steamer picked up no one, but that the captain was paid to report a rescue?

All of such elaborate preparations may seem sheer folly, but Hargreave would have entered into any ruse to entrap the conspirators and gain respite for himself. Let us not say that he would rush home to see his daughter. For seventeen years, he had remained away from her for her protection. He was accustomed to stifle his sentiments. He could do so a few weeks, months or years longer.

A point suggests itself to me that I shall jot down for your benefit: Hargreave has likely not connected Olga with Braine, or possibly either Braine or Olga with the Black Hundred, or Jones would have already been apprised of the fact. Jones and Norton have had their misgivings, I judge, or the reporter would not have cabled to distant Russia for information regarding Olga's past records. But it would not surprise me to see some shadow stalking along the trail of these malefactors. Jones or Norton or Hargreave will be connecting the fair Princess with their misfortunes, and then the fight will not be so one-sided as it has thus far appeared. Let us pay a little attention to Braine



The Gang Raids the Warehouse and All But Braine are Caught

he had money enough to bribe the skipper into silence. The man who did beat a hasty retreat down the gang-plank was reported as possessing \$5,000. Norton bought the captain for \$200.

2—If the man was Hargreave, he might have arranged for the story as a means of notifying Jones of his return.

3—If Hargreave was rescued, and did not wish to risk his neck in port, he could have corrupted the captain to lower and man a life-boat to take him to some other landing, such as Long Island affords in abundance. Apparently, the gentleman delivered from the sea was either indifferent or had planned the story. That it was not indifference was indicated by his hasty disappearance after the docking of the ship, as well as by his uneasiness regarding the operation of the wireless.

4—If the man who returned was the aeronaut, he may have known what Hargreave desired, or he may have done away with Hargreave. The latter supposition is not probable, because Norton was satisfied with whatever the captain had to say.

5—If Hargreave returned, he will begin to give evidence of that fact. But seeming proof must be weighed carefully lest we mistake some messenger of Hargreave for the master.

6—Had Hargreave returned, he may have instigated the plan that Norton carried out, with the aid of the skipper, Grannis and the police.

7—If Hargreave walked down the gang-plank

and Olga. Evidently there has been some heated discussion between them as to marriage. Braine's confession that Florence's mother was once his sweetheart cannot be very comforting to Olga. Braine would better be careful, because if he continues to fall and does not keep his promises to her, the Princess is going to "play safe" with the source of money—the Hargreave interests. Braine must have felt this same intuitive fear. Once a man begins to "slip," his superb nerve diminishes. He loses his "grip." It is easy enough for even a successful felon to be confident, poised, sure of himself. In my long career of righting wrongs (and of preventing wrongs, which is infinitely better), I have seen the most self-sure evil-doers "run against luck" such as is Braine's unpleasant experience just now. Despite their professed atheism, their profanity and bravado, criminals have a broad superstitious dread. They rarely analyse it, but once they feel that retribution has found them out, they seem to shrink up like a dry pea in its withered pod.

This inherent fear of the criminal classes (and I admit such a "class" not as a caste predestined, but as a result of wrong methods of training) lies in their knowledge that they are wrong. When you are right, you can fight. You have the will to fight. If you are wrong, much of the fighting spirit is subdued within you. I assume a normal mind in the weighing of right and wrong; not one drug-crazed and diseased. Braine feels the twinge of fear and guilt now and then. He is beginning to ex-

perience the first degree of horror, which takes the form of anger at his errors.

On the other hand, unless there are facts we have not yet viewed, Hargreave is in the right. He was not an evil sort of chap. When he escaped the unholy bondage that bound him to the Black Hundred, although their misrepresentations had caused him to join them originally, he did not betray them. He was willing enough to call it quits. And now, hunted to earth, he is going to strike back with that terrible cunning that made him free from persecution for seventeen years. I assume, you understand, that Hargreave lives. It appears logical that he does live. I do not take Norton's word, or Jones' word. There is not that finality to plans in the Hargreave household that would indicate the passing of its head.

If the Hargreave interests gain many more victories over Braine, Olga and their cohorts, Jones may become a little bolder. Just as failure unmans the best of men and unnerves the most daring crooks, so does achievement make even the most cautious over-sure. It is surprising what a little success will do. Will Jones (and he is human in spite of his stoicism and craftiness) become reckless enough to give us a clue that is dependable? As a matter of course, Mr. MacGrath has flaunted clues in our faces right and left. He has been generous with them—but for every true indication, he bequeaths us a wealth of false leads. We simply can't let him lose us. Adventure began to fairly pop with the story's opening, and there is no telling what it will lead us into. What folly there is to our settling back and feeling that we have the solution well in hand! That is what is going to leave many searchers in the lurch. Were it as easy as all that, then why all these episodes to come? Our greatest danger will be over-certainty. Plan as we might, we cannot be prophets. One is almost afraid to be a forecaster in so stirring a series of adventures, but for all that I feel quite certain that Mr. Braine is destined to suffer many disappointments shortly. Whether he will recover from them, we must wait to learn.

This run of ill fortune is going to do one of two things for Braine: It will shock him back into caution and careful planning, or else it will conquer him completely. I was going to say that I hope the latter result would be the answer. I am glad I thought of that word "hope," because you may fall into its web. In the ordinary affairs of life, hope is very precious and necessary. To the detective it is as dangerous as being stricken blind. Just hold your hope in leash, or you will be overlooking the most apparent of clues. Never mind for

an instant what you wish would occur; govern yourself by what does happen. Determination is quite a different quality. That is a child of the will—the will's very finest avenue. Therefore, while you must whip hope into such submission that it will not even whisper its sentiments regarding the outcome of "The Million Dollar Mystery," coach your determination and tackle each new problem with vim.

Let us now select a few more notations for your field book: Norton is unmistakably loyal to the Hargreave cause. The publication of that story about the rescue of a man far out at sea, was connected with Hargreave; it was "playing into his hand" as it were. This episode has proved that whoever the mysterious adventurer was, the man who returned on the tramp steamer has become a factor in our search. We must refrain from saying he was or was not Hargreave or the aeronaut. That is a matter the future must prove. The men captured in the warehouse raid were hirelings. Their arrest does not break up the Black Hundred by any means. The Princess continues to exercise her wiles over Florence. Jones "sits tight" on the job, just as though he had his hands full guarding something other than a secret.

In seeking to solve so baffling a mystery as this, you should keep your mind open to possibilities, whether they come to pass or not. By "chance"



The Captain's Account of the Rescue was Mysterious

likely billions of persons had watched objects fall to the earth, but it took Newton to connect the dropping apple with a great natural law.

The man who talks little, but who works under cover a great deal, is not an easy man to fathom. Such a person is Jones. He is as secretive as a clam, and yet knows exactly what might be worth ten thousand dollars to you to find out. That is why we must follow the round-about course of the story to get to the bottom of the facts held in the hollow of one man's hand! It is really provoking—but we must have patience. We must gather in each new incident as a part of our harvest. To get to the grain means the handling of an enormous amount of straw and chaff. The whereabouts of the million dollars is one kernel of grain in this tremendous gathering of events. The master-key that will unlock the secret, is not going to be recognized right away even if you find it. That key must fit many locks. The clue that will point unerringly to the solution of this baffling mystery will be presented in several ways. It will come in a fragmentary way. No matter how great our suspicions may be, we must prove the solution, and that means that we must keep watching for each new situation. Apart from the reward itself, there is this reason why we should keep right on looking for the marks that will lead to success: The story is intensely interesting. There is not a dull moment in it. And it is much more enjoyable to have something gripping to follow. I regret that the fourth episode is not in my hands this moment. But it will be—soon—in one more week!

(William J. Burns' next deductions on *The Million Dollar Mystery* will appear in the issue of July 25.)



That Evening Braine and Olga Wrangled

you might drop into the right rut, but ruts are dangerous. They shut out a clear view of other things. What contingencies do we face? Could some person other than Hargreave have escaped in the balloon? Is it possible that Hargreave is hiding in the mansion? Would Hargreave have some other young woman come and pose as his daughter, while the real Florence is on her way to some distant land? Was Braine's identification of Hargreave complete, or is Jones the real millionaire and Hargreave the faithful servant? I suggest these startling possibilities not as probabilities, but merely to show you how advisable it is to not rivet your mind to one line of reasoning until you are positive that you are on the right path. Taking any premise, we may construct a chain of events that would harmonize with our theory, and then, should the newspaper story and films bring about events that fit in with what we have assumed, we may feel that we are on the right track. The chief handicap we encounter at each twist and turn of the narrative is our imaginations, that may run riot. It is very easy for the mind to make its deductions too complicated, thereby overlooking the value of simple truths. Very



Does He Know the Secret of the Lost Million?

DURING his early career, George D. Baker, of the Vitagraph Company, was connected with a repertoire company that was hard on the rocks of financial shipwreck. It was his duty to obtain flour for paste, no matter how, so long as he did not ask for money. Mr. Baker was a complete success for about a week, but finally requested money. After a heated argument, he was carefully counted out nineteen pennies. Some hours later, the manager concluded to investigate. He found Mr. Baker and the star of the company comfortably ensconced in No. 1 dressing room, enjoying a feast of batter cakes purchased with the paste money.

The Hardest Worked Man

The Motion Picture Director's Assistant

By WILLIAM RICHARDS



Jones Stands Behind the Director and the Camera Man, Watching and Waiting

THERE are lots of hard working people in the picture game. The average director reckons that about his only leisure time is the time spent with his head on a pillow; property men do not usually finish their work when they leave the studios of an evening and—well, in fact, those who are successful in motion pictures, no matter what position they hold, work beyond the limits fixed by labor commissions, the unions, or the average working man.

But—there is one man whose work is NEVER done. I refer to the director's assistant.

There is a director's assistant and an assistant director, and there lies the difference. The lot of the former is harder than that of the latter, for the assistant director merely helps the director direct, and as a rule acts too, whereas, the director's assistant has duties innumerable, which are hard to define, but which seem to include anything and everything.

We will go through a day's work with a director's assistant. Not knowing one whose name is Jones, we will call him Jones and if there should be a Jones assisting a director, may he note that we do not have him in mind in case we say anything which may hurt his sensitive soul.

Jones rises early—very early, and he probably gets his own breakfast, for he has come home very late the night before. During breakfast he is worried with the half-conscious thought that there is some detail of the day's arrangements that he may have forgotten, and for the fiftieth time he runs over his long list of "things to remember." He has a look at his sleeping boy and kisses his half awake wife (he may see something of them next Sunday—if they do not have any retakes on that day) and hastens to the studios.

Arriving there he finds that the scene to be used and which should be set up the first thing, is not even started. Possibly one property man is late and Jones has to cajole, bully and beg to get the other property men and scene setters going on the set. The painter has omitted some necessary detail and has to be dragged unwillingly away from his work to remedy the deficiency. The director appears, "Why isn't the scene ready, where are the actors and actresses, are they all here and getting made up,

why aren't these things seen to?" Off goes poor Jones (he never argues) and finds that Miss De Smythe refuses to make-up because someone has been put in her room to dress with her. "She had never permitted it and never would and if" Jones pacifies the indignant lady and hunts up the manager and after an argument succeeds in persuading him to allow him (Jones) to find some other room for the invader.

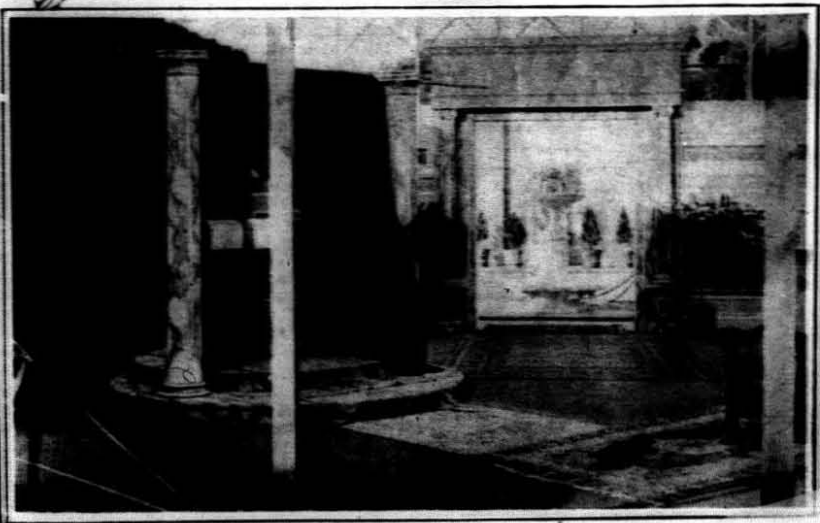
Whew! back to the stage. "Hey, Jones, what is all this? Look at that broken vase and those rotten chairs. Are they suited to a rich man's room? What is that cheap chromo doing on the wall?" etc., etc. Jones hastens to assure his director that these things are contrary to specifications and orders, and has a heated argument with some property men and a comedy producer who have appropriated his director's rightful property—pro tem. At last the scene is ready and the actors and actresses are rounded up—all save one minor character and nobody has seen him. Another actor has to be found and hastily made up by the director's assistant.

Jones Must Arrange for Horses, Equipment and Uniforms for These Big Military Productions



Just then one of the principals is discovered to be wearing a dress that she did NOT have on in a previous scene. "Why on earth didn't you say something, Jones"—this angrily from the director. Jones would like to state he was busy elsewhere but it would not do any good. Instead he hunts up the transportation head to make sure that the three automobiles will be ready when the "inside" scenes are finished. He is interrupted by impatient calls of "Jones—JONES—JONES" and hurries in again. "Where the dickens have you been Jones, never around when you are wanted," complains the director. "I've mislaid my script, where's yours?" Jones parts with his script which is covered with notes for his own guidance and is about to run off to make some further arrangements when Mr. Director again calls him back. "Say, Jones, that Bray boy is no good whatever as the office manager. Just go and make up for the part. Make up with a full beard, too, as I want you to make up 'straight' later, and for goodness sake hurry up,

Jones is Kept Busier than Ever When a Set of These Costumes Must be Prepared



you are keeping us all waiting." So Jones hurries. On his return the director says, "Now we can start!" whilst Jones smiles oddly to himself and wonders whether any one else thinks they are working. For an hour or two he acts, gives suggestions, looks up properties and superintends the changing of scenes, dots down the footage or the amount of feet each scene has taken and does a hundred and one other little duties which are supposed to be of no account.

The time arrives for the company to start for outside locations, and the automobiles are not on hand and have to be rounded up. The director swears and blames Jones. They get started and if any small item is forgotten it is Jones' fault and so it goes until the end of the day. Then Jones consults the script and arranges with his director what scenes shall be taken tomorrow, and what extras will be needed, what dresses required, etc. This takes time, and Jones is somewhat sourly received by the actors and actresses for "keeping them hanging around" awaiting information as to tomorrow's happenings and requirements. Some of the principals have gone and Jones has to telephone them later and keep on telephoning until he can get them. As the director goes out he says, "Arrange about all tomorrow's sets tonight, Jones, and don't let us have the annoying waits we had today. I cannot see to everything, you know. And by the way, Jones, just try and lick the next scenario into shape tonight, there's a good fellow. You haven't got anything else to do!"

Sometimes the actors and actresses have a day off between plays but not so Jones. He assists at cutting and joining the film from early morn till late at night, on a "day off."

Is Jones exaggerated? In places possibly but very, very little. Jones will tell you not at all. Why does Jones do it? He has been a capable but not a brilliant actor, he has never forced himself very much nor advertised and he does not possess the physique or the good looks which go to the make-up of a leading man, therefore his salary can never be very large as an actor. He has been stage-manager of several stock companies, and knows the business thoroughly and he looks forward to being a director "some day." The trouble with Jones is that he is not very "pushful," he waits for

the opportunities to come to him and sees men with less knowledge, but with more ego being appointed directors over his head. Usually he is a good and faithful servant and a poor ruler of men.

In the main, he is poorly paid for what he accomplishes and more often he is not treated with the consideration due him. His director really appreciates his worth at heart, but gets into the habit of taking advantage of his willingness and of easing his own worries by laying them on Jones. Jones is a worthy

fellow and a good citizen, thoroughly likable and thoroughly responsible—and he's got the worst job in the game.



Jones Has a Pleasant Apartment from Which to Chase the Next Day's "Tropics"

Married Again

THE best thing I do is to be a bride," says Grace Darmond, ingenue lead with the Selig Company. (Business of heating the electric curling irons with a sigh at the rising temperature.)

"I just hate cool people, I get all overheated and it makes me mad to see anybody else looking comfortable." (Business of testing the hot irons with a moistened finger tip.)

"What is the use of curling my hair on a day like this. Anyway, my bridal veil will cover it up so I shall just make a few curls around my face and let the back of my head alone." (Business of wrapping hair around the hot irons.)

And while such proceedings were going on with short ejaculations from this rising young person of the motion picture business it was gathered that Grace Darmond was born in Toronto, Canada, just nineteen years ago, of an Italian father and an Irish mother. And Grace is a charming bit of femininity, combining the good traits and characteristics of her parental nationalities.

Miss Darmond had eight years' experience on both the legitimate stage and in vaudeville before coming to the Selig Company five months ago, so that the art of acting is nothing new to her.

"But I just tried screen work out of curiosity and on a dare, and now I like it lots better than the regular stage work." (Business of touching up the lips with red cosmetic)—more ejaculations!

"I liked my part in the title role of 'Edith's Burglar,' but then, you know, living at home certainly does beat this traveling show business all to pieces. Mother and I keep house together in the dearest little apartment on Clarendon avenue, within easy walking distance of the studio.

(Business of adding a trace of black grease paint to the eyebrows.) "I was also in 'Auld Lang Syne' on the Orpheum circuit for a long time, and had a number of other engagements with stock, etc. But of all the work I ever did I think I prefer pictures. I was amazingly surprised at the versatility I had to cultivate when I first came into this studio. It is something different every week. Sometimes I am supposed to be a good little girl, again I am naughty, sometimes I elope, sometimes I die of a broken heart, but the thing I do most often is to be a bride."

Miss Darmond has had various experiences in her "marriages." But still she marries again and again!



It is No Small Job to See That the Costumes Used in These Large Productions are Correct in Every Detail and on Hand When the Time Comes



J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

VI—The Gymnastic Dollars

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLIXTON SHEPHERD

"SO THIS is really Dolly Ewing!" Jack Walling gasped, as he gazed, enraptured, into the laughing eyes of the girl he secretly never expected to see again, since their tiff in New York.

"I guess it is," Dolly admitted, with a chuckle that had a flaw in it—as though she wanted to add a little sobbing just to prove her happiness. Walling sighed—not wearily at all. He was coming back to earth again, and now he knew who sent the roses when he was sick—and he understood why he had pulled himself out of the mire a failure and become fired with his renewed ambition to make good.

"How did you ever happen to get out to Chicago?" he queried eagerly.

"Oh, I decided to be a movie actress," Dolly retorted teasingly. "And now I'm a member of the staff of the Sensational Film Company. I'm to go up in an aeroplane soon—and the plane is to catch fire, and a dare-devil bird-man is to rescue me, and we're to fall in love and—"

"Never do any falling of any kind up in the air!" Jack cautioned. Then he began to feel that Dolly needed watching over, and his chest inflated itself with the importance of the mission. "Besides," he added, after getting a firm grip on his courage, "you're not going up in an aeroplane at all. If there's to be anything up in the air, I'm it. I'm accustomed to it. I've been in the air a long, long while. Gee, Dolly, but it seems as though those days in New York must have been in some other life."

Beside them stood the laundry proprietor who had been watching the film with its catchy little advertising plot dovetailing into his business. "It's a corker!" the mutilator of linen collars chuckled. "That was one dandy little scheme. And, say, I own some stock in the Lake View Garage. Couldn't you frame a screen around that idea?"

In the dark pit of the "Trojan," Walling was pressing one of Miss Ewing's willing hands—or was the hand only weary and listless? He heard the laundryman's voice like an echo through a fog, and admitted that he could advertise anything through the movies—even to instilling into the public, sound, abiding faith in taxicabs, including their meters about which funny men (who were obliged to ride on street cars!) jested so unmercifully.

Kind reader, have you ever stood waveringly at a counter meditating whether to content yourself with the 39c kind or spend 63c, and receive a shock that awoke your envy to a green flame when a man of consequence has brushed you aside, pointed to the three-dollar article, and said, in mandatory tones, "Gimme that!"? The effect was to make you feel horribly impotent and poor, and you resented not only the chap with ready money, but most of all your own deplorable fiduciary state. You wished all of a sudden to be world's trustee for all its funds. That was Walling's frame of mind. He wanted ready money. As it was, he was in debt to Dorgan and months must pass before he could once more feel the velvet of a roll of currency—provided something didn't happen.

"Mother is here—and Bobby, too," Dolly whispered. "We have taken an apartment in Edgewater. New York didn't seem the same after grandpa died—and—"

Walling wanted her to say, "and you came west," but she added, "and so we decided to move somewhere—any place where we'd see only strangers."



"Oh!" Jack observed, and he felt suddenly about four sizes smaller. As the days passed, however, and Walling found a welcome at the Ewing home, his heart ceased having a leaden corner. Of course, Dolly did have other company—her fellow-players in the Sensational Film, and an advertising man or two, whose flattery pleased her. She liked successful men. This truth she confided in Walling, and at times he suspected that her purpose in Chicago was to torture him just a little.

Big ideas often begin in small ways. No body sees the fermenting power in yeast, but it is there just the same. Nor does any one detect the big idea when it is young and slumbering. One afternoon, a silver dollar dropped out of Walling's hand, and it rolled in circular fashion on the floor and came back to his feet, and all at once he became excited about the active principles of money. If one can get them to roll back as rapidly in business, they will bring their earnings with them. Money merely as money, is of small consequence, but money as a vehicle for the conveyance of commercial thought, is a thing to reckon with—a power. Walling's ideas constructed themselves like a chain. Suppose, as the first link, he could convert the "Trojan" into a ten-cent house and keep it filled. Then suppose, as the second link, he could make his movie advertising plan pay. Again, once, he was free from the pressing duties of the "Trojan," why couldn't he "groom" theatres for sale; that is, build up their patronage by getting high-class features for them, and turn them over to buyers at a profit? Pretty soon, he would have capital enough to retain the best, and this would lead to the ownership of a chain of theatres, with all of the economies of "the community of interests" idea in active operation.

Dorgan blinked hard when Walling suggested the ten-cent gate, but Dorgan was game, and the North Side Scandinavians were betting on him. When the announcement flashed on the screen, the audience whistled, but nothing indicated whether the reception was appreciative or antagonistic. They added two reels and made it a ten-day service, and waited hopefully at the end of a week of advertising. Sunday was to be the beginning of the dime regime. Saturday noon a squad of "sandwich" men began to parade the adjacent streets. The legends they bore were different and all were distinctive. One read thus:

Lulu is a Friend of Mine!
Dainty Lulu Will Keep You Laughing Through 2 Reels of Ripping Mirth in "Lulu and Her Lovers"
Four Other Big Features Sunday Afternoon and Evening at the TROJAN
Now 10c for an Hour and a Half of Fun!

Others began in this manner: "Oh, You Dime! What would pay your car-fare to see a show down-town will give you an hour and a half of solid enjoyment at the Trojan!" Or, "Walk both ways—a Dime gets you in—the show holds you there for 90 minutes." As a result, the canvass was complete, and Sunday came on like the drippings from a wringer on wash-day. It was a sudden, miserable, untempting Sunday, and Dorgan clenched his ample fists and said things. The weather has played some mangy tricks in its time, and consults no one (and the weather forecaster is no exception) when it grows weary of sunshine. That explains why Sunday checked off on the wrong side of the ledger—but even the weather will become tired of its pranks.

When the first week's business was totaled, Dorgan and Walling found that they were ahead of the nickel price with a net profit of more than two hundred dollars. The "Trojan" was working out its own salvation and Walling's lips began to pucker in tuneful inspiration. About once a week he saw Dolly. Occasionally they chatted over a lunch at some down-town cafe, but the Loop knew little of them. More frequently they selected some North Side restaurant and exchanged ideas. Dolly was doing gloriously with the Sensational Film Company, and audiences were beginning to make note of her and applaud when her smiling countenance beamed down upon them from the screen. That she was shaping her own career was quite evident to Jack, who was proud of her despite his worry over her popularity.

The laundry film that Walling had planned, showed a profit. Others of its kind were undertaken. Inside of two months, Walling turned over to Dorgan enough to complete payments on his half interest, and now "fifty-fifty" was the rule. This gave Walling an income of five hundred dollars monthly, and opened the way for his larger scheme—the "grooming" of moribund picture houses. The first of these that looked at all likely was on a side street, with no competition within three blocks. It was in Ravenswood, and the neighborhood was composed of a solid, prosperous class of Americans. Walling played sleuth for a while, attending performances and watching results. He came to the conclusion that the exhibitions were too tawdry. What the theatre needed was something better. It had an air of listlessness about it—an indifference—that was foreboding. The owner placed a price of \$1,800 on it, but Walling demurred. The owner came down to \$1,500, but Walling shook his head.

"I have an offer to make to you," he said finally. "You can take it or leave it. I am considering a dozen others that look as likely as your house. I will take this place for a month, pay the bills, handle the money, select the features. I will pay you a rental of ten dollars a day net, and at the end of a month will offer the house for sale, giving you a guarantee of a thousand dollars and one-third of all I receive over one thousand." The owner was weary of failure and the contract was drawn up. Six blocks away there was a similar

house, and a like plan was accepted by its proprietor. Then Walling performed a flank movement. It was this:

He arranged for five films an evening. Each theatre was to have one film to start the show, but the other four were to be interchanged. The "North Star" house opened with "Polly's Dad." The "Northwestern" started with "The Tattler." Immediately following "Polly's Dad," the "North Star" showed, "His Wife Turns Detective," and then, "Joe's Flying Machine." After running off "The Tattler," the "Northwestern" reeled off, "Weary Willie's Bad Dream," and then "Curfew." As soon as "His Wife Turns Detective" was shown at the "North Star," it was hurried by motorcycle delivery to the "Northwestern," and it brought back "Weary Willie's Bad Dream." Again when the "North Star" completed "Joe's Flying Machine," the motorcycle carrier took it to the "Northwestern" and brought back "Curfew." This cut down the cost of the film service.

For several days before his contract started, Walling was so busy arranging his "Trojan" program and pacifying Dorgan, who was filled with a longing to go home to Ireland for a vacation, he had plenty to do. Also, he arranged a sort of pretended "warfare" between the "North Star" and the "Northwestern." Thousands of attractive dodgers were scattered among the homes, part of which told how the "North Star" was going to scoop the "Northwestern" stone-blind, and the balance giving the "Northwestern's" viewpoint of this mortal conflict. The "North Star" adopted a color scheme. It advertised to give away pennants—to every lady—beautiful pennants bearing the name, "North Star," provided that lady came on the following Monday evening. The "Northwestern" immediately advertised that it would give away—positively free of cost—a long stemmed rose.

The race was on, and premiums appeared as often as twice a week. The theatres were running neck-and-neck in attendance, which was quite natural considering the similarity of their programmes and premiums. Besides, Walling quite willingly turned back every penny of net profit, because he was keeping books to show how unselfish he had been in building up the business.

Events sailed smoothly enough until the Wednesday of the third week. The feature films were exceptionally good, and street-corner idlers were laying bets on which theatre had the big story first on its programme.

Suddenly a boy raced up to the "North Star" box office and shouted to Walling, "Your messenger's pinched for speedin'!" Walling

squawked. The film on its way back was due to go on in ten minutes. "The cop took him to the Town Hall station!" the boy continued breathlessly, "and the guy on the wheel, he says to tell you he can't give up the fillum till he makes the cop b'lieve it ain't part o' the machinery. Gee, but that messenger is sore. Say, mister, kin I get in free for tellin' you?" A side street location. Not an automobile in sight! Walling groaned and mopped his beaded brow. There was a clock in the box office and it began to show its speed. "Town Hall Police Station!" Walling moaned. "Oh, Lord, why did the boy speed?" Down the street there came an athematic chugging that sounded like two Mexican volunteers trying to imitate an entire army. With the spasmodic popping there also approached voices, raised in wrangling argument. And then the cause of it all appeared: The motorcycle messenger leading his fractious gasoline steed and saying, "I can't help it if it won't work. It's on th' blink, honest it is. That's why it ran so fast at first and now won't run at all. Let's get in the light here and see if you can fix it, bein' as you're a motorcycle bull."

Walling heaved a sigh of relief as he rushed to the scene of the dispute and rescued the film. "What's the fuss?" he inquired as he rejoined the men. "Speedin'!" the officer replied with a snarl, as he looked down disgustedly. "Runnin' forty-two miles an hour!" Walling opened his eyes in wonder. "Now he says it won't work," the cop observed, as he left his own motorcycle. "My partner wasn't with me at the time. I ain't much good on machinery myself, but this guy has got to come along."

Jack hastened into the theatre and called up Dorgan, stating the case clearly. And Dorgan called up the Town Hall station and asked Sergeant Mulvane to have a word with his man. The sergeant pacified the officious minion, and Walling breathed easier.

Then he saw more breakers ahead. "Charley," he said nervously, addressing the messenger. "It's up to us to get that cycle fixed in the next fifteen minutes. How can we do it?" The other laughed in the glee of his triumph. "It don't need fixin'. Say, I've held two garage jobs just on puttin' machinery to the fritz so's the owners 'd get repair bills. What chance has a cop got against a game like that? Besides, I wasn't runnin' no forty-two miles. I watched my speedometer, and I'll swear thirty-seven's the best I made!"

The month finally rounded itself out. And Walling began to advertise his houses. He had the momentum now. This is the way one of his ads read:

A 5-Cent House, taking in \$1,925 Weekly, at a Profit of \$185, at YOUR OWN PRICE. Come every night for 1 week—and then Bid! Don't investigate if you can't pay CASH. The biggest theatre bargain in Chicago.

He had five prospects watching developments at the "North Star," and four at the "Northwestern." At the end of the first week, the "North Star" showed a net of \$265.85, and the "Northwestern" ran \$258.60. Every prospect was keen on landing so delicious a plum—and Walling played one against the other. At the very height of the bidding, he looked very serious, and said, "Gentlemen, I feel that I am making a mistake to sell." Just at that juncture, an excited Irishman rushed through the door of the "North Star" and cried anxiously, "Be you the feller as talked to me yesterday? I thought so. Well, I want to buy this theayter right now. What's bid? Thirty-two hunner? I'll make it thirty-two fifty. Here's your coin, too—"

"Not so fast!" one of the others retorted. "I'll make it thirty-five hundred." The Irishman counted

his bills and looked infinitely sorry, but he'd lost.

"Good work, Dorgan!" Walling greeted him when it was all over. "Now, work it the same way at the 'Northwestern' this afternoon." The "Northwestern" brought thirty-six hundred. According to the terms of the transaction, Walling paid each owner one thousand dollars and one-third of all he received above that figure. This left him \$3,400 in profit. He bought out Dorgan's half interest in the "Trojan" for \$2,500, and had \$900 left, and decided to take a breathing spell on a net profit of a thousand dollars a month. In the four months since he had arrived in Chicago, Walling had bought a picture-house that would have filled the cup of any ambitious man to the brim. He felt that he had sort of re-established himself with Dolly, but the drain on his time, and her own engagements, made their meetings few. And this was wearing on Walling. He was able to feel the velvet of the money in his pockets again, but it wasn't at all as it had been when he and Dolly walked together to the subway in New York. Jack felt a tightness in his throat every time THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and THE MOVIE PICTORIAL praised Dolly's work. It was fine, of course. And she had certainly proved that she could be successful without his help. Once he had dreamed of being a producer, with Dolly in every cast that would show her to advantage. Even the measure of his success on Belmont Avenue did not carry the right sort of joy with it. But this much it did do: It made Jack Walling determined to win big. No moderate success would ever suit him. It had to be the top or nothing. The quest was born in his sinews. To cramp him to proprietorship of a single theatre was like leading a blood hound over a trail that had been fumigated.

"Before Christmas," he said to Dolly one noon as they ate lunch in a little restaurant out on Argyle, "I'll own two other houses. They'll be far enough away from one another so they won't compete. I'll use the same advertising ideas for all of them, simply changing the name on the circulars and posters. Some day I'll have a house or two in the Loop. And then—"

"And then," Dolly interrupted, "the call-boy will thump at your door and tell you that it's time to get up!"

"Indeed! Well, Dolly, you're going to tell your gentlemen friends about me and be proud to say 'I knew him back on Amsterdam Avenue when he made his first try.'"

Dolly was extremely pensive for a few



Down the Street Came an Athematic Chugging Like Two Mexican Volunteers Trying to Imitate an Entire Army



And Then the Cause of It All Appeared: The Motorcycle Messenger Leading His Fractious Gasoline Steed

moments. She was thinking of the time when she had squared her obligations with Walling, and of the fact that had it not been for Jack, she never would have found her wealthy grandfather, and all of the ease that money had the power to buy.

"I intended to tell you a long time ago," said Dolly, with a touch of apology in her voice, "that I invested all my own inheritance in the Sensational Film organization. I own control. I am getting rich so fast, I don't know what to do with all the money. I was wondering if you didn't want a partner—"

Outside of the restaurant, there was a commotion. The chief's auto sped, by first, and then the hose-cart and the fire-engine. Walling paid the check hastily, and they were soon mingling with the throng. Other companies of firemen were coming, and the air was filled with the hoarse, dreary notes of sirens and the clanging of gongs. Silently, Walling and the girl kept step with the surging throng. A few blocks from them vast volumes of smoke were filling the upper air. Then they could see the red tongues of the flames, and hear the pulsing of the pumps.

They were running now, because they could see the building, and it was doomed.

"Our apartment house!" Dolly screamed, but the impotency of fear seized her. Walling was missing from her side. He had raced through the police lines and was fighting through the smoke. The Ewing apartment was still free from the worst of it. Walling did not reason why he took the chance. There are times when something of a finer nature supplants thought. He was at the landing on the third floor, and he hurled himself against the door. It gave a little. Then he attacked it again and again. He fell in with it. Swirls of smoke were closing his eyes and he coughed until he feared he'd strangle. He gained his feet, but almost immediately stumbled over a prostrate form—Dolly's mother. Just how he made his way down the creaking, sagging stairs, he never knew. But the burden seemed light and his muscles filled with the fire he and the fortunate woman had escaped. A few minutes later, as he opened his eyes, he said, "Yes, I need a partner. What was that, Dolly. I need a partner?"

But mastering the sobs of joy that shook her until her voice was unnatural in its pitch, Dolly replied, "There, Jack, just keep quiet here on



Just How He Made His Way Down the Creaking, Sagging Stairs, He Never Knew

the grass. Mother is all right—there, keep still." But through the films that covered his inflamed eyes, Walling had seen the crowd.

"Gee, what a house we've got tonight!" he babbled foolishly, and then fell to dreaming that he was estimating the receipts with a scoop-shovel, while the police were beating back the mobs that demanded to see the man who had saved the auburn-haired girl's mother.

(The next Walling story will appear in the August 1st issue.)

Reel Excitement

BECAUSE an excited spectator kicked the motion picture camera and spoiled the picture, Eddie Gordon of the Blache Company repeated a dangerous plunge into the Hudson River on a motorcycle to furnish a thrilling climax for the four-reel photodrama entitled "The Yellow Traffic."

The first plunge was made from a sheer cliff fifty feet high near Highbridge, New York. The plans called for a dash over the edge of the cliff at sufficient speed to insure the landing of the actor in deep water, but the bushes at the edge of the rocks slackened his speed to such an extent that he fell close to the face of the cliff, turning over and over in mid air and tearing his clothes on projecting points of rock during his descent. He landed in eleven feet of water with his torn clothes so entangled in the motorcycle that he was only saved from drowning by the presence of mind of James Johnson, the director of the picture, who leaped into the water and brought him to the surface.

The picture of his remarkable feat would have been invaluable, but for the fact that the camera was moved by an excited spectator and only the first part of the fall was recorded.

A new motorcycle was purchased and the plunge arranged to take place from the pier of a large sugar refinery at Edgewater, New Jersey. The success of the second picture was threatened by the sudden appearance of several hundred employees of the company who swarmed out upon the pier after the motorcycle had started at terrific speed for its plunge into the river. But the camera man succeeded in keeping his lens pointed at the daredevil rider who shot from the end of the pier like a catapult and successfully enacted the remainder of the scene.

A serious accident occurred when Miss Grace McHugh of Denver, leading lady of the Colorado Motion Picture Company, and Owen Carter, assistant camera man of the company, were drowned in the Arkansas River. Carter had just "rescued" Miss McHugh for a thrilling film and both were safe on a sand bar when last seen. When assistants emerged from a clump of bushes on the shore to bring them to land, the pair had disappeared.

Art in the Movies

By Penrhyn Stanlaws

THE bringing of a million persons directly into one's studio and permitting them to watch one at work on a canvas, comes as a somewhat startling thing when its possibilities are considered. And then when this million persons is joined by other millions, an artist may feel almost as though the whole world were looking on.

As a means of spreading the desire and cultivating a taste for art, the motion picture has possibilities beyond all other human inventions. One draws, let us say, a cover design for a great magazine. The circulation may be tremendous in a magazine way, but it is almost slight when the motion picture is contrasted with it. The motion picture makes it possible to show to the many, the processes through which the artist goes in arriving at the finished product. This tends to arouse a sympathetic interest in art and artists. If they be skillful and their work meritorious, so, in



Penrhyn Stanlaws and His Pastel Portrait of Our Mutual Girl

proportion, will the sympathetic interest be increased.

It has now become trite to say that motion pictures are in their infancy, but my own experience in drawing Miss Norma Phillips (Our Mutual Girl) before the lens of a motion picture camera gave me the suggestion that the motion picture art is limited only by the imagination of those who follow it. Thus its possibilities are certainly greater than can be definitely prophesied.

I confess that, when I was drawing, I had no thought that millions of persons were looking in at my studio door; otherwise I might have been the victim of some slight embarrassment. I proceeded naturally with my work though, of course, somewhat faster than is usual with me. I regard the experience and the result with considerable pleasure.

Note. Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws recently drew a pastel portrait of Miss Norma Phillips (Our Mutual Girl) and had his work recorded by the motion picture camera.

The above statement was made by him after he had seen his work as the camera portrayed it.

Star Light, The Strand

And Renee Kelly

LONDON—with the golden twilight of a long English evening in late May drifting over Trafalgar Square

and glimmering on all the western-facing windows of the Strand, a city of swift movement, of countless lights, of many races of men, of pleasures, of riches, of achievement, a city to whose gates come all the roads of the modern world, a city whose verdict of "Thumbs up!" or "Thumbs down!" settles for all time the fate of the artists of the theater—lifted its banner one night, but a little more than two years ago, to pay tribute to the artistry of a slender girl with deep blue eyes, peach-blossom cheeks, and Titian-red hair, a girl who had slipped unknown into a theatre in the shadow of Nelson's Monument and who came to the footlights at the end of the play to receive the plaudits of the most fashionable audience of the greatest city of all.

The girl, Renee Kelly, frightened a little, amazed a little more by her good fortune, responded to the bravos with the hesitation of youth and inexperience in the taking of curtain calls. She tried to make a speech, but the words dwindled down into a phrase that she half-gasped as she looked over the lights to the brilliantly-gowned women and distinguished men who had given her their praise. "Oh, it's so very good to be alive!" she said.

She said it again but a few days ago in a setting far from London, a big bright studio at the plant of the Selig Polyscope Company in Chicago, the great, yellow building out on the prairies near Riverview. The two years between that night at the theater on the Strand when she blazed into the triumph of a London season with the only successful play of that summer, a wisp of a comedy called "Ann," have brought Renee Kelly from comparative obscurity into recognition as one of the most important factors in the comedy drama of the future, but they have not changed the fresh ingenuousness of her manner nor her vivid interest in everything that comes within the range of her big, blue eyes. With the gray mist of a Chicago rain driving against the windows, she talked gaily of everything on which her alert mind lighted until the room was aglow with the curious gleam that only such personality as her's can give. From Trafalgar and St. Martin's in the Fields to North Western avenue was a far cry, but Renee Kelly traversed it with the joy of a Stevensonian traveler and the zest in living that was revealed in every change of her mobile face.

She came into moving pictures because of a situation that many another star of the spoken drama has faced, the closing of a play that had started with promise and that closed without promise. She had been playing the heroine of "The Speckled Band," that play which the critics unanimously applauded but which went down to defeat. She has stayed in the motion picture work because she has found in it certain elements that the older drama has not possessed. She counted them off in explanation of her enthusiasm about motion picture work.

She talked with that exquisite English accent that cold print will never reproduce, and laughed often with a silvery laugh that somehow suggested the cherry orchards of Kent. Her husband, Hylton Allen, who has acted in the same companies with her since they met some seven years ago, had just gone from her dressing room, followed by her radiant smile and her order to him to meet her in time for tea. "Isn't it lovely to have regular hours like regular people?" she said happily. "Breakfast

By KATHERINE SYNON

in the morning, instead of at noon? Luncheon in the middle of the day, a late tea when we are through early on a dark day, and a leisurely dinner at night?

"We live down on Irving Park boulevard, just fifteen minutes ride from the studio here," she went on with the swift desire of a child to give confidence, "and we have breakfast at seven in the morning, and dinner at seven at

when Eve Davenport—perhaps you remember her work in musical comedy?—came to see us. She was an old friend of our family. We're all English by birth and Irish by descent," she explained, "and Eve Davenport was one of our dearest friends. She had always said from the time when I was a little girl home in England that I ought to go on the stage. But I didn't think much of it until this time when she came. The school examinations were more difficult, perhaps, than usual, and the 'elocation' seemed more hopeless, I remember.

And when she said 'stage' I said 'yes.' But my father said that he didn't really want me to go. Then Eve's husband—he was Neil O'Brien—don't you remember him with Goodwin?"—said that there was an opening in Mr. Goodwin's company, and that if he could get it for me, he'd look after me.

"It was long afterward that I found out how well old Neil took care of me." There was a little break in Renee Kelly's silver voice as she went on. "He got the part for me. He taught me how to understudy. He kept a standard just ahead of me all the time. He taught me ambition. And all the time he kept away from me everything that might have changed my decision about staying on the stage. Neil's dead now," she said, "but I think that his memory means so much to every man and woman with whom his work brought him in contact that he can never be quite gone while one of us lives.

"Neil gave me the letter to Maxine Elliott that brought me a place in her company after I had left Mr. Goodwin's. I wish that I might say one-tenth of what I feel about Miss Elliott," she declared with quickening fervor. Her face lighted with the fine glow of appreciation that characterizes her friendships. "She's one of the finest women who ever lived," the girl insisted. "I met her in London and gave her the letter. She read it quickly, smiling over Neil's jolly words to her. Then she came across the room, took my face between her hands, and looked at me straight in the eyes. 'You're a good little girl!' she said. It was her promise of friendship to me.

"I was in her company when we were married, Mr. Allen and I. I'd met Mr. Allen in the Goodwin company. Miss Elliott was lovely to us, did everything to make us feel that we had a real fairy godmother. And I think she really was just that for us.

"We've never been separated, as so many people of the stage have to be. Even while I was in the Chicago Repertoire company three years ago my husband was here, too. We like playing the same sort of plays, and when we play opposite each other, why, work's just fun."

"Even in the Chicago Repertoire company?" "Oh, some of the plays weren't so dreadful." Renee Kelly laughed. "There was only one terrible one, and that was so awful that the actors wouldn't say one-half the lines the dramatist had given. We went through rehearsal leaving great gaps. On the last day the stage manager told us that the dramatist would be present. We knew that she was a woman. We expected an Amazon who would thunder from the box when we omitted the fearful lines she had written. But we didn't say the lines. We saw people in the house, but the rehearsal was over before the author came back. She was a little, mild, sweet gentlewoman. She must have been under ether when she wrote that play. She asked us why

(Continued on page 30)



"I am a Veteran. Why I've Been on the Stage With Real Old Timers. I Went on With Nat Goodwin." She Doesn't Look It, Does She?

Photo by Margaret

night. And I do all the cooking. And after dinner we sit in the parlor, and my husband reads, and I sew. Or, if the night is fine, we go down to the lake, and look out across that soft darkness, and talk of Jean. She's our baby girl, just three, and she's with my husband's mother and my own mother, back in England. The only sadness we have is that she isn't with us, but we hope she will be before very long. We're going to take a holiday to run over to see her. Oh, she's darling!" It was hard to think that this girl who didn't look more than eighteen was the mother of the chubby baby of the photographs she displayed with such pride, but she declared ownership of more years than she'll look in a decade hence.

"I'm a veteran," she laughed. "Why, I've been on the stage with the real old-timers. I went on with Nat Goodwin." How would Nat Goodwin like to hear himself classed as an ancient of the drama? "You see, I didn't want to be an actress, didn't think of it at all, in fact. I was living in Brooklyn, New York, going to school, and planning to be a teacher of elocation.

"Yes, I called it 'elocation,'" she boasted,

Myrtle Stedman

And Convicts and Canons and Cabins

W^HEN Myrtle Sted- By RICHARD WILLIS

bit spoiled and am glad I was. It is nice to be the

man came into my office it was like a big breath of air from the country, she was so wholesome and frank, her smile so friendly and her whole-souled laugh so refreshing. At first glance she looked like a big, trimly dressed school girl just in from a day in the hills, which may sound as though she were somewhat irresponsible, which she is certainly not that. She has big blue eyes full of fun and the moment she speaks in a rich, musical voice, you know you are talking to a great hearted woman, full of the joy of living. Sounds as though I am quite partial to Miss Stedman! I own I am, but I'm only one in many thousands.

When the stenographer first announced my caller she said, "I think it is Miss Williams, but I am not sure." This is a mistake which is often made and which will be touched on later.

I only wish that instead of reading about Miss Stedman the readers of this interview could have heard her, could

youngest and be petted and fussed over and we always got along well together as a family anyhow. I had a jolly girlhood and although I was a bad student, generally, I was devoted to music and my people had me specially trained for the operatic stage. I studied for my voice alone, for four years."

"When did you make your first appearance?" I asked her.

"During my school days. When I was twelve years old I did a solo dance with the Whitney Opera company in Chicago. Aubrey Bouicault, Grace Golden, R. E. Graham, and Hughhey Dougherty were with the company if I remember rightly. I thoroughly enjoyed the excite-

ment and applause and also the toys and the boxes of candy. By the way

I still preserve my taste for candy and ——" "Haven't got any," I rudely interrupted. "I was not asking for any," this with dignity. "I was going to add that there are times when I can still taste that gift candy, it tasted so good in those days, especially the chocolate creams. I used to eat off the chocolate all round and leave the cream to the last."

"The chocolate creams are all gone," I ventured, "so what happens next?"

And this is where Miss Stedman enthused.

"My father became interested in mining and we all moved to Black Hawk, a little mining town in Colorado, and we built a beautiful big log cabin about eight miles out with huge logs and finished it with redwood inside and furnished it comfortably and had real Indian rugs all over the floors. I have never lived in a place that I loved more or had a better time in," and Miss Stedman breathed a deep regretful sigh; "and we were in such a wonderful location, too, ten thousand feet above sea

She Looks Like a Big, Trimly Dressed School Girl. Just in from a Day in the Hills

have got the infection of her enthusiasm as she talked of the big out doors and of convicts. I had a hard job to get her away from them to the theatres or even to the screen and I could close my eyes now and almost see those Colorado hills and—but this is no way to start an interview.

"Yes, sir, my name is Myrtle Stedman, quite correct, and I was born in Chicago and what is more I was educated there. My father was a business man and an old soldier and mother was a beautiful singer. I inherited her voice, and she always said mine was much better, but you know what mothers are, don't you? Besides I had the advantage of getting a musical education and I studied elocution and voice culture. I have a brother who is a successful business man and a sister who has a really fine voice; she sings in opera. I am the youngest and yes—I was a

level and almost at the foot of James Peak, which is higher than Pikes Peak and upon whose crest the snow never melts. Right in the heart of the Rockies with the white peaks all around and the range after range of hills stretching out until the clouds met them. I used to love to climb so that I could get a view of Clear Creek canyon with its tumbling waters winding in and out until they met the plains with the city of Denver in the far distance. In winter the snows were almost impassable at times and I learned to walk on snow shoes, an accomplishment which came in very useful in the Jack London pictures. We still own the log cabin and have a caretaker there and one day I mean to go back and don divided skirts and ride and climb and ski to my heart's content. I kept up my singing and used to practice in the open and I often used to sing to the miners as they sat around smoking their pipes, after the day's work was done. Oh! I could talk about the mountains all day long."

"So could I," I assured her, "but space is limited so we will turn the crank and pass from the James Peak to—where?"

"We will stop at Denver a moment, please."

"We used to go down there quite often and I had several concert engagements there. And now, if you please, we will pass on to Cañon City in Colorado where I went on several occasions to sing to the convicts at the penitentiary. You know they have a wonderful chief warden at Cañon City who

"What then?"

"I returned to Chicago and settled down for a long time to serious operatic work and again joined the Whitney Opera company among others. I was on the road for a long time as prima donna and sang in a big variety of parts both in opera, comic opera and musical comedy. In between whiles I sang on the concert platform. But I got tired of the travelling (it was all town and cities and not mountains and sea), so I spoke to Jack Gilmour of the College of Music and he mentioned me to Otis Turner who was producing for the Selig Polyscope Company. Mr. Turner wanted someone who could both act and ride, so I applied and obtained the position and started in playing leads. Also, I made good and said farewell to opera and adopted the screen instead. The first photoplay I acted in was called "The Range Riders" and was made in the Jesse James country in Missouri and I remember that I was dreadfully self conscious to start out with. I was with Seligs for four years in all, one year in Chicago, one in Colorado (when I sang for the convicts) then in Prescott, Arizona, and here. I am

"I Was the Youngest — and You, I Was Spoiled, I Suppose"



No Part Better Suited Her Could Have Been Found Than That of Saxon in "The Valley of the Moon"

Jack London Himself Says She's An Ideal Saxon



puts the men on their honor and gets them work on the roads. The men worship him and he always welcomed my visits and allowed me to talk to some of the men. I loved to sing to them and I got into the way of going up on Sundays when they would choose their hymns and they always wanted me to sing "The Holy City" and what a wonderful audience they made with their upturned, earnest faces. It always brings the tears to my eyes and to the eyes of some of my listeners, too. I sang to them as I never sang before or since and when they all joined in the hymn "Nearer My God to Thee" it was the most impressive sight I can recall. No one can make me believe many of those men are really bad, they had made mistakes, that's all. I know, because I have talked to them and I have gone away and lain awake grieving for them. By the way, several of the convicts made presents for me and one of them gave me a beautiful bridle made of hair and mounted with silver. He used to make them and sell them."



told I bear a strong resemblance to Kathlyn Williams. When apart we are sometimes taken for each other and in one scenario we acted sisters. We are great friends, too."

"And after Selig's?" I queried.

"I met Hobart Bosworth and Jack London by appointment. Mr. London remarked that I was the Ideal Saxon for the 'Valley of the Moon' if I could act. Mr. Bosworth assured him I could and I was engaged right there."

And so we must leave this delightful girl of the open country, but not with the impression that she is a hoyden. She is a womanly woman who loves womanly things, but who loves the hills and the sea, too. And one day she will keep her threat of going back to that wonderful log cabin at the foot of stately James Peak.

TWENTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLAR FIRE



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Another View of Salem Showing the Complete Destruction of Many Houses



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Destroyed Almost the
Whole City



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Started on the Left and Burned Over the Whole City



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Flames Rushing
Toward the
Railroad Yard
East of the
Complete De-
struction of the
Town



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Get in Line for Rations

News from Near and Far

A Pictorial Digest of Current Events



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Two of the Brighton Beach Ladies' Polo Teams Just Before One of the Games



© Underwood & Underwood

As the Result of a Terrible Cloud-Burst, Paris Suffered from a Terrible Flood in Which Ten Lives Were Lost, and about \$8,000,000 Worth of Damage Was Done



© International News Service

Colonel Roosevelt Spent His First Day at Home With His Youngest Son, Archie, Sailing on Oyster Bay



© Daily Mirror, London

One of the Cubist Art Studios in London, the Center of Revolutionary Art of Every Description



Vincent Walsh McLean, the Richest Boy in the World (at the Pump Handle); His Flagship, Shirley Carter, of Virginia, and Their Little Colored Flagship

© International News Service



© Daily Mirror, London

One of the Horsemen at the Royal Artillery Stompe Chase, England, Suffered a Bad Fall



© Underwood & Underwood

The New Garden Pier at Atlantic City, N. J. Which Has Already Cost \$8,000,000 and for Improvements on Which Another Million Has Been Laid Aside

A Sweetheart of the Movies

And Her Name is Lottie Briscoe

By METRO KAY MELCHOIR

"That child will be a great actress some day. She

IN the brilliant constellation of movie stars, there are few who have had more dramatic experience than has Lottie Briscoe, the petite and charming little leading lady of many of the Lubin Photo-dramas — she

formance, spied her at the box-office. Running up to the star, she exclaimed.

"Miss Julia, I can do everything you did," whereupon she proceeded to mimic Miss Mayer so realistically that John W. Norton, then the house manager, remarked:

has exceptional talent."

And so it happened that when McKee Rankin was seeking in vain for a suitable child to portray the role of Arthur in his production of "The Runaway Wife," Mr. Norton remembered Miss Briscoe and recommended her for the part.

"I have been an actress ever since," says Miss Briscoe, in speaking of these incidents which marked the commencement of her theatrical career.

At the Time of Her Appearance as Puck, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," She Was Just Four Years Old

She Has Been Called on to Play All Sorts of Roles with All Sorts of "Props"

Miss Briscoe is slender and sunny and sweet and altogether satisfactory

who is always Arthur Johnson's sweetheart, to the discomfiture of hundreds of gallant swains and would-be husbands scattered throughout the world.

I confess that I fell a victim to her charms the first time my eye fastened upon her in a screen play, and that was over three years ago. She has been my sweetheart ever since, and there are many, many others who feel the same way toward her. She is a sweetheart of the movies.

"You must have started pretty young," I ventured, when introduced to her recently.

"Yes," she replied. "I guess you would call four years pretty young, wouldn't you? That was—well, you don't wish me to confess how many years ago that was, do you?"

No, I did not. And, it simply didn't make any difference in the world. (However, I know she cannot possibly be much over twenty.) But what difference does it make whether a person is a star at four or forty, so long as she is worthy of it? And Miss Briscoe is.

When only four years old she appeared in "The Runaway Wife," which was produced in Cincinnati by McKee Rankin. Miss Briscoe assumed the role of Arthur, a boy, and it is said that after rehearsing her part a couple of times, she turned to Mr. Rankin and curtly remarked:

"There, I think that will do. I'll be just right for tonight."

Mr. Rankin was content to let the child wonder have her way, though he felt slightly dubious about her being "just right." That evening, however, she more than proved the correctness of her assertion.

A short time before this occurrence Miss Briscoe in company with her parents attended a performance of "Romeo and Juliet" given at the Grand Opera House in St. Louis. Margaret Mayer was appearing in the title role. It was the very first play "Little Lottie" had witnessed thus far. She was greatly impressed by Miss Mayer's Juliet, and following the per-

In those days there were no children's societies to protest against child actresses, and for almost a year "Little Lottie" played child parts in many of the big successes of those days.

Soon after her appearance as Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" the Gerry Society was formed, and the individuals who were the moving spirits in this organization took it upon themselves to protect Miss Briscoe from the perils of stage life. Mr. Gerry made a personal visit to the theatre to prevent "Little Lottie" from appearing in the performance. To soothe her, he presented the child actress with a ten dollar gold piece, only to have the money flung into his face and hear her remark:

"You old Smart Alec, you can't stop me. Why I'd rather play Mr. Puck than have all your old money," and she said it in such a manner as to convince that well intentioned gentleman that she meant every word she said.

Her next engagement was as Dick in "The Two Little Vagabonds." Then followed her appearance in George Bernard Shaw's play, "The Devil's Disciple," in which she was the original Essie. For three years she starred in "Editha's Burglar" and after that created the principal female part in Russ Whytal's "For Fair Virginia." In this she attracted the attention of the late Richard Mansfield who cast her as the Prince of Wales in his production of Richard III. Miss Briscoe regards her engagement with Mr. Mansfield as the most pleasant one of her career, and that great actor described her as his "one and only prince."

During the summer lull three years ago Miss Briscoe was induced to become a picture actress with the Imp company. Later she appeared in Majestic pictures. Then followed her big opportunity—that of playing leading lady opposite Arthur Johnson in Lubin productions.

"I wouldn't do anything else if I could," says Miss

She was the Original Essie in Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple" at the Age of Eight

Briscoe. "I love picture acting. It is my hobby, and I study hard to improve. I believe that in watching my own work I better myself. It seems to me only a matter of time when the stage actress who wishes to improve her work will have a motion picture film made of herself so that she can give her movements and expressions a careful study. When I am not rehearsing or acting before the camera, or watching a ball game, I spend my time in viewing my own work and the work of other well known picture actresses. Often, after having done what I flattered myself was a good piece of acting, I have sat before the screen and studied my movements and expressions and discovered that I did it all wrong."

Miss Briscoe's dressing room at the big Lubin studio in Philadelphia is the most home-like place one can imagine. You wouldn't know it was a dressing room unless some one told you,

and unless the maid opened the door to the adjoining room showing just rows and rows of beautiful dresses, hats, and all the other things that go to make up a movie star's wardrobe. There isn't an inch of free wall space—it's decorated with all sorts of nick nacks, most of them presents from her admirers from all parts of the world.

"I treasure every gift," she told me. "They are the reward one receives for being liked, which ought to be a reward enough in itself. I try to write and thank all my friends for their little gifts. The people I do not pay any attention to are those who write mash notes. Yes, I average an offer of marriage from some unknown admirer almost every week. Some of them send their pictures too, and judging from their photographs, it is no wonder they are wanting some one to marry them."

In a recent contest conducted by the New

York Times to select a group of typical American girls who are representative of the girl of today, Miss Briscoe was the sixteenth selection in a list of twenty-nine winners. The committee of judges which made the selection was composed of James Montgomery Flagg, Penrhyn Stanlaws, Hamilton King, William L. Jacobs, Clarence F. Underwood, Philip Boileau and C. Allan Gilbert, all well known artists. Miss Briscoe was the only representative of the stage or screen among the successful competitors, though more than five thousand photographs were entered.

Now as to Miss Briscoe, herself. She is just five feet, one inch in height, has blue eyes and a wealth of black hair which is shot with gold; her complexion is light olive with a warm underglow, and she's slender, and saucy, and seductive and altogether satisfactory.

No wonder she is a sweetheart of the movies.

"Make-Up" and Carlton King

By PEARL GADDIS

as well as rude, but it has always been a source of wonder to me that young men taking up this work with the idea of a career in moving pictures, devote so little time to this very important factor of success in our profession."

He took up a stick of dirty-brown looking grease paint, and, having smoothed the cold cream to his liking, he began smearing his face with the stick, still talking of what I am told is his hobby—"make-up," and as it is a subject that is always fascinating to the layman, I simply sat and listened as I watched him transform himself from an irreproachably groomed gentleman of leisure, to a lanky-haired Indian, fearsomely painted and decorated.

"Like any other profession, the art of make-up depends fundamentally upon the tools, if I may be allowed to use that expression" (I returned politely that he might) "that one has to work with. Stage and picture make-ups vary widely, you know" (I didn't, but I allowed him to think I did). "For illustration: Before the foot-lights, hollow cheeks are filled out by applying the shades of red in the deeper spots. Now red photographs dark, or black, so the effect in pictures is exactly the opposite. On the stage, blue is used to soften hard lines and expressions about the eyes, while in pictures, blue photographs a dead white, and gives the eyes a bulging appearance. Another peculiar thing about motion picture make-up, is the fact that the same flesh tint does not photograph the same on different faces. The shade of flesh paint that I have found the most natural on my face, I once used on the face of a young man whom I was making up. To his great dismay, he found out a few weeks later that his face had photographed very dark, far too dark for the part he was playing."

I must admit that the serious, earnest look seemed very much out of place on the brown-skinned, lanky-haired individual who had an hour before been Carlton King, assistant-director and character man for the Edison South Jacksonville Company. I had been trying for some time to get a word in, asking him about his past, but he seemed to enjoy talking of his hobby so much, that I hadn't the heart to disturb him. I have a fellow feeling for him, for I have a hobby which I occasionally mount to the disgust of my friends. But this is Carlton King's story.



Carlton King



Does This Indian Much Resemble the Carlton King Shown in the Other Picture?

"MAKE-UP," said Carlton King, as he vigorously applied cold cream to his lean, good-humored visage. "is one of the most misunderstood things in the picture game. I don't mean to make a comparison, for I consider them odious

He halted, a bit embarrassed, and said, rather shamefacedly,

"Please excuse me for allowing my tongue to run away with me, Miss Gaddis, and if there is any question you'd like to ask, please signify your intention by rising."

"Well, yes," I hesitated. "There is one question I'd like to ask."

"Go to it!" he encouraged.

"Well, then," I said, "it's this, where - were - you - born - and - where - were - you - educated? What - are - your - theories - and - how - long - have - you - been - in - motion - pictures? Do - you - like - it - better - than - the - stage - and -"

"Help," he moaned, feebly. "Did you say one question?"

I paused, and sat waiting, with expectant pencil, as with dancing eyes, he began answering the questions in the order that they were given, and my pencil had to race to keep up.

"St. Louis, Mo., December 15, 1877. Educated there in public schools. Haven't any, for I am too busy just living. In pictures since August, 1910, first with the Selig, and then in August, 1913, I joined Edison. Been here ever since. Now, before you have time to put on another record, and ask one more question, I'll say that my favorite amusement is autoing, and painting, either one or both."

There came a call for "Mr. King—Mr. King" and I rose to go with a great deal of regret.

"Laddie"

The Tragedy of a Woman's Life—Losing Her Children

TWO-REEL EDISON FILM

CAST

Mrs. Carter.....Margaret McWade
John, her son "Laddie".....aged 17.....Edwin Clark
aged 32.....Ben Wilson
Violet Meredith.....Nellie Grant
Mr. Meredith, her father.....Joseph Manning
The Landlord.....William West
The Butler.....Harry Bates
The Pickpocket.....Richard Neill
Mr. Joyce.....Edward Earle
Mrs. Joyce.....Elizabeth Miller

SYNOPSIS

THE great tragedy of a mother's life is having her children grow up and leave her. Mrs. Carter is utterly heartbroken when her only child, her son "Laddie," left her to make his way in the city, but for 15 years she lives alone in the little village that has always been her home. At the end of that time, a railroad buys her little property for its right of way and she decides to go to live with her boy in the city. Laddie's infrequent letters had not prepared her for the magnificence of his home—he is a physician with a big practice—but she is happy until she finds that Laddie is ashamed of her. And then she leaves him and after many hardships is befriended by two kindly people who find her destitute. When he finds he has lost her, Laddie discovers how deep his love for his mother is, but his bitter remorse avails him nothing. One morning, a year later, on his regular call at a big hospital, he discovers her dying. The reconciliation with her son brings a smile to the mother's lips and she dies happy but leaves "Laddie" broken-hearted.

Mrs. Carter Surprises Her Son, "Laddie," Whom She Hasn't Seen for 15 Years

Too Proud to Stay with Her Son, After Discovering that He is Ashamed of Her, Mrs. Carter Leaves His House

Margaret McWade As Mrs. Carter

Edward Earle as Mr. Joyce

When Her Son, Then But Seventeen, Left Her to Make His Way in the City, Mrs. Carter Was Utterly Heartbroken

It is by a Mere Accident that Laddie Meets Mr. Joyce and Learns that His Mother is Lying Ill in the Hospital Which He Visits Every Day

Laddie's Bitter Remorse is No Small Reason to Bring a Smile to His Dying Mother's Lips



William Clifford as Captain Clifford



This is Only One of the Many Remarkably Realistic Scenes Which Distinguish This Military Drama of the Mexican Border



Marie Walcamp as Marie Sampson



Huraz's First Attempt to Steal Marie's Clothes is Unsuccessful



A Scene in Camp After the Trouble Between the United States and Mexico Has Begun. Captain Huraz is Becoming Unpopular

"A Mexican Spy in America"

A Spectacular Military Drama of the Mexican Border

TWO-REEL 101 BISON FILM

CAST

Col. Sampson, U. S. A. officer.....Rex de Roselli
 Paul Sampson, his son.....Val Paul
 Marie Sampson, his daughter.....Marie Walcamp
 Capt. Clifford, Marie's fiance, U. S. A.....William Clifford
 Capt. Huraz, a Mexican spy.....Sherman Bainbridge
 Madame Golez.....Lule Warrenton

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Paul Sampson returns from Mexico to the United States military post on the Mexican border, of which his father is in command, he is accompanied by Captain Huraz, a young Mexican. His sister, Marie, although she is betrothed to Capt. Clifford, finds Captain Huraz very fascinating and they see a great deal of each other. Huraz, of course, is planning only to make use of the girl in his mission of securing a copy of the United States signal corps' cipher for the Mexican government. One night he enters Marie's room and steals a complete outfit of her clothes—and Madame Golez in the disguise they furnish steals the cipher. Clifford, who is in charge of the station, sees her, but is kept from preventing her immediate escape by Huraz who is close behind. The men fight. Huraz is fatally wounded and Clifford in an automobile overtakes Madame, and recovers the cipher code. Marie is believed to have aided the Mexicans, but is saved from disgrace and complete estrangement from Clifford by Huraz's death bed confession.



There is a Fight Between Captain Huraz and Captain Clifford in Which Huraz is Mortally Wounded



William Clifford and Sherman Bainbridge Have Many Opportunities for Good Acting and They Take Advantage of All of Them



Sidney Bracey, who Plays the Part of Jones, Hargreave's Butler



The Conspirators in Secret Council



Lila Chester, Who Plays the Part of Susan Farlow, Florence Gray's Teacher and Chaperon



Coached by the Butler, Florence and Miss Farlow Profoundly Perplexed Over a Want Ad Florence has Seen in the Daily Paper



The Countess Olga Inspects and Approves of the Disguise Assumed by One of the Black Hundred's Spies

"Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE V

CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire... Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter... Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's butler... Sidney Bracey
 Countess Olga, member of the Black Hundred... Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred... Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter... James Cruze
 Miss Susan Farlow, Florence's teacher... Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

THE next move of the "Black Hundred" is to try to trap Florence into revealing the whereabouts of the \$1,000,000 by a want ad in one of the big dailies which says: "Florence—The hiding place is discovered. Remove it to a more secret spot at once. S. H." Florence shows this to Jones, the butler, and, at his advice, to the Countess Olga and several other people, pretending to be much perplexed over what she is to do. Meanwhile members of the "Black Hundred," on watch in a house across the way, discover Jones taking a box marked S. H. from a hiding place under the floor of an upstairs room. They attempt to effect an entrance immediately but Jones gets away. They get track of him through Braine and a wild chase by motor boat follows which ends with Jones dropping the box into the waters of the Sound, then turning and shooting through the gasoline tank of the conspirators' boat and setting it on fire. Jones gets back to the House of Mystery in time to serve dinner, but the conspirators are left struggling in the water.



The Dancing Girl Who Aids the Conspirators



James Cruze as Jim Norton, the Newspaper Reporter

"A Woman Laughs"

The Mockery of a Coquette Which Ruins Men's Lives

TWO-REEL SELIG FILM

CAST

Clara	Kathlyn Williams
Louis	Edwin Wallock
David	Charles Clary
Scott	Harry Lonsdale

SYNOPSIS

IT IS impossible to imagine a more heartless woman than the one who stands gazing on the lifeless body of Louis, her lover, while Louis' friend, David, a former lover of hers, accuses her of being responsible for his death. Clara denies it with a laugh, and points out that if David persists in keeping her there until the police arrive, the torn letters on the floor will incriminate him as well as herself, and David lets her go. The police discover that Louis was electrocuted when turning on an electric tea kettle, which was overcharged through an accident in a distant power house. David, seeking forgetfulness, goes west, but again Clara crosses his life. He finds her engaged to Scott, a young engineer, but all the time carrying on a love affair with a wealthy young idler. Scott, his suspicions aroused by David's accusations, learns of her unfaithfulness and tells her just what sort of a woman she is. Again she laughs, but for once she is moved, and leaves the camp a broken woman.



A Love Scene between Clara—Kathlyn Williams—and One of the Lovers She Treats with Such Wanton Cruelty



Clara Pays at Last—and at Last Her Laugh is Silenced

Kathlyn Williams, as Clara, the Great Coquette



Charles Clary, as David, One of Clara's Lovers

In All Her Long and Wicked Career, Clara Has Escaped Punishment—Until Now



It is While David is Seriously Ill That Clara Regains Her Attention to His Friend Louis



And It is after Scott Has Made Her See the Best of a Woman She is, That Clara Leaves the Little Miser Trave a Broken, but Not a Repentant, Woman

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

FOR a minute I just stared at the letter. The draft fell to the floor, and Mrs. Moultrie picked it up. She glanced at it—she couldn't help that! Even as she picked it up I could see the figures dancing on the paper—\$1,000! And she was gasping as she held it out to me.

"Can you get that cashed for me, Mrs. Moultrie?" I said, as quietly as if I had been expecting something of the sort. "Then, you see, I can pay you."

"Oh, there's no hurry—no hurry," she said. And then she began to cry, and I had to comfort her, and tell her it was all right! It was well that it was so, of course—because I was about ready to collapse myself, and have hysterics, or something equally foolish. I have a horror of anything like that; in myself, I mean. I have never given way in that fashion. My father's training didn't make me a victim of my own nerves.

But she left me alone soon, and I went into my room and locked the door. Then I sat down on the bed, and looked at the gas jet. I still believe that I would have turned it on if that letter had not come at such an impossible opportune moment. It was essentially a time for thought, and as I sat on the edge of the bed I thought of things that had not come to my mind for years.

I tried to reconstruct the image of my father. And, somehow, I couldn't do it. An overwhelming impulse of gratitude, of tenderness toward him, mastered me. The lawyers wrote that there had been a will, a will he had not signed. There was the hint that he had meant to sign away his money, to keep me from sharing in it. But—I couldn't quite believe that. I knew him too well. If he had persisted to the end in his hatred of me, in his determination to punish me, he would have defected death itself to have his way. He would have signed that will!

It was better, more comforting, to think that, when he was near the end he had relented. His had been a starved, pinched life. It is well enough to say that it was his own fault. But it wasn't. It was his environment that made him the man he was. Character, as it develops, is the product, I think, of so many forces that to make a man wholly responsible for his own character is a thing impossible. I had learnt that, you see, Santelman and Dempsey, and the world in general, had been giving me lessons.

What grief I felt at the news of my father's death, was not, of course, due to any personal sense of loss. There had never been a personal relation between us that could produce that sort of grief, and I should be hypocritical to pretend that there had been. I deplored, rather, what might have been. I mourned for the father I had never had; for the parent he should have been. And I could not help that feeling of gratitude, of thankfulness. He had saved me in the end. He had played a father's part then, at least.

And how I thanked God that I had had the courage to say no to Dempsey before the letter came! I might have said yes, and been saved, physically, by the letter—it would have come in time. But my spirit would have been ruined, even though my body had been kept whole. I would always have known that I had yielded; that at the cross roads I had taken the wrong turning.

My first impulse after I had realized that the strain and the anxiety were over was just to rest! I wanted to have a little period of peace, and of luxury. And I wanted to get away from New York. First of all, of course, I had to go to Harbrough. That was rather awful. I discovered that I was a heroine. Since my time the town had become considerably larger; there had been a boom of a sort,

and it fancied itself quite a metropolis. I didn't go to the house at all. A new hotel had been built, and I found that my telegram asking them to make a reservation for me had been interpreted as a request for an imperial suite. However, I wasn't sorry. I had been starved, practically, for so long that I enjoyed every evidence that I no longer had to worry about expense.

My business with the lawyers was arranged in a surprisingly short time. I had to sign a few papers, and then they turned everything over to me. I was amazed at the evidences of my father's wealth. He had made investments in many different things; right at the end, when the panic was beginning, and stocks had crashed, he had bought some securities when they were at their lowest figure. And when I reached Harbrough they had already begun to soar. Little as I knew of finance and business in general, I could understand that those last investments of his were going to turn out among the most profitable he had ever made.

There were other discoveries less pleasant. A great many notes and mortgages for amounts that were pitifully small were among the assets of the estate. Several, the lawyers said, were due, and they had been awaiting my permission to take proceedings. My father, they explained, had always insisted upon prompt payment and if it was not forthcoming, had taken immediate legal steps to se-

through too much not to want to make things easier for others.

I have told you how Harbrough treated me in the old days, when, as a young girl, I longed for friendship and attention. Then I was a social outcast; a pariah. My father's business, my own unattractiveness, everything, had combined to make people stay away from me. How different it was now! The local paper had heralded my coming; I was no sooner installed in the hotel than I found a reporter waiting for me. He wanted to ask me about my experiences as an actress. I got rid of him without telling him anything, but he printed a long story, just the same. And, before the next evening, forty or fifty people had called and left cards! When I went out I was stopped a dozen times by people who wanted to recall themselves to me. They said they had known me in the old days, though, of course, I must have forgotten them. And they wanted me to come to dinner, to accept all sorts of hospitality!

It wasn't altogether the money, I think. The finding of oil in the neighborhood had made a good many Harbrough people rich, though few of them had been shrewd enough to profit as greatly as my father had done. It was the glamor of the stage, reflected, even though I was only a movie actress, that attracted them. I was exotic to them; a queer sort of creature, to be studied and dissected. I represented romance to the younger girls among



"Oh, There's No Hurry—No Hurry," She Said, and Then She Began to Cry

cure the property on which the loan was made.

There, however, I put my foot down. I looked into every loan of that sort myself, and I discovered the tricks by which my father had evaded the laws against usury. Wherever I felt that too hard a bargain had been driven I cancelled the loan entirely; in every case where an extension was asked, I granted it, and usually readjusted the terms of the loan. I couldn't bear to think of the sort of unhappiness the lack of money caused. I couldn't wipe it out; I knew that. Many of these people, I suppose, didn't deserve sympathy. But they got it from me, in any case. I had been

those who sought me out; the men, I suppose, had still another idea. I am afraid I disappointed a few of them bitterly. I went nowhere, and it was with a long, deep sigh of relief that I finally got on the train when I had finished my business with the lawyers. I found that I hated the place as much as ever. And I believe I was as glad to get away as I had expected to be when I made my memorable escape with George Converse.

One thing had bothered me especially in Harbrough. At least a dozen people had come to me with schemes for the investment of my money. The clouds of the panic were

just beginning to lift. Money was still in hiding; everything was cheap. Even my lawyers had told me that it was a time to buy securities; they had tried to explain that I could easily use some of the cash that I had in abundance to buy stocks and bonds of standard value at such low prices as to insure a yield

higher sort of civilization, it is more true than ever.

And so I sat, with my leisure and my new comfort, and brooded, terribly, and yet happily. I had the power now, and I meant to use it. Just how, I didn't know. Nor did it seem to matter very greatly. The fact itself

was enough. I had a dim vision, I think, even then, that it wasn't going to be satisfactory. And yet, it had to be. But I could wait.

And, while I waited, I had to occupy myself. I had had one great stroke of luck. Somehow, although Harbrough had known all about me, the story hadn't spread. I had scarcely hoped for that. But it was so. I had come back to a New York that ignored me as completely as it had done while Dempsey and Santelman were pursuing me, and the huge beast of a city was helping them to snare me. I could laugh at it now, for I knew. But that was all the difference. I had been afraid of the newspapers, of notoriety. But I had escaped that.

And the fact that no one knew of the startling change in my condition made what I decided to do easy for me to accomplish.

I had that inherited business instinct, somehow, and I wanted to be busy, to make money. Less because I wanted the money, I think, than to prove that I did have some sort of capacity. And I turned, rather inevitably, to the movies. There was the field I knew. There, moreover, was the field in which I had set out to win success. Fate had tricked me. Had beaten me, and robbed me of the success that had, at least twice, once in California, and once in Cuba, been within my grasp. But now I could defy fate. The issue rested with me.

Moreover, the general condition that favored anyone like myself, with money, applied to the moving picture field, as well as other forms of business. Money was the one thing that was urgently needed. I set to work very soon after I returned to New York. And within a month I had bought, personally or through trusted agents, nearly a score of theatres. I had selected them with what afterward proved to be good judgment; they enabled me to make highly favorable terms for the showing of the big feature films that began, about that time, to sweep the country. The old alliances in the industry were breaking down; independents, producers and exhibitors alike, stood a better chance than ever before.

That was the first stroke in my campaign. I organized a company to handle my chain of theatres, and I got good men to do the detail, routine work. I myself did not appear; that was a simple matter to arrange. But I had my finger on the pulse of the enterprise from the start. And I had bought at such a figure that my profits began to pile up from the start. After the purchase of those first theatres I bought no more. My new policy was to build. I began to anticipate the movements of population in the larger cities. In New York, for example, I decided that the opening of a new subway, which was to occur within two or three years, would mean a new centre of population in the extreme Bronx. I bought land while it was cheap; six months before the ground was broken for the first of a new crop of apartment houses, near the subway station. I had plans drawn for a theatre of a standard type, to which all that I built later

corresponded. The theatre opened and ran at a loss for three months. But there was no chance for any other large theatre in that neighborhood!

I had ideas of my own concerning production, too. And, when the chain of theatres was well started, I turned to that. Quietly I arranged with certain authors to secure from them new plays for the films, determined to make an experiment. Their plays were put on first in the pictures; those that won the greatest popularity I afterward produced on the legitimate stage. And that proved to be the long expected, vainly sought idea that the legitimate stage needed to save it from the terrific competition of the movies.

It was simple enough when it was thought out. The movies have taken away forever the old theatrical audiences. They will never lose their hold. I simply applied the oldest principle in the theatre; that it is not novelty, but what is known, that attracts. I reasoned that if millions of people had seen a play silently acted, by players they knew and liked, they, or a large proportion of them, would want, later, to see the same play, with spoken lines, acted by the same players. The instant success of the idea proved that I was right. Soon I added modern playhouses to my chain, in every city. And in these the most successful of the picture plays were produced.

I am anticipating my story in telling this. I moved slowly, of course. Such enterprises were not of mushroom growth. But I had the ideas from the beginning. I had had dreams in the days of my struggle though I had never dared to hope for their realization. And the time I spent in working out my ideas filled my life, and robbed my loneliness of some of its terrors. I had no time to brood and think. There were whole days, even, when Charlie Hemmingway was driven entirely from my mind.

And, in the end, after all my plans and thoughts concerning him, he came back into my life by pure chance, by the wildest of accidents.

It was after my first studio had been opened, uptown in New York. I began producing on a small scale, because the work was to be experimental in the beginning. And for my director, at that time, I had Lane Wilson, whom I had found as the result of a long search. He had been serving as stage manager of a small musical comedy house in Chicago, and I had been fascinated, while watching a performance there, by evidences of a remarkable originality and resourcefulness in the producer. With utterly inadequate material he had succeeded in putting on something entirely new. I found that Lane Wilson was the man responsible; I engaged him at once, at a salary, as he frankly told me, twice as great as he had ever expected to earn.

"Pictures, Miss Morgan?" he said, when I sent for him. "Lord! I don't know anything about that game!"

"That's why I want you," I told him. And I went on to explain some of my ideas. I saw that he was interested; within an hour we had closed our bargain. And I had made no mistake. For whatever success I have achieved he was always more than half responsible. And, from the beginning, I was able to trust him implicitly. To almost everyone else in the organization I built up I myself was, for a long time, unknown. He knew from the beginning that I was the head of the whole enterprise, and he never betrayed my secret.

After the studio was opened in New York we had a conference every evening. And at one of these conferences, he almost threw me off my balance.

"I've got to fire Courtney," he said. "He won't do. No life—and he thinks he knows it all. So I've got to get a new juvenile lead. And I think I've got the man. He's been abroad—he's got their technique. Hemmingway—that's the chap. Know him?"

"I—I think so," I said, after a time. "Yes, he ought to do."

"All right," said Wilson, looking at me curiously. "I'll try him out, then. He's expensive—but I think he's worth what he asks."

He named the figures, and I was surprised.

(Continued on page 30)

"Oh, I've Been All Right, Charlie, I Am Living at the Belthorpe."



of seven or eight per cent. But I suppose I had some inheritance from my father, after all. I know I wanted to study that problem for myself. I meant to become richer, even, than I was, if I could. But, above all, I wanted something to keep me busy.

While I was in Harbrough I had so many things to do that I had little time to think. But, once I got back to New York, and had taken rooms in a quiet apartment hotel, which I meant to make my headquarters, I began to realize how much I needed occupation. My chief sensation in those first days of idleness was one of immense loneliness and emptiness. I had no friends. My life had deprived me of the chances to make friends that come to most of us.

And, though I tried to do it, I could not drive the picture of Charlie Hemmingway from my mind. I had not heard from him since I had left him in Cuba; he was still abroad, for all I knew. And yet, though he had evidently taken sides against me, and had deserted me, I knew, and admitted to myself, in moments of frankness, that there could never be a man to take his place for me. I wanted him. More than once I was on the point of throwing my pride to the winds finding out where he was, and going to him. I despised him; but I took a queer and dreadful comfort, even in my contempt for him. For I felt that the money that had come to me would make it possible for me to have him; that it would tempt him sufficiently to make him try to forget the things he had heard about me, and the things I had felt obliged to tell him about myself.

Women do feel that way, though few of them will admit it. Perhaps I wouldn't, if . . . But the time for that hasn't come yet. Just now it is enough that it is so. I wanted him, you see. I wanted him on any terms. That is sex instinct, the fundamental thing that has moved the race ever since the beginning of time. It isn't the man who chooses his mate; it isn't the male, in any form of life. It's the woman. Long ago that was admitted; then, for a phase, it almost ceased to be so. But not quite. And now, when we are reaching toward what we are pleased to call a

Uncle Sam's Movies

UNCLE SAM has very seriously entered the "movie" field and each department of the Government at Washington is striving to immortalize its work in pictures. The Secretary of Agriculture has established a motion picture laboratory, fully equipped for the taking, making and exhibiting of pictures. It is the purpose of Secretary Houston to erect a separate building for this particular field of work, which will compare favorably with any of the large motion picture production plants. This is under the direction and personal super-

ments will be incalculable. The showing of these pictures always touches the heartstrings of the public and that is what you want to do—make every one see the problem and stop to think about it and that is what motion pictures are doing.

"Most of the disease, distress and even death has been due to the ignorance of the poor. It is my purpose to have the films I am putting before the public for community exhibition so arranged that they will entertain as well as teach.

"An interesting subject now in preparation is designed to appeal especially to the housekeeper. It will show the value of keeping foods covered, of boiling the water and milk, of keeping the corners of the home clean. It will also depict graphically the harm of the house fly and the mosquito, and it will offer simple suggestions for health and hygiene that will be within the reach of everyone. We must begin with the home to build the foundation of a healthful community."



Men Who are Promoting Health and Hygiene by the Movies. Dr. Frank, Dr. Kerr, Dr. Kearney, Dr. Becker of the Public Health Service at Washington, D. C.

vision of Winfield Scott Clime and George Georgeus with an able corps of assistants. Any division or bureau of the Department of Agriculture has only to call upon Mr. Clime and he is there with his camera to take the subject desired, be it at home or abroad.

Some of the other departments have contracted with private corporations for the making of motion pictures of their work. This is especially true of the Public Health Service, which is using the Colonial Film Company of Washington, under the supervision of Sig. Boernstein, for this purpose. Other departments cooperate with well established motion picture laboratories as their needs demand.

All this goes to show that at last Uncle Sam has fully realized the tremendous power of the Movies and if he wishes to be up with the times he must go in the movie business. Already the government officials admit a marked increase in the popularity of their work, far greater than was possible through the issuing of bulletins and the delivering of lectures, even when illustrated with stereopticon views.



Making Microscopic Examinations at Hygiene Laboratory at Washington

gathering films depicting conditions in all parts of the country. My field extends from coast to coast, and my subjects are limitless.

"Already the films depicting the workings of the Baby Milk Station here has made many converts in the proper feeding of infants and a lessening of infantile mortality. The value of statistics gathered through these experi-



Some of the Babine of the Milk Test

Getting Realism

I WONDER if the actors really say anything when their lips move? It looks like a waste of energy if they do."

This remark is often heard at motion picture shows. The answer is that the actors do speak, and the energy is not wasted. It is much easier to express emotion through the features—"register" is the technical word used in film production—if one uses words that convey the thought so that voice, features and gestures harmonize.

A moment's thought will show that this is true, and it is not necessary to go into the psychology of the matter either. One is so accustomed to "suing the action to the word" that one unconsciously assumes the proper facial expression when using words that denote anger, fear, surprise or other emotion.

So well is this known to directors that when an actor or actress is filmed talking over a telephone, it is not unusual to have some one at the other end of the line actually carrying on the other part of the conversation.

Old Scouts Meet Again

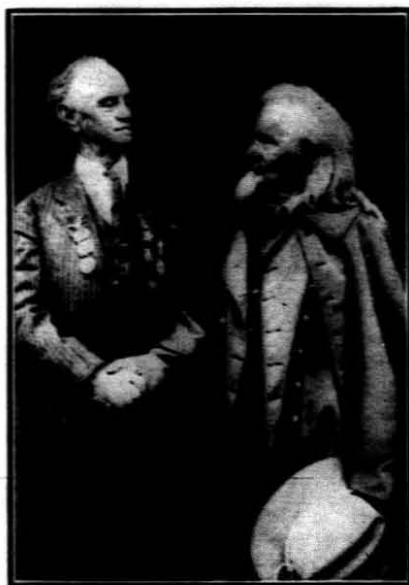


In the Baby Milk Laboratory of Washington, D. C.

Assistant Surgeon General William C. Rucker, of the Office of Public Health, is quite an enthusiast in the movie field. "There is nothing like it," he declared. "It's the best publicity man, the best press agent, the best means of making the people 'sit up and take notice' that the world has known. I venture to say that I shall be able, through the use of motion pictures, to make more communities realize the value of health and hygiene and almost unconsciously to put into practice the lessons taught in one year than local health departments have been able to accomplish in the past decade. This is what I mean to do and to this end I am

FIFTY-ONE years ago, a Confederate scout lay all night in a shallow creek watching the Union lines. A Yankee sentinel watched him and was prepared to shoot if the Confederate moved. It was a battle of life and death.

A meeting that vividly brought back the thrilling days of the Civil war and particularly this hair-raising incident, when they were enemies and fought each other for the glory of the blue or the gray occurred several days ago when Scout W. H. Taylor and D. R. Crane recognized each other on a mimic battlefield at the Universal Film Manufacturing Company's ranch near Los Angeles, California.



A Meeting after Fifty-One Years

At their meeting in the memorable second year of the war, Taylor, a Confederate scout, seeking information, started to cross a creek, but seeing Union sentinels on the bank, hid all day in the shallow water waiting for night. He finally escaped with such information as he could gather. Crane, in General Meade's army, patrolled the bank all day, waiting for a sight of the spy he had suspected.

Both had been working for the same company for twelve months and had never met. Taylor is employed as a military and woodcraft expert at Universal City, and Crane as an actor at the Hollywood Studios.

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

July 18

HAROLD MELTZER, son of the distinguished Charles Henry Meltzer, and who has appeared behind the footlights of both New York and London stages, while at the moment he is one of the leading Pathe players, being to the fore in "Foul Play," an important picture, shortly to be released.

FRANCES YOUNG, the clever character actress, recalled on such productions as "The County Chairman," "Brown of Harvard," "The Man of the Hour," "The Goddess of Liberty," and "Thais," and who is now a member of the Colonial Theatre Stock, Cleveland.

RUTH HOLT BOUCICAULT, who has for a long time been leading woman in Margaret Anglin's support, appearing in the Shakespearean repertoire, as well as "Green Stockings" and "Lady Windermere's Fan."

FREDERICK STANHOPE, general stage director and play producer for the Liebler Company.

KITTY WOLFE, the clever soubrette, seen for years in melodramas, in the support of her husband, Harry Clay Blaney, and who is to enter the field of vaudeville in September.

CHARLES SILBER, the talented juvenile actor, pleasantly remembered with Blanche Ring in "The Wall Street Girl" and "When Claudia Smiles."

IDA LEE CASTON, of the Cohan and Harris forces, and who is specially recalled in the original production of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

HARRY KERNELL, who, like his clever mother, Queenie Vassar, has appeared in numerous Broadway musical productions.

QUEENIE LEIGHTON, than whom there are few better known London musical hall artists, and who, as "principal boy," holds an almost unrivaled record in pantomimes, during the past ten years having appeared in "The White Cat," "Cinderella," "Sinbad," "Goody Two Shoes," and no less than three different versions of "Dick Whittington."

July 19

JEAN NEWCOMBE, lately seen in "Little Miss Brown," and who this coming season is to be prominently cast in "To-day."

ELSA RYAN, who was seen on tour last season, playing the title role in one of the various "Peg o' My Heart" companies.

BLANCHE HALL, who was also seen on tour last season, playing the title role in one of the various "Peg o' My Heart" companies.

GUS WILLIAMS, the inimitable Dutch comedian, who has entertained our vaudeville audiences these many years.

H. COOPER-CLIFFE, who will be long remembered for his work in "Everywoman," and who last season appeared briefly in "A Thousand Years Ago."

WILSON DAY, who last season played a number of character parts with the Harry Davis Stock, Pittsburgh, with which company he will continue another year.

PHYLLIS SHERWOOD, who gave considerable promise as an ingenue actress, but who married and left the stage several years ago.

SIDNEY CUSHING, whom we last saw on Broadway, at the Garrick Theatre, with John E. Kellard in "The Governor's Boss."

ADELAIDE FITZ-ALLEN, who played the name part in "Madame X" on tour, but who has not appeared behind the footlights lately.

PAUL ARTHUR, the American actor who has long resided in England and whose professional work is now wholly confined to John Bull's Island.

PEGGY PRYDE, the London serio-comic, who enjoys tremendous popularity with music hall patrons in her home country.

July 20

F. F. MACKAY, the veteran actor and director, father of the well-known leading men, Charles and Edgar Mackay, and who upon this date celebrates his eighty-second birthday, more power to him!

KATHRYN STEVENSON, whom we shall long recall agreeably, with special reference to her effective work in the original production of "Little Boy Blue."

CLYDE BENSON, who for a long time has been identified with the role of Bluff in "Everywoman."

DAISY MARKHAM, the pretty London actress, who appeared in this country several years ago, with Sir Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore.

J. HAMMOND DAILEY, who plays juvenile and light comedy roles in stock, being specially popular with Brooklyn theatregoers, where he was long at the Crescent Theatre.

July 21

GLADYS HULETTE, who, apparently, has left the stage in favor of pictures, having appeared for over a year now in many important Edison releases, two of her recent successes being "The Adventure of the Missing Legacy" and "On the Heights."

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, the one and only, who holds a peculiarly individual position among our Irish stellar lights, his vehicle last season being "Shameen Dhu."

MAY DAVENPORT SEYMOUR, daughter of William Seymour and niece of the late Fanny Davenport, who, after comparatively a short stage career, married and left the stage several years ago.

C. ARTHUR SMITH, who last season was leading man with Maude Adams, doing exceptionally good work in "The Legend of Leonora."

MINNIE DE RUE, formerly well-known in musical comedy, but now the wife of Joseph C. Fay, the stage director, and long ago retired.

GEORGE K. HENERY, for several years a member of Cohan and Harris' forces, appearing on tour last season in "Broadway Jones."

ERNEST R. BALL, the song writer, who has lately been playing in vaudeville, appearing in conjunction with his wife, Maude Lambert.

HOMER MILES, who for the past several seasons has been playing dramatic sketches in vaudeville.

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, whose admirable vocal talents have won him many admirers in both the concert and grand opera field.

LITTLE TICH, the English music hall artist, who made a brief and rather unsuccessful appearance here some years ago, but whose popularity continues undiminished in his native land.

July 22

SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE, who did highly effective work this past season, as the Duchess of Berwick in "Lady Windermere's Fan," in the support of Margaret Anglin.

VIVIAN MARTIN, the pretty ingenue actress, last season seen in "The Marriage Game" and "The Call of Youth," and who is under contract to A. H. Woods to appear in "The High Cost of Loving."

ARTHUR MAITLAND, who was seen the past season with Chauncey Olcott in "Shameen Dhu," and who will be seen the coming year in "The Yellow Ticket."

SYRIL KLEIN, who, since her marriage, has appeared behind the footlights at very rare intervals, probably being most successful of late in "The Quaker Girl."

GERTRUDE BRYAN, never to be forgotten for her charming work in "Little Boy Blue," but who recently fell a victim to Dan Cupid, and she now says she is done with the stage for good and all.

GUS ELEN, the English coster singer, who made a successful, though brief, tour of this country several years ago.

NINA BARBOUR, late with Kitty Gordon in "The Enchantress," since when she has been most successful in vaudeville.

July 23

MARGARET ILLINGTON, who only recently concluded a highly profitable season as Mary Turner in "With-in the Law," a play in which she is to continue for a second season.



DOROTHY FOLLIS, the dashing musical comedy favorite, recalled in sundry Ziegfeld entertainments and who was especially happily placed in "The Rose Maid."

HERBERT BELMORE, brother of Lionel, Alice and Daisy Belmore, all well-known in theatrical circles.

JOHN HARRINGTON, who was seen in vaudeville in Bertha Kalich's support, and was also with Edna Goodrich in the short-lived "Evangeline."

LUCILLE SPINNEY, the former stock leading woman, who announced her retirement from the stage about a year ago.

July 24

MARC McDERMOTT, whose work in Edison films has given him an undisputed leadership among our screen stars, at the moment being notably successful in the series of "The Man Who Disappeared," in which he does exceptionally fine work.



GRACE MERRITT, late star of "When Knight-hood Was in Flower" and "The Blue Mouse," but who has since married and retired from the stage.

C. JAY WILLIAMS, whose character work has won recognition in many Edison pictures and who ranks foremost among the cleverest of our screen producers.

FLORENCE BINDLEY, the former melodrama star, who has lately appeared in several special star feature film productions.

WILLIAM GILLETTE, who is returning to the stage in October, appearing under Charles Frohman in the special star-revival of "Diplomacy."

CHARLOTTE HUNT, for many years leading woman of the stock company at Bowdoin Square Theatre, Boston, but who has not appeared professionally since her marriage, about a year or so ago.

MURRAY KINNELL, late with "Pomander Walk," and still more recently with Annie Russell in her revivals of Old English comedies, being especially good as Joseph Surface in "The School for Scandal."

ALICE BELGA, who has decorated many Broadway musical plays, the most recent being "The Little Cafe," at the New Amsterdam Theatre.

FRANK MOULAN, the musical comedy comedian, whom we saw last season in "The Queen of the Movies."

CARLETON MACY, who had a most agreeable season of it, appearing at the Astor Theatre during the all season's run of "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

CYRUS WOOD, who for the past three years has been identified with "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," supporting Charlotte Walker.

ARTHUR ELLIOTT, who for some time past has been playing prominent roles in William Faversham's support, both in "The Faun" and the Shakespearean revivals.

ORRIN BURKE, who was on tour this past season in "A Romance of the Underworld."

BASIL RUTSDALE, of the Metropolitan Opera House forces, where he has sung successfully for several seasons.

Renee Kelly

(Continued from page 15)

we had left out the lines, and she was so perfectly charming that no one of us had the courage to tell her the true reason."

"Do you like repertoire?"

"Very much," she said. "I like the movies for the same reason, a change of play every week. It grows so dull to keep on playing the same role week after week, season after season—all but 'Ann.' I'm silly about Ann. I suppose, she acknowledged, "but can't you fancy what Ann means to me?" Her voice grew a bit pensive and her eyes looked far beyond the Chicago prairies as she went back to the London days.

"We'd come to London like Dick Whittington, my husband and I," she mused. "but not even one of the ten million cats of London told us to keep on across the Bridge. We went to manager after manager, and calling on managers in London is infinitely worse than finding them in America. They are so formal, so hedged in. We probably wouldn't have found them at all if my husband hadn't been known. They made him offers, but he wouldn't play without me while there was a chance of our being together. The managers would say, 'We know your work, but we don't know your wife's work at all. Is she American?' Finally one manager told him to bring me in. I went. The result was 'Ann.'"

"Do you know where the Criterion stands in London, that corner where, they say, all the world passes, there on the Strand where all the omnibuses rush by, and the flower sellers stand around the base of the Monument, and the street runs down to Parliament? Isn't it simply stupendous, that corner? You feel that it is the wireless station for the cities of the world. Sometimes it thrills you to effort. Sometimes it crushes you down. The morning I came out from the first rehearsal I felt that I was a foolish atom to be beating my wings against London. I felt that way for a week. Then one evening, just two nights before the first performance I came out into the twilight, and felt that great thrill of glory that no place in the world but just that corner of the Strand



can give to the man or woman who has something to give London."

"That feeling went with me through the last rehearsals, and through the first night. It was London's gift to her pilgrims, that spur of in-

spiration, and it carried me through the opening performance. It's all like a dream, that first night, and all the nights that followed. I used to go to the theatre in a daze, used to whirl over to the station and out to Westcliffe every night in a haze as thick as winter fog, used to see my name there in electric lights at that corner of the Strand, used to pinch myself to make sure I was really Renee Kelly."

"It seems even more like a dream now," she went on. "That's one of the queer things about the older drama. Playing for the films seems to become real to you after you've seen yourself in the pictures. The pictures are the recording angels, aren't they? But all that's left of the play you've been in is your program and reviews and memories. And then besides, you give up so much to the theatre. You give your domesticity, and your real home life, and all the little things you love to do. Why, the best fun we've ever had, my husband and I, is on our Saturday afternoons since we've been with the Selig people. We finish out here at noon, and we go downtown for luncheon, and then we do a little bit of shopping, and then we go to the theatre, and we pay our real money—no passes!—and we say just what we please to each other about the show. And then we drop in on a movie, and—hold hands in the dark, and wonder how we'll look on the film, and have a party dinner before we go home."

It sounded like a bank clerk's ideal of a bank holiday, this plan for every Saturday that the glowing girl of the Titian-gold hair and the cornflower blue eyes outlined. The London that had made her a luminary of the theatrical world would have raised eyebrows over its simplicity; but there was a gleam of happiness in those eyes that even the flower sellers around the base of the Monument had not seen there on the evening when the girl had felt the thrill of London. Capitals of the world shine beneath the glow of pavement stars. But there are others stars that shine higher than the bulbs over the theatres on the Strand, and Renee Kelly, motion picture actress, who sits at home in the evenings embroidering dainty clothes for a chubby little girl in England overseas, knows their light.

Movie Accidents

INSURANCE adjusters beware! Here is a girl who makes her living by being knocked down by automobiles, falling in front of moving trains and being rolled by the fenders of street cars. She knows how to fall between the "L" platform with a train thundering by, with a realism that fools even the ticket chopper.

Her name is Jean de Kay, and she is a moving picture actress. She risks her limbs and life almost daily for one of the motion picture companies in New York, who require a nervy young woman to put the much-desired punch of realism into their picture. Her telephone number is known to every studio director in the city and her engagement book, up to the time she joined the Reliance studio of the Mutual Film Corporation as a permanent member of the stock company, was crammed with "dates."

Absolutely fearless, Miss De Kay recently was requisitioned to impersonate "Our Mutual Girl" in an "accident" which required her to be knocked down and thrown by a racing car.

Miss De Kay was taken to Sixty-first street and Fifth avenue early in the morning, and instructed by Director Jack Noble in the part she was to play. A cross was marked on the pavement to point out to both the chauffeur of the racing car and to the actress the spot where the "accident" was to occur.

The racing car was placed about a hundred yards from the spot and timed so that it would hit Miss De Kay at the exact moment she reached the point greed upon. It was realized of course, that if she turned and deliberately placed herself in front of the automobile, the picture would be ruined. Miss De Kay, therefore, was instructed not to look around but to proceed, with her eyes straight ahead, to the

appointed spot in a most carefree, natural way.

Four times both actress and chauffeur rehearsed the little drama, Miss De Kay always stepping aside at the critical moment to let the car roar pass. Movie patrons want realism nowadays, and, although Miss De Kay knew she was taking a chance, she instructed the chauffeur to put on all the power he could, and to trust to her that everything turned out all right.

Finally the director gave the signal and Miss De Kay and the chauffeur lined up on their marks. With a wave of his hat Mr. Noble gave the signal to the chauffeur up the street, and spoke a quiet word to Miss De Kay.

Slowly the girl walked out into the street. The chauffeur took the actress at her word. Using all his power he raced down the avenue. As he whirled past Jack Noble, the director shouted to him to slow down. Before he could do so, however, the "accident" occurred. Miss De Kay jumped into the air as she was struck and landed full on the mud guard, thus avoiding going under the wheels.

The impact cast her off to one side on the sidewalk. Here the director's and her plans went astray. Miss De Kay struck the curb and fell half on the sidewalk and half in the street. Beyond a severe shaking up and some ugly bruises, she apparently had sustained no ill effects of her adventure.

On the way back to the studio, however, she pressed her side and complained of a sharp pain. As the car turned into Broadway at Seventeenth street, Miss De Kay fainted and had to be assisted from the limousine into the Mutual studios. A doctor was hastily summoned and after examination found that the plucky Mutual actress had sustained a broken rib.

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 27)

Charlie must have done well abroad. But I agreed—of course! And, a few weeks later, after I had been hearing glowing reports from Wilson, and, indeed, after I had satisfied myself that Charlie was making good, I decided to take a hand myself.

"I'm out of touch with the studio, Lane," I told Wilson. "I want a job. I'll come around to-morrow and you can hire me. Treat me like any of the others, just give me little parts, you know."

"I don't know about that," he said. "I've a notion you ought to be starring. But—well, you're the doctor."

I did it. Wilson and I went through our parts without a smile, and I fell into the old routine. I got a dressing room with three other girls, and I shall never forget the thrill with which I walked under the glaring lights and turned to face the camera. As I did so I heard my own name. It was Charlie.

"Mollie?" he said, and his face was working, "where have you been?"

"Why—it's Charlie Hemmingway!" I said easily. I held out my hand to him. "I've been all right, Charlie. I'm living at the Belthorpe!"

I saw him wince. He could guess my salary—I, a player of the smallest parts, as he must know.

Wilson's voice cut in.

"Come and see me to-night," I said hastily. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

DIRECTOR Hunt of the Kay Bee is producing a weird story in which the well known Japanese actor and actress take the parts of Indians. It is called "The Village 'Neath the Sea" and by the use of some wonderful trick photography a mirage is shown.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

ELAINÉ STERNE, the winner of the big Sun-Vitagraph prize is a member of the Photoplay Authors League which was started in Los Angeles. The P. A. L. bunch are delighted and congratulate Miss Sterne.

Tammany Young of the Reliance, who was married recently, left his wife in New York to manage the laundry that he gave her as a wedding present.

It was fully two years ago that Ray Myers played the lead in "The Man They Scorned" at the Kay Bee and yet a letter addressed to "The Man They Scorned," Los Angeles, was delivered to him recently.

Herbert Rawlinson, William Worthington and Anna Little are all suffering from sun-burned feet and arms. They were wearing sandals and flowing things in "Damon and Pythias" at the Universal and Old Sol is no respecter of the classical.

Harry Spears recently died here after a somewhat lingering illness. Poor Harry kept at his work as long as he could and was for a long time stage manager for the Majestic company. He was well known as a technical director on the legitimate stage.

Marie Walcamp, who recently returned from Honolulu with Henry McRae's company, says that she received no less than fifteen proposals of marriage from the sons of well to do Hawaiians. She says the Islands are great fun.

In "The Long Feud," being produced by George Osborne at the Kay Bee camp, Rhea Mitchell had the delightful experience of being rescued from quicksands when she had sank to her chin. Rhea says that realism is all right but it can go too far.

The new Hobart Bosworth studios are going up fast and the company, including charming Myrtle Stedman and other clever people will work there in two or three weeks' time.

Rollin S. Sturgeon is back at his beloved Vitagraph studios and will produce a given number of special features each year. His stock company will be a small one and he will pick "types" for his plays.

Yet another animal feature company, the "Jungle" concern is engaged upon the making of animal pictures not a stone's throw from the Selig Animal Farm. They have completed one photoplay under the direction of Paul Machette, who is also acting. Carl Von Schiller is with them. The heads of this company are Edwards and Roman and the menagerie is a big one.

Witzel, the man who photographs the movie stars, showed up unexpectedly at his studios and exhibited a broken arm in splints. He broke it whilst fishing, where and how we do not care to say, but it is some big fish story he told the boys.

Burton King of the Usona has finished an unique racing Photoplay "Won in the Stretch" the scenes of which were taken at a George Durfee's racing stables, real racers and jockeys figure in this exciting play as well as a Thomas flyer.

Harry Pollard and Margarita Fischer of the Beauty Films motored to Los Angeles last Saturday to see some of their old friends and to display their big car. Of course Peter the Great, the English bulldog, came along too.

Gossips, both in and out of the press have engaged Ed. Brady of the Usona to Vicky Forde. Both "deny the alligator." Ed, felt quite badly about it but Vicky quickly reassured him she knew the report did not come from him.

Whilst riding in "A Romance of the Sawdust Ring" a big circus picture put on by Raymond B. West of the Bronco, Ed. Hanlon's horse became frightened by a big black bear and threw its rider. Ed. sustained a fracture of the left arm but is doing nicely.

Pretty little Ella Hall, who did such good work with the Smalleys, is now leading lady with Bob Leonard of the Universal. Hazel Buckham has left the company.

William Clifford returned from Honolulu just in time to be home for the arrival of a new baby girl, he was not an hour too soon. That makes two now, won't T. R. be pleased?

Edwin August has received a letter from a woman asking his advice regarding what chickens to rear! This because he has a chicken ranch. Next thing Billy Garwood will be asked to lecture on onion raising.

"Lucille Love" is finished and Francis Ford is off to Portland, Maine, to visit his folks and Grace Cunard goes to New York on a like errand. They are expected back with big, fat contracts in a month's time.

Adele Lane, the Selig actress, paid the expenses of an operation upon her maid recently. Commend me to the actress every time for good heartedness.

Tom Mix is directing Western stories at Burton King's studios at Glendale. He has Leo Maloney (late of Kalem), Roy Watson, Barney Furey and Goldie Colwell with him.

What a lot of jealousy there is in the profession! At the Universal restaurant Kerrigan's Collier "Pard" and Bess Meredyth's brindle-bull tried to chew each other up, and at the Mutual studios, Don, an English bull terrier, belonging to Mae Marsh, called Dorothy Gish's air-dale an insignificant canine and the air was full of hair. Tut! tut! the bow wows are as bad as the humans.

Gertrude Short, the clever little actress, who has appeared in so many film stories, is recovering from a broken ankle. Gertie and her brother have a governess and Antrim looks after his sister's wants all the time.

G. W. Bitzer, that famous camera man, "got one" on David W. Griffith when he turned the crank as the big producer was talking to some Pasadena notables. Mr. Griffith did not even know of it until he saw the film run, then he ran too—for Bitzer.

Max Figman, at present featuring with the Lasky Company, tells how he was about to appear in pictures once before. He was about to make arrangements with Francis Boggs of Seligs when he heard that Boggs had been killed by a Japanese and he returned to New York instead. He has been busy ever since.

H. B. Warner is at Lasky's and has started on "The Ghost Breaker." Fred Kley the "little of everything" and all round manager at Lasky's keeps on the jump all the time and how he manages to keep so courteous is a matter of wonderment.

Edna Maison of the Universal is being featured at the head of her own company. Ray Gallagher will play opposite and Lloyd Ingraham will direct. Some combination.

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(In *Motion Picture World*).

"It is invaluable to the Photoplaywright."

PHIL LANG
(MS. Editor of *Kalem Co.*)

FOR PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS

The Photoplay is a plot in action. Mr. E. F. Murphy, Director of The Associated Motion Picture Schools, comes to the point: "I find the book excellent for my students. Kindly quote me price on 200 copies." Eres Winthrop Sargent, authority on photoplay writing, says: "Mr. Phillips' statements are as applicable to the photoplay as to the fiction story."

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Calling by proxy! What a perfectly divine balm with which to heal the social wounds of the Uppah Clawses. No longer will Mrs. Shilly be forced to attend the tea of the Mrs. Shally when she would far rather be playing golf with the pictorial representation of Mrs. Shully out on the links. She will send her film to the Shilly tea! And think how much more they will both enjoy the pictorial process. It is almost safe to prophesy that the weather will soon become almost as unknown to polite conversation as the fourth dimension, because there will be no polite conversation. How nice that will be.

Mrs. A. feels that she must entertain. Not that she wants to entertain, but that she feels that society will not overlook not being invited to something which it does not want to attend. But now how simple. She gives a party and invites fifty guests. Forty-nine of the number send—no, not their regrets—their films. Each is arrayed in her very finest. The other guest attends in person and sits with Mrs. A. in her projection parlor, while she projects her guests. And how convenient a situation for sartorial comment. Each guest as she passes in some characteristic bit of business across the canvas is stripped of her finery (verbally, 'yunderstand).

While she is sitting at home and taking care of the spitz dog, feeling the while that she is making a far better impression with her film that she could in person, her hostess is saying just what she thinks of the cut of her dress and her personal character. How satisfactory!

Just News

Every week the rumor spreads that Carlyle Blackwell is returning to Los Angeles. Well, his seven passenger car was shipped to New York recently. Doesn't look like an immediate return.

Henry Otto, the secretary of the Photoplayers Club of Los Angeles, and the producer of "A Will O' the Wisp," has left the Balboa ranks and is taking a rest. He says he needs one.

Reports from the Balboa camp state that William D. Taylor's first three reels were a great success and that he will produce his own stories from now on with pretty Neva Gerber (Delorez) as his foil.

Normand McDonald, late of Essanay, is producing for Tom Nash's feature company. He has the name for being an artistic and painstaking director.

John Adolfi is turning out some gripping stories at the Mutual and his "On the Border," a Mexican war story, is said to be a hummer. Irene Hunt, Frank Bennett, Eugene Pallette and Sam de Grasse all figure prominently in this.

The beach studios of the Kalem company at Santa Monica are to be opened once more under the management and direction of Albert W. Hale and 'one reel comedies featuring John E. Brennan will be put on, starting at once. Many people will be sorry to see the partnership between Brennan and Ruth Roland broken up. Miss Roland will stay with Marshall Nielan at Hollywood.

Asked Bess Meredyth how she was the other day. "Blue, very blue," she answered, "one of my children is in the hospital having her ears cut." After a gasp or two I remembered that Bess always refers to her dogs as her children.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

MARY L., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA—Van Dyke Brook was "John Durban" in Vitagraph's "The Right of Way." The others in the cast were: Jack Ramsay—Leo Delaney; Ray Bradford—Norma Talmadge; George Brixton—Harry Northrup; Lawrence Radford—Logan Paul; Senator Rankin—Anders Randolph; and Hartland—Mr. Kendall. Yes the Broadway Star feature which you saw was made by the Vitagraph Company of America. All pictures released under the Broadway Star brand have first been shown as feature attractions at the Vitagraph's own theater in New York City.

X. Y. Z., PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA—Charles Huber was the bad man in Frontier's "Won by Wire" and Edythe in the same picture was Edythe Sterling. Hazel Buckham played opposite Robert Leonard in the Rex comedy "A Boob There Was." The other film you refer to was made in Italy and we have no cast sheets of that company's productions.

FILM FAX, DETROIT, MICHIGAN—Yes, the Dolly Larkin now appearing in Frontier pictures is the same Dolly Larkin who used to be with Lubin. We don't know the reason for her changing from one company to the other. Does it really matter anyway?

TRIXIE ST. C., BUFFALO, NEW YORK—Rhea Mitchell was Nan Hopkins in Domino's "In the Southern Hills" and the role of Jim Hopkins was enacted by George Osborne. Never heard of the other player you mention. Are you sure she is a leading woman of that company.

WILLIAM R., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN—We really can't say how high that bridge was the players leaped off from in that Selig film, but we're sure it was high enough to give a real thrill to the picture. No, there was nothing "faked" about that dive—it was the real thing and no dummies were used.

KATHLEEN, MAC D., SPOKANE, WASHINGTON—Francella Billington was with Kalem before joining the Mutual forces. Fred Mace is said to be in Europe just now. You will probably hear more of him upon his return. No, he has not given up working in pictures. Instead, he is more enthusiastic than ever over the possibilities which pictures offer.

CATHERINE B., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO—The addresses of the studios you ask for are as follows: Thanhouser—New Rochelle, N. Y.; Universal—Universal City, Los Angeles, California; Selig—Los Angeles, California; Mutual—Los Angeles, California; Edison—Orange, N. J.; Eclair—Fort Lee, N. J.

ELSIE O., PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND—The female political boss in Edison's "When the Men Left Town" was Lizzie Conway. The play was written by Mark Swan, who frequently contributes to Edison.

MRS. H. W. K., COLUMBUS, OHIO—Lubin's "The House of Darkness" was played by the following cast: John Collins—John Smiley; Henry Collins—Joseph Smiley; Wickes, the butler—William H. Turner; Ruth (8 years old)—Eleanor Dunn; Ruth (18 years old)—Justina Huff; and Philip D'Arcy—Clarence Elmer. We haven't the cast sheet on the other picture you mention but if you will write a letter requesting the same information of the publicity man of the Kalem Company we are sure you will be answered. Be sure and enclose stamps for reply.

ELSIE W., COLUMBUS, OHIO—The Players' Birthday department began in the issue you saw and so Edward Mackay's birthdate was not mentioned in any previous number. If you follow the department regularly you will discover when he was born, for as time goes on all the famous stars will be mentioned.

LOUISE L., ST. LOUIS, MO.—If by "Locate Francis Ford of Gold Seal," you mean point out what parts he has played, nothing will be easier, for he plays the role of "Hugo Loubeque" in the great serial "Lucille Love," now running in theatres all over the country. Perhaps you mean to tell where he is working in films, in which case we must reply at Universal City, which is near Los Angeles, Cal.

EDNA J., CLEVELAND, OHIO—Lillian Walker is not married. Wherever did you get such an idea? "Love, Luck and Gasoline" was produced at the eastern plant of the Vitagraph Company of America, which is located in Brooklyn, New York.

SNOW-CRUZE FAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—All your questions have been answered as fast as they were reached, but you mustn't expect to get a reply in THE MOVIE PICTORIAL the very week following the one in which you send us questions, for that is impossible, owing to the fact that THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is all made up and on the presses several weeks in advance of its appearance on the newstands. We can't tell you where Edgena DeLespina is at the present time. Marguerita Fischer's name is Fischer not Frasier. Kathie Fischer is not her daughter, but her niece. Marguerite Snow and James Cruze will be interviewed in THE MOVIE PICTORIAL soon, but we can't hope to publish interviews with all your favorites at once. Remember somebody else is asking for other interviews just as you are. All in due time.

C. C. C., ELKTON, N. Y.—Lillian Gish can be reached by addressing her care the Reliance Motion Picture Company, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California. Mae Marsh is said to be seventeen years of age.

"CUBLEY," DAVENPORT, IA.—That was Alice Hollister and Tom Moore in Kalem's "The Primitive Man."

BETH F., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Edna Payne was "Madge" in Eclair's "Whom God Hath Joined." The father in the same picture was Hal Wilson.

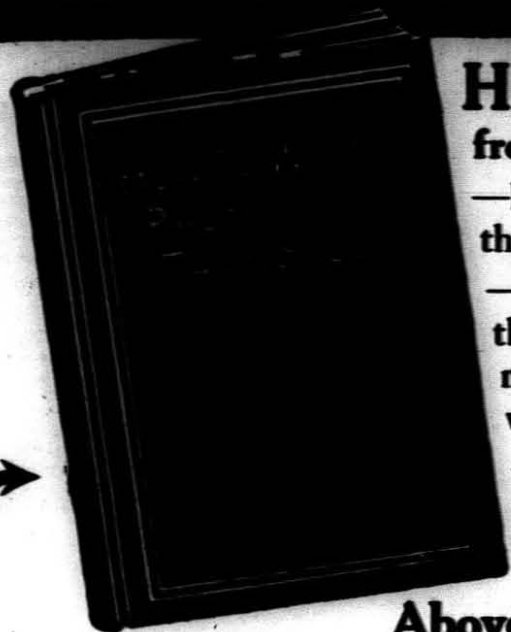
JACK K., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—Fay Brierly was "Little Doris" in Lubin's "A Girl of the Cafes." Yes, the Giants-White Sox World Tour pictures are real, honest-to-goodness pictures of the baseball teams, taken while on the tour of the world which they made last winter. Can't give you the name of the actor who played "Mr. Bug." We thought he was good, didn't you?

KITTY MAY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—Sidney Bracy of the Thanhouser Company is married—only recently though. His wife is an actress and used to be in the same company as her husband when he was supporting Nat Goodwin.

DENVERITE, DENVER, COL.—Yes, you were right. Harry Von Meter of the "Flying A" Company was educated in the schools of your city. Besides attending the public schools there he also took a special course at the School of Dramatic Art, conducted by Mrs. Fealy, mother of Maude Fealy, the Thanhouser star.

EARL B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Justus D. Barnes was the "John Baird" of Princess "His Enemy." Yes, the daughter and her sweetheart were Muriel Ostriche and Boyd Marshall.

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Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JULY 25, 1914

NUMBER 12

Who Wants the Censorship?

By LUCIAN CARY

WHO wants official censorship of moving pictures in the United States? Have the sovereign people of this country risen in their might and demanded that Congress create a federal censorship which shall examine and approve every moving picture film before they are permitted to see it in the theatres of their America?

Not at all.

Have the voters of any state in the Union asked that every moving picture film be examined and declared innocuous by a state board of censorship before it is permitted to be shown in the theatres of their state?

Not at all.

Have the citizens of Chicago, or any other city, in meeting assembled or by petition circulated or in any other manner requested the mayor of their city to appoint censors who shall examine and declare pure any moving picture film before it is permitted to be shown in the theatres of their city?

Not at all.

And yet, although 98 per cent of all the films on exhibition in the United States at the present moment have been examined and approved by the voluntary National Board of Censorship of Moving Pictures which was founded by the People's Institute in New York city five years ago, there is now a bill before Congress providing for official federal censorship of moving pictures. And four states have already created distinct official boards of censorship. And Chicago, like most of the other large cities in the country, has an official board of censorship. (I mention Chicago particularly because the Chicago censorship is the most striking example in the entire country of American citizens submitting to repressive measures so severe that they would not be considered, let alone tolerated, anywhere else in the civilized world.)

No representative group of citizens—let alone a majority of voters—has anywhere asked for censorship. Yet in addition to the long-established National Board of Censors we already have censorship in four states, censorship pending in twenty others, censorship about to be enacted by Congress, censorship established or in process of establishment in every city of the United States.

Isn't this country a republic? Is democracy a fake?

What does it all mean? Why this epidemic of censorship in a country whose constitution guarantees forever the right of free speech and free assembly? Who wants the censorship? In whose interest is censorship? What is the origin of this apparent demand for censorship?

Well, there are a few persons who want official censorship of moving pictures. Roughly speaking I should say that there is one in about every 1,000,000 of the 90,000,000 persons in these United States, or about 90 in all. I have managed to count a dozen who have publicly expressed themselves in favor of official censorship and I suppose there must be 100 or so altogether. But let us suppose, just to avoid argument, that there are 10,000 persons in this country who want official censorship, the question is who are they?

There are three sorts of such persons. I classify them as: superior persons (these are the great majority), professional reformers, and politicians. The professional reformers and the politicians are too few and too weak to be very important. Besides they are insincere. Censorship means jobs for professional reformers and jobs for politicians and the politicians' friends. That is all they care about. But the superior persons are important. They are perfectly sincere in their belief that they are a great deal better than you and me. Indeed, they are perfectly sincere in believing that you and I are so weak, "so highly suggestible," so ignorant that we need their protection.

And before you laugh at this attitude of the superior person, stop and ask yourself if you don't often feel that way. You may be diffident, or exceptionally honest with yourself; you may admit that there are persons who can do things that you can't do; but when it comes right down to it is there any person you so implicitly trust as yourself? Of course not. You would not be a normal human being if you did not feel that in some very important matters you were just a little safer than anybody else on the face of the earth. Everybody is a superior person in his own private mind. The difference between you and the avowedly superior person is that he insists on applying his feeling of superiority to your conduct while you—having a sense of humor or, a degree of tolerance for the frailties of mankind—are willing to rest on your feeling.

Now for whom does the superior person want the censorship? Does he want it for himself and those he believes to be his kind? Certainly not. The other day the pastor of a Chicago church secured from the board of censorship a series of "cut-outs"—parts of films that had been rejected as unsuitable for exhibition by the board—and put them on the screen for the benefit of his congregation, just to show what a necessary work the censorship was doing. He didn't see anything funny in that. He thought that it was necessary to cut out such scenes as he freely showed his own people for the benefit of the "ignorant Slavs" in South Chicago, or the "poor Norwegians and Swedes" of the Northwest side, or the "sweated workers" of the Ghetto. It simply never occurred to him that these films, which he believed to be dangerous to "foreigners" and to poor people, could be dangerous to his congregation. And as a matter of fact I don't suppose they did his congregation the least harm.

But you see the point. Censorship is imposed by the self-confessed superior person on the rest of us. Censorship is always for the other fellow—who hasn't had a college education, or who eats with his knife, or who can't speak English very well—the fellow who needs to be protected from seeing pictures that more fortunate persons may see without the least danger. Censorship is the invention of the few for the benefit of the many—or so the few inform us.

The idea goes back to the days when everybody believed that the minds and hearts of the lowly were congenitally inferior to the minds and hearts of the upper classes. The superstition that the children of wealthy or highly edu-

cated parents are born with more brains and finer feelings than the children of poor or untrained parents has been riddled many times, but it still lingers in the minds of stupid, unimaginative persons. I heard a woman whose electric often stands in front of Hull House tell a "perfectly killing" story of how homesick one of her maids, a recent immigrant, was. "You know," she remarked, when she had got her laugh, "these people don't feel things the way we do." Many much more sympathetic persons than this woman feel that almost every human being—except themselves—is at the mercy of any "suggestion" that is offered in a book, a play, or a film. They have not stopped to think that the subject of nearly all the literature of the ages is the wrong-doing, the error, the folly of men and women. They are sure that "it isn't safe" to permit moving picture theaters to show crime, or violence, or illicit love—because "everybody" goes to the movies and "everybody" is likely to go out of the theater with the intention of doing the things he has just seen done on the screen.

Clergymen, Y. M. C. A. secretaries, social workers, presidents of women's clubs—all assure us that we must make it the business of government to see that the ignorant masses are not contaminated, or incited to crime, or unduly excited by the moving picture theater. They call the moving picture theater "the people's theater"—which is an exact statement of the fact—and then they proceed to apply standards of censorship to it that they would never dream of applying to theatres where the best seats cost \$2. It is as if they believed that scenes which they know perfectly well do them no harm in the \$2 theatre were terribly dangerous to people in the five and ten cent theatre. They act as if they were perfectly certain that the possession of \$2 and the willingness to spend it were a protection against dangers that would inevitably ruin the person in possession of ten cents and the willingness to spend it.

They are honest enough about it. But they have hit upon an interpretation of the command to be one's brother's keeper which would be funny if it were not so much too serious to be a laughing matter. Just why it is so serious I leave for another article. But in the meantime I suggest that the simple secret of the censorship agitation in the United States, the plain little fact that explains this immensely ramified thing, is that almost universal human weakness which permits a man to believe he is just a little better than his neighbor. That belief does no harm in the average individual. Rather it does him good. It gives him the self-confidence he needs to face the world.

But in those people whose position in life has given them a power over other people it does harm. It makes them do absurd things in the name of intelligence, dangerous things in the name of morality, and ugly things in the name of duty.

Just now it is making them, the 10,000 or less of actively "superior" persons, create a system by which they, or their chosen agents, shall absolutely determine what the remaining 89,000,000 and more ordinary citizens of this country shall see in the moving picture theatre.

"THE DEBT"

It is An Unusual Debt and It is Paid in An Unusual Way

By **BRUCE WESTFALL**

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LUBIN FILM

H ELEN DESMOND, shrinking from the very idea of life on the stage, had still welcomed with what was really enthusiasm, Kugelmann's offer of an engagement in the chorus of his summer musical show, "The Purple Parrot." In truth, she had to take the offer. Had there been any choice, had she been able to earn money in any other way, she would have taken the chance, however slim. But girls who have been brought up with the idea that women should never work, when they are confronted suddenly, with the fact that they must work, whether or no, are not likely to find a wide field of choice open to them.

John Desmond, Helen's father, had been a wealthy man. Had he died five years earlier he would have left his wife and his two daughters at least comfortably well off. But in the last years of his life one business venture after another had gone wrong: Nothing in which he was interested seemed to prosper; his business reverses, in fact, hastened his death.

And when the end came, and the estate had been finally settled, the widow and her daughters had to face terrible facts. Instead of the fortune which everyone supposed John Desmond would leave, they found themselves possessed of a small country house, never used while he was alive. Everything else had been sold to pay his debts. There was no money; only the little house, and its furniture. They had to live in the house; had they sold it the proceeds would not have kept them even a year.

But, to live, even in their own house, required money. Mrs. Desmond, who had been an invalid for years, could do nothing. Her younger daughter, Elsie, was not old enough to do anything. Moreover, Mrs. Desmond required constant care and attention. And so it remained for Helen to find some work, and, in some manner, to provide the money that was absolutely needed.

Pride kept the Desmonds from appealing to the friends of their more prosperous days. Pride—and the feeling that, after all, such appeals might be worse than useless, Helen went to New York. She might have found employment in a store. She did, as a matter of fact, receive offers. But the wages that were offered were not enough to keep her alive, she thought, much less to enable her to help those at home who were dependent on her. She had no useful knowledge, like stenography or typewriting. And so, as a last resort, she tried to find work on the stage.

Even there, however, she was handicapped. She had had no stage experience, and it is only in stories, never in real life, that girls with only their looks to recommend them can get a chance as actresses, so she was at her last gasp when she finally reached Kugelmann,

by grace of an office boy who knew that his employer liked "good looking dames."

"Any experience—big voice?" Snapped the manager, when she entered.

"I've had no experience," she stammered. "I have a fair voice—at least, I've been told so—"

"H'm—face all right. Stand up—let's see your shape. Lift up your skirts—if you ain't got pipe stems for legs, I'll take a chance on you!"

She flushed. For a moment she thought he was insulting her, but then instinct made her understand that this man, coarse and brutal as he seemed, was not intentionally so; that he was purely businesslike.

"Is that—necessary?" she asked, blushing. He stared at her curiously.

"Sure," he said. "In these shows it ain't the book or the music that wins—it's the girl's faces—and their legs."

"All right," he said a moment later, "you'll do. I'll give you thirty-five a week—I always pay chorus girls better than anyone else. That's because I want the swell lookers."

And so Helen Desmond became a chorus girl. Her mother wept at the news; Helen herself found it almost impossible, at first, to bear the knowledge that she was exposing her person for hire, but that feeling wore off in time. Use accustoms us to almost anything. And, after all, she was only one of a crowd, that made it easier. It was harder to bear the other phases of the life. She hated the talk in the dressing room; only one of the girls who shared the big room appealed to her at all. That was Magsie Belle, as she was called on the programme—May Donovan, as she had been known at home.

Magsie was pretty; she was also quieter than the others. But Helen's real reason for

liking her was that Magsie liked her, she showed her many ways of saving money, so that Helen was able to increase the money orders she sent home each week; she coached her, too in the tricks of the stage and the chorus.

But Magsie was to do more than that. One night, as Helen and Magsie left the stage door, the stage manager called Helen.

"Oh, Desmond," he said. "Here's an admirer who wants to meet you. Mr. Appleby—Miss Desmond." She shook hands with Appleby, who had already nodded to Magsie, as to an old friend.

"I've got my car right here," he said. "Won't you two girls come for a spin and a bite of supper somewhere?"

"No, thank you," said Helen, instantly and with some indignation. He did not press her. But Magsie went, and the next day tried to explain to Helen that she had been wrong.

"Don Appleby's a good sport," she said, "and listen, girlie—I want you to keep straight, but it's all right as long as you don't go with a man alone. Maybe society girls don't do things the way we have to, but we've got a right to have a good time. Don's going to ask a bunch of us to dinner Sunday night—come along and square yourself."

And, after a good deal of persuasion, she made Helen promise to go. Helen, as a matter of fact, longed for some relaxation. She was young; her desire for pleasure was a normal and healthy one. And she was not disappointed. The dinner was a delightful one; she sat next to Appleby, and found him a sympathetic listener. She drank no wine, though the others did, and he seemed to approve of her abstinence. She found herself confiding in him. Without at all intending to do so, she told him of her family and of the urgent need that had driven her upon the stage.

That night, when she reached her room, she made two discoveries, one was a special delivery letter from Elsie, telling her that the doctor insisted upon an immediate operation to save her mother's life.

"It will take about \$50.00," wrote Elsie: "for expenses that can't be put off. Dr. Green won't make any charge for the operation, but we must have that much. Can't you get it, dear?"

Helen wondered what she could do. She picked up her pocket book, to look at the few bills that must keep her until the next payday and from it there fluttered another bill—one for fifty dollars! For a moment she was dazed, then she understood. Appleby must have slipped it in while she was not looking. Her first instinct was to return it to him immediately. But—could she? No—she must save her mother. He would understand—and, in any case, he must have meant her to use it, so she sent the money to Elsie the next morning.

It was several days before she saw



Only One of the Girls Who Shared the Big Room Appealed to Her At All



"Won't You Two Girls Come for a Spin and a Bit of Supper Somewhere?"

Appleby again. And then it was not at the theatre, but in the shoddy little parlor of her lodging house. The servant surprised her with the news that he was downstairs, asking for her. And she still showed her wonder when she joined him.

"Hello," said he. "Well, I'm here—I don't think much of this place. You'd better let me take an apartment for you."

She stared at him not understanding.

"Come, come," said he, then. "You understand well enough, my lady! You took my money—"

Suddenly she was in his arms, struggling. She beat him off; her own strength would never have done that, but when he found she meant it, that she was not playing with him, he freed her at once.

"How dare you! what do you mean?" she cried. She was panting; her breath came in great gasps.

"You little fury!" he said. Then, amazingly, he laughed. "I didn't think you were the sort to welch—to take money and not to pay."

"Pay!" she cried. "Do you think I won't pay? Don't you know that I'll work my fingers to the bone to pay you back?"

His laugh, as he answered her, was a sneer. "There was only one way for you to pay,"

he said. "Oh, don't take it so seriously! It doesn't matter—you fooled me—and I guess anyone would say it served me right. I'm sportsman enough to agree with them, too."

He turned to go, but she stopped him.

"Wait," she cried. "I won't have it. I won't have you misjudge me so. That money was a godsend to me. I think it saved my mother's life, and I was so grateful—and now, to have you spoil all by acting so! Oh—"

"My dear girl," he said. "I tell you that you have beaten me fairly. Please don't try to work all the played out old dodges you can think of! That sick mother thing is as old as the Spanish prisoner or the sick engineer! Good day!"

Small wonder that, after that, Helen felt that she hated men—all men! And that she hated the theatre, save for which she would never have had to endure so terrible and so humiliating an experience. The thought of how he had misjudged her overwhelmed her with shame, and the more she reflected, the more excuse she found for him. After all, he knew nothing about her. Was it likely that he would believe her to be so unsophisticated as not to understand the meaning of that fifty dollar bill? And why should he doubt the meaning of her acceptance of it?

After all, though she had been brought up in a family equal to his own, Appleby could judge her only by the associations in which

he found her. To him she must be a chorus girl, neither better nor worse. And Helen had been in the chorus long enough when she stopped to think to see the false position in which she had allowed herself to be placed in her desire to help her mother.

Somehow she could confide in no one concerning Appleby and his visit. Even to Magsie she did not—dared not, indeed—tell the truth. She did not even write home. It was a secret to be kept between them. And Appleby, she was sure, would say nothing. For the story to get about would make him a laughing stock in that delectable society that finds its chief pleasure in dalliance with the ladies of the chorus more complaisant than Helen.

Appleby no longer bothered her, nor annoyed her in any way. Sometimes, when she saw him, a sneering expression came into his eyes; once he spoke to her.

"I was the wrong man," he said.

"When Mr. Right comes along tell him to take good care of you—from me. You need it."

She scarcely understood what he meant. But she asked for no explanation. The truth is that she was afraid of him, afraid of a certain appeal he still held for her in spite of his conduct toward her.

"I could have liked him so well," she said, wistfully, to herself, as she thought of the way he had acted. "I thought he meant to be nice—that he

was one of those men who can help a woman without demanding impossible things from her in return."

It was not long, however, before she had more definite things to worry her. "The Purple Parrot" had been successful, as a summer show, but its career was nearly over, Magsie warned her.

"Better save enough to tide you over," she said. "You've made good. Kugelman will put you and me in the Fall show. But there will be a spell in between—nearly a month. You'll have to keep going during that. But, say—I've got a bid for you. Old Phil Gardner has asked a bunch for a cruise on his steam yacht. Me—I'm going. Oh, it's perfectly respectable—Mrs. Jerry Lea is along as chaperon."

"Gardner?" said Helen, curiously. "I wonder if he's the Gardner who was such a great friend of my father's?"

"Meet him and see. He'll be back tonight," advised Magsie.

Helen agreed, and it turned out that this was indeed the same Philip Gardner of whom she had often heard her parents speak. He was shocked at what she told him of her family's financial difficulties.

"My dear child!" he exclaimed. "You should have come to me at once! Even now—it's not too late. I'll send you a check for a thousand on account."

But Helen checked him. After her experience with Appleby she had determined not to take money from anyone. But she saw no reason why she should not accept the invitation for the cruise. It would mean that the money she would otherwise have to save to look after herself might go to her mother. Still she hesitated. Finally she wrote to her mother, asking her advice, and Elsie answered.

"Mother says that whatever Mr. Gardner advises must be all right, dear," Elsie wrote. "She thinks the cruise will do you good, after you have worked so hard for us in all the hot weather, and she says poor Dad thought a great deal of Mr. Gardner."

And so Helen accepted and started with a merry party on Gardner's yacht. She gave herself up from the beginning to the idea of getting a complete rest, of relaxation from the strain of unaccustomed work. She shut her eyes deliberately, therefore, to some things that tended to worry her. She did not like the other men of the party and the discovery that Mrs. Jerry Lea's husband was suing her



Suddenly She Was in His Arms—Struggling and Beating Him

for divorce on account of a man called Burton, who was one of the party made her wonder if that lady was really a satisfactory chaperon.

However, she told herself that it was ridiculous to worry when she was in the care of her father's old friend. She did not know his reputation. Actually, it was of the worst. A girl known to be his friend was stamped at once as disreputable; these cruises on his yacht were notorious. Yet it was not until they had sailed far south and were off the coast of Florida that Helen found her vague uneasiness turned to definite alarm.

And then, at dinner one night, the storm broke. All the others had been drinking; for the first time Helen was afraid they had been drinking too much. She herself had taken nothing to drink; that was her invariable rule which up to now had forced her to endure only a little good natured teasing. But now Gardner, who was her dinner partner, turned his flushed face toward her.

"Come, my dear—must be soshable," he said, thickly.

And without warning, he threw his arms about her and lifted his own glass to her lips, trying to force the champagne into her mouth. She screamed; the others at the table, even Maggie, only laughed.

"That's the stuff, Phil," cried Maggie. "I got her aboard, for you—you've got to do the rest. And it'll be easier if she has a few drinks. I'm tired of seeing her so goody-goody!"

THE OLD LOVE

By BERTON BRADLEY

THEY'VE "lifted" me out of the movies
The game where I made my hit,
And they tell me I've struck into wonderful luck
To play in the real legit.
I'm featured in first class houses
I'm **THERE** with the salary,
And the work's a pipe of the softest type
—But it's back to the films for me!

I'm tired of the stazy splendor,
I'm tired of the calcium glare,
And I want to play by the light of day
In the sun and the open air,
I want to swing in the saddle
In all of my western gear,
And play my part with a red, red heart
—And the camera clicking near!

I'm going back to the movies
As soon as I find a chance,
To the work that's brisk with its daily risk,
Its savor of real romance,
For the regular stage seems stuffy
And the regular plays are tame,
To the thrill and throb of my old-time job
When I played in the movie game!

In a sudden access of terror Helen realized how she had been trapped. Somehow she freed herself, and, with Gardner calling vile things after her, fled to the deck. He was at her heels. She turned desperately to face him. But a figure rose suddenly and Gardner, with an amazed oath, staggered back as a powerful blow reached his chest.

"Helen—jump overboard quickly!" cried a well remembered voice. She obeyed instantly; in a moment she was swimming and saw Don Appleby beside her.

"You!" she cried:

"Won't talk now—swim. I've a boat here. I came to get you ashore," he said. "So. Here

she is."
He guided her to the boat, helped her to clamber in and then, following, took the oars and rowed toward the shore, which was not far distant.

"Helen," he said, as he rowed, "I want you to forgive me, if you can! I didn't believe what you told me. I thought you were like the rest. But then, I tried to forget you. And I couldn't! And I went to see you—and found you gone."

"And then?" she asked.

They had reached the pier toward which he had been rowing, and he helped her ashore before he answered.

"They told me where I could find your mother and your sister," he said then. "I went to see them. And from them I learned that you were on that yacht. Your mother told me she trusted Gardner. I did

not frighten her—but I knew she might as well trust a Bengal tiger! And so I came—to be near if you should need me! Helen, can you forgive me?"

"It seems that I am always to be in your debt," she said, gently. "How am I to repay what you have done tonight? And I still owe you fifty dollars—"

"Helen," he said, "there can be no talk of payment between us— But—if you can love me—be my wife—"

Once again she was in his arms. But this time she did not seek to free herself.

Next week's story is entitled "Firelight" and is one of exceptional interest.

Henry B. Walthall

years with the Biograph company, which did not believe in making public the names of its actors, and partly to the fact that since he left Biograph, he has usually played parts which called for mustaches and beards and wigs, and various devices which have effectively disguised—or professionalized—his real appearance.

Unlike most leads, Mr. Walthall likes good character parts better than any others, "because they offer such an interesting opportunity as compared with ordinary leads," he says. Not long ago he had a chance to appear almost undisguised as John Howard Payne, the composer, in "Home, Sweet Home," and the public discovered what an exceedingly comely man he is, fit lover for the lovely Lillian Gish. But when he was asked for a list of his favorite roles, it didn't include that of John Howard Payne, but in-

stead such parts as "Strongheart" in the play of that name, the Indian in "Ramona," the "heavy" in "Old Point Comfort" and Holofernes in "Judith."

Also, Mr. Walthall—unlike most motion picture folk—admits that he often has a desire to go back to the legitimate stage, and that he believes he has never done as good acting in pictures as he has done when he has had a responsive audience before him.



He Has a Sensitive Nose, with Dark Brown Eyes and Dark, Rather Curly Hair

HENRY B. WALTHALL, who plays leads in Reliance-Biograph productions, is not far from being the finest and most reliable actor on the motion picture stage today. This is perhaps, an extravagant statement, but, certain it is that work such as his deserves extravagant praise. In spite of his rapidly growing popularity and his well established reputation in the profession, he is not very familiar to the photoplay going public. This is due partly to the fact that he was for



In "The Soul of Honor" He Was Almost Himself, a Fighting French Soldier

MAURICE COSTELLO

And the Troubles of a Director

THE rain, falling alike on the just and the unjust, punished Flatbush as well as Manhattan, descending

in torrents on the glass roofs of the rambling Vitagraph studios. To the big force of Vitagraph players, waiting in dressing rooms and camera rooms for some cessation of the grayness, the rain brought enforced idleness that drifted them into little groups for gossip or sent them into solitary study behind barricades of piled-up costumes. It was one of those days when any molehill of grievance becomes a mountain. So damp was the prevailing atmosphere that good-natured Maurice Costello, star of the Vitagraph Players and hero of more than a thousand romantic photoplays, forgot his triumphs and mused upon his troubles. He was musing upon them when a knock at the door of his office recalled him to a polite but gloomy hospitality.

He flung back the door with a welcoming gesture that signified that he would admit anything but rain into the narrow room crowded with vertical files and miscellaneous raiment and decorated with two milk bottles upon the window sill. Maurice Costello is a good-looking, curly-haired, blue-eyed man who looked at first sight like one of the English polo players in his tweeds and tan. His voice, however, when he gave greeting was anything but English. In fact, he hadn't talked five minutes before he had laid stress upon the fact that he wasn't English.

"The story of my life?" he laughed, lighting a bit the gloom that hung under the glass panes through which the passing trains of the elevated road that spins from Brooklyn Bridge to Coney Island were occasionally visible and always audible. "This is a bad day for a life story. I've a grouch, a most hideous grouch." He waved off the assertion that such a mental condition was surely impossible to him. "Of course, it's the weather," he added, "but, even at that, it's a bad day for autobiography." He considered the roof a moment. "I suppose I

might as well begin at the beginning," he observed with patience.

"When was that?"

"I'm not at all afraid to tell," he said with his first laugh. The laugh seemed to change him instantly into the Maurice Costello of the films, known and adored by hundreds of thousands. He looked absurdly boyish just then for the age he admitted. "I was born on the 22nd of February, 1877," he declared. "As that was Washington's Birthday that year as it happened to be every other year since the Father of his Country came into the record, my people called me Maurice George Washington Costello. Father raised me to be just like Washington. He gave me an axe, showed me the family cherry tree, and cautioned me concerning lying. That's why I've had such a hard time in my life," said George Washington's namesake. "I could never tell a lie."

"Are acting and the truth incompatible?"

"It's not acting," he asserted. "Acting is a bed of roses. I didn't know that when I did nothing but act. I thought then that acting was hard work. I know now that acting is simple child's play. It's directing that is the grinding work. But that's getting ahead of my story," he observed. "Here I was just born, and wielding the Washingtonian axe. And I've jumped over years to the climax. Let's go back to Pittsburgh."

"Was it Pittsburgh that claims the honor?"

"I claim Pittsburgh," said Mr. Costello. "My father came there from Ireland. Both my father and mother had been born and raised in Ireland. My father's father came of the Spanish stock who settled on the West Coast. His mother was one of the Fitzgeralds, and the Fitzgeralds were one of the oldest clans of the Isle of saints and scholars."

"Kings?"

"Remembering my grandmother," said Maurice, "I should say that all the rulers of Ireland had been queens. My father and mother were married in this country," he went on after a smile over the dominance of Fitzgerald femininity, "and lived in Pittsburgh. My father died when I was only two years old. I have two sisters. I went to work when I was eleven years old," he said with justifiable pride. "I was a printer's devil. I had gone to school until that time. I never had a chance to go to college, not even to high school. I used to read in the offices where I worked. I read everything. I think, that came into those offices in the times when I wasn't on the run. I wanted to write. I thought that writing was the finest thing in the world. And I knew that to be able to write I should have had to read much. I didn't know what to read, but I was trusting to luck to winnow the wheat from the chaff."

"Why did you give up the idea?"

"Chance. When I was about sixteen years old, I began to appear in amateur entertainments. I played in a half-dozen amateur shows, most of them for church affairs. Then some one told me that I might get an engagement in stock. I applied to the Davis Stock Company at Pittsburgh. To my joy and wonder they took me. I played there for three years. I started with the 'My lord, the carriage waits' roles, and I ended with the leads. I played everything from boys to old men. In two comedies I had to do female impersonation a la burlesque. It was a great training that those old Davis days had. The reputation of the Davis company took me 'on the road' and with other stock companies. I played with the Boyle Stock Company in Nashville, the Spoon-



He Doesn't Look as Though He Could Ever Have the Grouch, "the Hideous Grouch" Which He Insisted on Claiming All Through His Interview



Maurice Costello is a Well Set Up, Curly-Haired, Blue-Eyed Man

er, the Columbia, and the Gotham companies in Brooklyn, the Yorkville in New York City, and with summer stock companies in Wildwood, New Jersey, and Fall River, Mass. Then I came to the Vitagraph."

"Was that when your troubles began?" He had brightened so visibly as he had talked that it was a shame to thrust the recollection of his gloom back upon him, but the rain kept beating on the roof. "Troubles?" He had almost forgotten them. "Never with the motion picture acting," he declared positively. "Only with the directing. And that, as Kipling says, is another story."

"Did you find the motion picture acting at all difficult?"

"If you recall the early days of motion pictures," Mr. Costello explained, "you'll remember that the crude cameras and projecting machines of six years ago did not agree with the style of motion picture acting then in vogue. The acting looked terribly swift, jerky, and unconvincing when it was focused upon the screen. The first time that I saw myself on the films I could have torn out my hair. I kept wondering if I had looked like that through the years that I had been playing in stock. I asked my friends and my family. They were reassuring but the pictures weren't. I was playing only extra parts with the Vitagraph Company on a summer engagement and I didn't know much of the mechanics of the business. But I finally figured out that slow movement of the actors would help in giving the correct effects. The first chance I had I used it. When the picture was shown on trial the manager sent for me. I went, thinking that I was to have a reprimand for having introduced the novelty. That would have been the way of a theatrical manager. That's where I discovered the first advantage of the motion pictures. The Vitagraph Company made me their first leading man. I've been with them here ever since."

"Never changed?"

"Only in the kind of work. I used to do

At First Sight He
Looked Like One of
the English Polo
Players in His
Tweed and Tan



just the acting." His tone went back to "them was the happy days" note. "Then I was given the direction of the pictures as well as the acting in them. It was in December, 1913, that we took a company of Vitaphones around the world. There's something in the phrase 'around the world' that sounds magnificent, but have you ever thought of the difficulties that arise on these trips? No one does but a director. But, oh, the troubles of a director!"

"What are they?"

Mr. Costello settled back in his chair, adjusted his necktie, and settled himself with the air of a man who is now beginning upon the theme nearest to his heart. "If you don't know professional life," he prefaced, "you can have no idea of the difficulties that a director has to surmount. The actor is responsible only for himself. If he does good work, the credit comes to him. If he does poor work, he always blames the director. Actors expect directors to be fountains of inspirations and caverns of sympathy. Managers expect directors to be Edisons or Pearys."

"And they're only human?"

"We don't get a chance to be human," Mr. Costello mourned. "We'd have to be super-human to stand it long if we didn't altogether lose our good opinions of the rest of the world. And just as soon as you do that, you're lowering yourself," he said sagaciously.

"Now it was only this morning," he mused, "that I came down here in the best of spirits and found insurrection. A lady had gone militant. She wouldn't play the role I had assigned her in the way I wanted it played. The rebellion was the last scene in several acts of similar import. You see, the lady had been

He Reminded His First
Audience at a Motion
Picture Actor to Run
His a Roundabout.
Instead it Made Him
Vince's First
Leading Man



playing in the Broadway theatre and she hadn't come down to earth. So I had to let her go."

"From the company?"

(Continued on page 35)

Perilling for Pauline

The Real Perils of Pearl White

By KATHERINE SYNON

PEARL WHITE was in danger again. She was running down the slope of a hill pursued by a huge rock which had just been released from its moorings by the combined efforts of five men and which was skipping, and tangoing, and hesitating, and maxing with the skill and swiftness of the Castles and the Devil. Every other second the rock threatened to put Pearl off the map with a Johnnesque undercut. Every other second Pearl had to glide gracefully out of the jaws of death. As the rock began to bound like a Mexican jumping bean Pearl began to antic like a fly eluding a swatter. So swiftly did the rock cavort down the hillside that the running girl undertook a series of leaps that outclassed those of the famous Henry of the flea family. Even to a director it must have been evident that Pearl White was in danger again.

Suddenly both the girl and the rock came to a sudden stop. The girl sprang to one side just in time to avoid being the center of impact between the pursuing stone and a high point of the Palisades of the Hudson. She stood against a tree, breathless, but nonchalant, while Indian braves came rushing down the hill, shouting wild cries that might have been interpreted as either praise or blame. The director, speeding with them, did not leave the issue in doubt. "Bully, bully!" he cried warmly. Pearl pushed her hair out of her eyes. "But the camera didn't get one of those leaps just right, I'm sure, Miss White," he added in that coaxing voice directors save for the art of soothing the artistic temperament of star performers, "and would you mind doing the last part of that run over again?"

Miss White smiled sweetly. "Not at



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Pearl White, Who Has Done More Daring Deeds Than Sylvia Pankhurst or Nellie Bly, Looks Like Sweet Sixteen, Just Out of Boarding School

all," she said casually, "but you'll have to use the same rock, won't you? Any difference in size would show in the picture, wouldn't it?" The slowly gathering group of camera men, and counters, and actors agreed with the director that the difference would certainly be revealed in the picture if another rock were substituted for the original pursuer of Pearl. They all went off, Indians and whites, to supervise the moving of the derrick that should lift the rock back to its original point of departure. Pearl sat in the shade of a sheltering maple tree. "Now, I'll have an hour's rest," she observed sagely.

"Are you going to do it all over again?"

"Why not?"

Of course, when a girl has been posing for "The Perils of Pauline" for several weeks, essaying those difficult feats that Pauline has to go through in order to win the hearts of her countrymen and to earn the salary that the Pathe Freres Film Company pays her, evading a jumping rock may seem a lark. Pearl White, who is the Pauline of the Perils, seemed to think the escapades so entirely a part of her day's work that she began to talk of them only under a heavy bombardment of questioning. "Why, I haven't had very much excitement," she declared. (Probably D'Artagnan said the same thing after the adventures of the Three Musketeers.) Anyhow, Pearl said it with a conviction that would not convince anyone who has seen her pictures in the films or anyone who had just seen her endangering her life on the Jersey Palisades.

Had it not been for the derrick that was even then lifting the rock, and

for the Indians—real Indians from the Sac reservation—who clustered around the machine to watch its labor, it might have been hard to believe that the Palisades could be the scene



Indians—Real Indians from the Sac Reservation—Heighten the Danger to Which Pauline is Exposed

of such thrilling adventures as those which have fallen to the lot of Pauline, otherwise Pearl White. To the United States, which secures most of its information by way of the Manhattan, lifting its towers across the sweeping Hudson, Jersey signifies the unexciting commonplaces of suburban life. Presidents may go to Washington from Princeton, but "the Jersey side" is supposed to be devoid of thrills. Pearl was proving the contrary, but she was taking off the edge by the serenity with which she looped the loop of her adventures.

Seated on the Palisades just a little way from Jersey City Heights, where the Pathe Freres forces devise in their studio the perils that are to beset the heroine on her path through life to love, Pearl White, who has done more daring deeds than Nellie Bly or Sylvia Pankhurst, looked like a little girl just out of boarding school in whose pretty mouth butter wouldn't melt. She has fluffy golden hair, and she has a pensive smile, and she has wistful violet eyes. In the flickering sunshine that drifted through the softly moving leaves of the maples she looked, in spite of her Indian costume and the wig that she had discarded during the wait, like a woodland Maud Muller, dreaming of the judge. Only the sound of the industrious derrick reminded anyone that Pearl had other perils to encounter before she could call the day done.

"Didn't you think that the rock might hit you?" one of the waiting supers asked her. "I didn't think about it at all," she said. "I was timing my speed to the camera count and that was all I could think of just then." By the rules of American art, Pearl White should have been experiencing the tense fear of the Pauline who has to run the gauntlet of the running rock in order to prove to the Indian tribe that she is really the sun goddess they believe her. By the rules of French art, however, Pearl White was right in remembering the limitations of her medium rather than in

spending emotion that would not register vividly in the scene of her flight. But she herself said nothing of art, as she finally ran into talk of the work that she has done in accomplishing the perils that the camera has set into thrills for the millions.

"I just fell into doing it," she explained. "I was with the Pathe Freres company when they decided to put on the series of perils. They told me that I was to be Pauline, and I didn't think very much about what I should have to go through until one day when one of the directors asked me if I had a life insurance and an accident insurance. Did you know that the accident insurance companies put a terribly high premium on the risks of motion picture performers? Don't you think," she went on, "that it's pretty good proof that we really go through the things we show on the films? You know, so many people think that somehow or other the pictures are 'faked' to show adventures that never really existed. Well, if you want to be sure about the truth of them, go into an insurance company office and tell them that you want insurance because you're a motion picture actress. Why, there's nothing in the world like it for frightening off an insurance solicitor. He'll run a mile away from you. We're mighty poor risks," she



"They Told Me I Was to Be Pauline and Asked Me if I Had Life Insurance"

laughed, "and they tell me now that I am with the exception of a few aviators, the worst insurance risk in the United States.

"For, you know," she continued, "that the most dangerous part of the adventures often does not show on the film. Do you remember the pictures where Pauline goes up in the balloon? Well, of course, that looks exciting and perilous enough, but the picture doesn't show what really happened."

"What did?" Recollection of that particular peril made it seem quite as exciting as anything could. Pauline drifted off into the ether at one of the psychological moments of her history just in time to avoid one disaster and apparently just in time to invite another. "What happened?"

"Well," said the imperiled one, "they let the balloon go up, expecting to rope it in. But something happened to the rope, and bang! I was off over the Hudson. We'd been working just a little way beyond here—" she pointed northward down the Palisades—"and when I felt that I was going up I had for a minute the funniest sensation you could imagine. Why, it was so queer! It was just the way you feel when you slip at the top of a flight of stairs and go up for a second with the knowledge that you are about to come down with a thud. But I didn't



"The Jersey Side" of the Hudson is Supposed to be Devoid of Thrills, but Pearl White is Proving the Contrary

come down right away." (Her eyes widened a little in remembrance of the escape that had excited New York.) "That was a long time afterward.

"The balloon went right out over the river. I could look down on the ferries, and the steamers, and the little boats, and for a few minutes it seemed perfectly splendid. Then I began to wonder as I got close to the other shore just where I'd strike.

"There was a church spire not far from Fifty-ninth street that seemed awfully close as the balloon got in past the river and went sailing right over Manhattan. I thought I could almost reach down to it. Then that made me think that perhaps a spire or the top of one of the buildings might strike the gas bag of the balloon and that I should be impaled right on it. That wasn't any nice thing to think about, and so I tried to think that we might sink gracefully down on top of one of the trees in Central Park. But the wind came from the east and so we went sailing right over Central Park. There came a cross current somewhere that shot me right north. I could see Broadway down below and I could see a big yellow sign that I knew said, 'See the Perils of Pauline!' for I'd seen that sign in the morning before I went over to the studio. I began to laugh, for it struck me as funny that people would be going to see the pictures in a Broadway theatre at the very time that Pauline was in real peril right up over their heads. I was so far up though by that time that I couldn't see anybody, even if they were looking.

"I just settled down in the basket when I saw that the current of air was drifting me out toward the ocean. I tried to figure out if the studio people had been able to make any arrangement about a boat. I thought that perhaps they'd telephone or telegraph along the coast when they found I was going out seaward, and that they'd get rescuers to me. I



Pearl White Should Have Been Experiencing the Tense Fear of Pauline, But Instead She Was Timing Her Speed to the Camera Count

suppose," she said, "that I'm so used to being rescued that I didn't even think that I wouldn't be at some time in some way."

"What did you think about?"

(Continued on page 25)



"They Let the Balloon Go Up, Expecting to Rope It Again. But Something Happened to the Rope and Bang! I was off Over the Hudson"

Helps to the Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF FOURTH EPISODE: Braine, who had taken refuge on the pilings of a pier, after his escape from the warehouse, had lost his hat, his sleep and his patience. He had followed a practice quite in keeping with his calling—that of maintaining rooms in small hotels, where he could go when hard pressed. Purchasing a new hat, he went to one of these hostels, bathed, shaved and donned fresh garments. As he sat in the Knickerbocker cafe, awaiting his meal, Norton entered, and Braine felt his distrust for the reporter. Norton volunteered information about the warehouse incident, saying that he had been informed that a big story was to be secured, but demoted the fact that his alleged informant was wrong. Norton, however, asked casually about the Countess, which aroused Braine's suspicions anew, so the newspaper story informs us. The screen omits much of this idea. Braine and Olga planned to kidnap Florence, by sending her a note purporting to come from her father, and cautioning her to take no one into her confidence, lest harm come to him. (There are several differences between the films and Mr. MacGrath's story, due, of course, to the demands of these two ways of telling stories, and there are necessarily, at times, inconsistencies between my Reviews and the films. I take for granted that you see the pictures and also read the newspaper narration.) That night, Braine took the note to the Hargreave house, attaching it to a small stone, which he threw into Florence's room. (The films show him climbing to the roof and raising Florence's window, through which he slips the letter.) Just then a shadow appeared at the door, and in answer, Jones came with a light, which the other blew out quickly. After an excited conference, the other man left Jones, and as this furtive figure passed, Braine accosted him as "Hargreave," but this fellow struck Braine a heavy blow and ran, escaping in a motor-car. (The films show the man to be "Stevens," the aviator.) The next evening, Florence lighted a veil in a fire-place, and while Jones was searching for the fire, she escaped, going to the third floor of an address on Grove street, where Grange (a conspirator) met her. He was disguised as Hargreave, and for a time deceived her, ordering her to get the money to save him. Seeing other masked figures in an adjoining room, Florence knew she was trapped, but agreed to go. To this, Grange demurred, saying he must consult others. She tried the doors; they were locked; the window was too high above the ground to risk a jump. Returning, Grange demanded that she write for the money—but she insisted that he write. Admitting the disguise (the pictures show Florence tearing off his false beard), the man then threatened to work injury to Hargreave, and blowing a whistle, summoned his confederates. (A serpent was used as part of the film story.) Florence hurled the lamp to the floor, and tossed a light chair through the window. In the confusion, she escaped from the apartment.

I MIGHT begin my comments on this fourth episode by saying that it consists of two stories—one in the newspapers and one on the screen. In the pictures, the man who approached the Hargreave mansion was "Stevens," the aeronaut. Mr. MacGrath writes about "Wm. Orts," as an aeronaut. There is a confusion of names here. If Orts is only an employe of Stevens, then Orts is still mysteriously missing; if he is Stevens, then the aeronaut (not Hargreave) was quite likely the man who returned on the tramp steamer. Nowhere, in film or newspaper tale, has any one visited the hangar of the aviator to see if the man who sailed away has returned.

This looks discouraging—but it does not affect our search for the million dollars one way or another. We are being mystified; therefore,

let us refuse to be mystified further. Let us take the stand that it seems to matter little whether the right aeronaut is back or not, as it was the aeronaut who struck Braine, as Mr. MacGrath has it, because we have seen "Stevens" walk up to the Hargreave home and talk for some moments with Jones—delivering to the butler some unknown but evidently important message. We can only guess at what that message was. Presumably, it was from



The Film Shows Braine Climbing to the Roof

Hargreave, because Hargreave must have become pretty chummy with the aviator on that fight. When men face death together, they are comrades, as witness the spirit of old soldiers! "Stevens" shown in the fourth episode is undoubtedly the same Stevens disclosed in the first episode, and if he had played false to Hargreave, he would scarcely be hunting up Jones at that unholy hour, because Jones engaged in no apparent controversy with the man at that meeting.

I think our best clue in this installment is not fashioned around that midnight message, but is found in Mr. MacGrath's story rather than in the films. Let us go over the ground of that story: Florence, believing the letter to be from her father, and fearing that he would meet with injury if she were to betray his presumed location, pushed a veil up into the flue of a fireplace and lighted it. Smoke began to pour out into the rooms. Jones relaxed his vigilance over her, and raced through the house to find the fire. This was no small matter. Candidly, if Jones, Florence and the teacher relished peace of mind, they could have found it more easily at a Broadway hotel than at the mansion of mystery. That causes us to suspect that there was somebody or something of value secreted in that house. Either Hargreave or the million dollars may have been at stake. Jones' first sworn duty was the safeguarding of Florence, whose impulsiveness of youth endangered her continuously. But fire brought a new alarm to the crafty servitor, and Mr. MacGrath suggests that the butler rushed to the basement

when he sniffed smoke!

I have heard about persons who would run upstairs to save an old chair, in event of fire, but I think that Jones is the type of man who would turn first

of all to that which possessed greatest value.

However, the aeronaut came to Jones the night before with a message. With the exception of a blackmailing plot, that message must have dealt with the whereabouts or wishes of Hargreave. Then if Hargreave needed a messenger to carry information to his home, it was not he who stirred Jones to action over the fire incident! Was it the million dollars? If the story ended right here, I would answer, "Yes," but the story is just starting, so all I can say is that we must make note of these observations and leave them for future reference.

We are still assuming that Hargreave is alive. Orts, or Stevens, has returned, presumably as the passenger on the tramp steamer. Maybe the wreck of the balloon far out at sea was designed to mislead us. Perhaps it drifted or was taken out there. If Hargreave is not near, then some mind as keen as his is directing events. Hargreave need not show himself. He may keep in the background and simply manage through such agencies as Jones, Norton and the aeronaut. Here and there we see members of the Black Hundred near the mansion. I should say that it would be a bungling play on the part of this organization to leave that residence "uncovered" even for an instant. They should be watching it night and day, and I venture they have done so ever since Hargreave was recognized by Braine in the cafe. This means that if the money is concealed in the house (such as in some secret room), it will not be easy for Jones or those assisting him to make 'way with it. If he is hard pressed, the butler may pretend to get away with it, but such an act would not indicate that he had it or ever possessed it.

You might think that it would be a very good idea for Jones to call in the police and have a strong-box removed, under guard, to some safety deposit vault. You may even think it an excellent idea to bluff at such a removal even if the safe or chest were empty. Remember that if this were done, and it succeeded in convincing the conspirators that it was genuine, they would do their best to kidnap Florence and hold her for ransom—and they would go after Hargreave more strenuously than ever. So long as they are not certain, they move in the dark. You are never sure about the location of that million yourself. At times you believe that you are, but so do Braine and Olga believe that they know. They have shown how little they really know by luring Florence to the Grove street address. They immediately sought to frighten her into telling where the money is secreted. She apparently didn't know, and could not tell. If they can kidnap her and hold her, then they have a lever to pry Hargreave from under cover, and to force Jones to show how much he really knows.

You may ask me why I have so much to say about the incidents at the Hargreave mansion, and about purposes revealed in the plot, and so little about the dramatic adventure of Florence. Unfortunately, the affair in which the girl's enthusiasm led her was almost fallow of clues. It was an adventure, and it proved what I have been expecting: the continued efforts of the Black Hundred to kidnap the venturesome Miss and hold her as a hostage. It displayed her character, and leads us to believe that she, indeed, must be the true Florence Hargreave and not a decoy; that it would be rare that another girl, not the daughter of Hargreave, could display his characteristics when put to the test. In times of excitement, people revert to their primal instincts. What they have pretended does not stand them in good stead then. But apart from

these passing remarks, I must regard the excitement on the third floor of the Grove street apartment as wholly an absorbing incident in the story. Now suppose I sent a man out, during a parade or convention, to watch for pickpockets. Do you suppose that, at the height of the celebration, he would pay the slightest attention to the band? No! Would he be excited about the blare of trumpets and the flash of color? Certainly not! That would be precisely what would distract the victims of the pickpockets. My man would be watching the most likely places in the throng for the centering of the thieves' operations. He would be on the lookout for their characteristic plays. Perhaps he would know several of the profession, through past experience with them, and would have an eye open for them. That the noise and numbers of those present would be only a setting wherein the acts of felony would occur, would be his sole thought.

A hunter, who has experience, goes into the woods. Is he confused because there are trees? Does he wonder why game couldn't exist where it would be easier to find? He regards the forest only as the stage that is very necessary for that game, and he proceeds to exercise his talents in finding spoors—or clues of that game.

So you must regard The Million Dollar Mystery. Such events as the Grove street conspiracy help to make the story move, but all of these things do not essentially throw any light on our quest. We must keep in mind that we wish to find Hargreave, learn what became of the million dollars, and foresee events as far ahead as we can construct possibilities from the material we have viewed and read.

If we find that Norton is an agent of Hargreave, how are we going to distinguish the acts of Norton from the acts of Hargreave? What Hargreave lacks in youth, he makes up for in experience. What Norton lacks in experience, he makes good in youth. Viewed through a veil, either one might do very much the same thing the other would do.

Certainly, if they are acting in concert, then it becomes very difficult to distinguish the one from the other, except as we see them—and we are not seeing Hargreave at all.

I told you at the start to keep a sort of field-book. Make some additions to it. First, say that the person who called on Jones that night was the aviator—quite likely the one we have dealt with right along. Simply state that this man called for a purpose; likely a purpose pertaining to Hargreave or the million dollars—but leave your mind open, so that if you later learn that it was an unimportant visit, your plans have not been upset. The story has not gone twenty per cent. of its way now, and all manner of adventures are sure to occur. We know that, because the story has started out with a bang, and we may trust Mr. MacGrath and the film people to keep it up.

Make note of Jones' fright over the smoke—his anxiety to learn its source—his concern about a place of residence that brought many perils to Florence and himself.

Be sure that indifference does not force you to miss a point. The person who wins that ten thousand dollars is never going to relax. That is what will cause the failure of those who permit Summer weather to idle their minds. Just at the least expected point, a good clue is going to bob up, and unless you have every incident clearly in mind, you will fail to connect it with something that has happened. That is the way the best clues are often found. It is not wholly the seeming importance of what one encounters, but the connection between trivialities—that finally piece themselves together and fit.

Of course, we do not know that Florence got away completely, but it is probable that she will—for the time being. I can see that the girl is going to get out of one predicament into another, and in one of them, at least, she may get into such a tight place that if Hargreave is alive and near, he will come into evidence. Keep your mind open for that, also, even though it may not work out exactly in that manner. We can never tell. Being too surprised signifies bewilderment, and it is the surest way of losing some of the valuable threads that go to make up the fabric of the clues. Try to not be surprised, but to analyze the purpose of each new incident.

In pursuing the business of detection, we must study people, motives and documents. Detection is the twin of invention. It wades through a mass of immaterial affairs, events, analyses and theories, and secures the meat of truth here and there. Do not argue that fact bears the same relation to human events that gold bears to metals. The law introduces into the oaths it administers to witnesses, the promise to tell, "the whole truth and nothing but the truth." The law recognizes that partial truth, mixed with misleading statements, is of

cannot cast a ray of light on the solution. Woven into the running narrative are the clues.

One of the reasons a detective succeeds in picking out the gold of evidence from so much dross of circumstance is that close application causes the mind to evolve or invent solutions. The more one thinks about a subject and examines the details, the clearer becomes the mental vision pertaining to the subject. People who devote all their time and energies to a business or a profession, soon begin to excel in it, because concentration unlocks the secret chambers of the mind.

I advise you, then, to think hard and often, because if you do, many angles of thought will come unbidden, and you will be looking behind the scenes, just as the detective must do, if he is to bring a symmetrical design out of the patchwork of what he encounters. Consistent thinking will cause you to construct what you do not see on the screen or read in the story. And I may add in this connection, that we have much to read and view before we can be decided in our opinions. With you, I wish the fifth episode were before us! It will be—shortly!

The End

WHO would have thought thirty years ago that the then stately Kaaterskill, loveliest river steamer whose reputation for those things which go to make up a first-class passenger steamer was known to thousands who voyaged on her up and down the lordly Hudson, would come to her end as the stage upon which would be set a moving picture? A moving picture? Why, at that comparatively early day not even the "living pictures" had been invented by the Kiraifys and a man who would have had the nerve to prophecy that the time would come when the world might see itself in motion upon a screen, would have been deemed a fit subject for a sanitarium. But strange, wondrous things can happen in thirty years—or, in thirty-two years, to be exact; that being the age of the Kaaterskill.

And possibly the thousands of Catskillians and residents of the whole Catskill mountain and Hudson valley section will learn with regret of the passing of this stately, comfortable always, trustworthy river vessel. Could they have their way she would lie secure within some snug harbor, to pass her closing days with the new and more fashionable craft passing and repassing up and down the river where she could look out and see them. For no steamer ever plied the waters of the Hudson, or any other stream, that was better loved and in which the traveling public had greater confidence. But sentiment does not apply to steamboats unless they have a reputation allied to nation building, or

nation preserving. And so, with the passing of the present week, we will see—or hear—the last of the gallant Kaaterskill. May her ashes rest in peace!

Within a week the T. S. Marvel shipyard workmen will begin the dismantling of the Kaaterskill, which was built at Athens thirty-two years ago.

A Photophantasy

GEORGE TERWILLIGER who just returned from St. Augustine, Florida, with a troupe of Lubin players is producing an unusual photoplay which is original in every respect—plot—characters—scenes—and conception. It was written for him by Lawrence McCloskey. Raymond Hitchcock, Flora Zabelle and a selected Lubin cast are appearing in this "Photophantasy" which Terwilliger is filming in five parts.



Take a Good Look at the Butler. He Might be Able to Tell Us a Lot

small value. In The Million Dollar Mystery, we get glints of real fact occasionally, and then the body of the story, as it moves through its periods of adventure, attempts to confuse us.

That explains why it is so important to learn as much as we can about a criminal's associations. The murderer is not committing murder all the time. He may have days when he likes companionship and amusement. We find that Braine delights in playing chess and billiards, although his avocation is felonious. The Countess Olga is fond of dress, balls, jewels, excitement, even though she is engaged in conspiracy as a means of getting what she desires.

I do not doubt that Jones relaxes at times, although we have seen him only as the intent, faithful sentry.

Hence, apart from events that relate directly to the location of the fortune, this story (on screen and in type) must contain much that

The Day of Realism in the Movies

AS THE stage-coach of the olden days has given way to the modern limited train, as the candle by which our grandfathers were accustomed to read has been replaced by the modern Mazda light, and as the goosequill of the past has been supplanted by the fountain pen and the typewriter of the present, so have the false, crude, make-believe effects of the motion picture studio, which were used to surprise and thrill the "fans" of yesterday, been succeeded by the real and tremendously sensational feats of the present day.

Where, but a few years ago, you were satisfied with imitation automobile wrecks, mid-air adventures of toy aeroplanes, the sinking of miniature battleships, and the staging of exterior scenes against a crudely painted canvas background, supposed to represent the Rocky Mountains or the Masonic Temple as seen from State street, today you are demanding the actual destruction of the villain's auto, the flight of the heroine in a real aeroplane, the complete wrecking of a real ocean-going steamship, which costs the film manufacturer thousands of dollars, and the use of the identical backgrounds called for by the author's manuscript.

In other words, reality has succeeded the make-believe, and the film stars today are really risking their lives, where in the past the substitution of a dummy, during a moment when the camera was stopped, saved the leading man any bumps or bruises which might have resulted from his attempting actually to perform the feats called for by the scenario.

Just by way of showing the contrast between the methods of today with those of years gone by one might cite a few instances of the tricks performed by directors in the past and then mention some of the really marvelous feats of the present day.

Nearly every picture goer can vividly recall a certain picture, released not over three years ago, in which the "punch" consisted of the narrow escape of a party in an automobile, while crossing a railroad track but a few yards in advance of a limited train. All of the scenes leading up to the crossing of the track itself were real, and actually filmed alongside of a real railroad track. Real players acted out the story and occupied the automobile which dashed at reckless speed toward the railroad

In Striking Contrast to This Mimic Setting and to the One Shown at the Bottom of the Page is This Picture of How a Scene was Taken Beside an Ocean Liner Chartered for the Occasion, with Two of the Actors in the Water, a Third Going Down the Ship's Side

Not More Than Three Years Ago the Narrow Escape of an Automobile from Being Wrecked by a Train at a Grade Crossing was Done in Mimic. Because the Actors Would Not Run the Risk Involved in Doing It Realistically

crossing. When it came to filming the escape itself, however, trickery was resorted to, as neither players nor chauffeur were willing to risk their lives by actually crossing so close to the speeding train.

On a big table in the studio was erected, of papier mache, a background identical with the one at the point where the players had been working. The hills, the roadway, the row of telegraph poles, the tracks and the cattle-guards at the railroad crossing were all exactly duplicated in miniature. Then a tiny toy train was placed on the track, at a point just out of range of the camera's eye, a tiny automobile, containing dolls dressed exactly as were the players in the previous scenes, was prepared, and the camera was set up at a point close enough to the miniature railroad crossing

A Big Zinc Pan Filled with Water, Placed on the Studio Floor, Toy Battleships and Toy Aeroplanes Manipulated by Means of Wires, and an Electric Fan to Set the Waves Beating against the Papier Mache Coast, Furnished the Movie Audiences of a Few Years Ago with Thrills



to make the resulting picture of the exact proportion of the view obtained at the scene of the real railroad crossing.

Wires had been attached to both the toy train and the miniature automobile and at the signal from the direc-

tor, assistants, concealed behind or on either side of the table, pulled the automobile down the miniature roadway, across the tracks and sent it tearing up the hill on the opposite side. The second that the auto was clear of the crossing, the train was dragged into sight, went whizzing past and was lost from view. On account of the closeness of the camera, the train and auto both appeared life-size and, the occupants of the motor car being dressed exactly like the players you had already seen, it was not hard to convince you that the car con-

tained the real players. The whole effect was cheaply obtained and nobody's life was endangered.

Today, were the same scene necessary, real actors, in a real automobile, would positively cross a real railroad track, in front of a real train, and think nothing of it, for nowadays a photoplayers' life is one long series of hazardous risks.

Another film of the past that used to cause

ing momentarily above the battleships in the harbor, and another "thrill" was given the movie audience.

Today, however, real aeroplanes are so common and real battleships so easy for the reputable film manufacturer to "borrow" for a day, that it would be far simpler and easier to film the real thing instead of the make-believe.

Talking of his work recently Arthur B. Lent, general supervisor of the mechanical effects of several Mutual companies, described a recent Jack-and-the-beanstalk effect, which was made necessary in a certain picture then being taken. He began, "Sometimes the things asked of a director seem almost impossible of accomplishment. There is no dodging the issue, however, and if Jack must climb a growing beanstalk, the beanstalk must be really climbed. To begin with we buried an artificial beanstalk about thirty feet long in a hole in the ground and gradually raised it on invisible wires until it reached its full height. Then for the beanstalk we substituted the trunk of a tree, of the same diameter as the beanstalk, and 'planted' it solidly in a cement-filled hole. The camera had of course been stopped meanwhile, but when Jack commenced his climb into the Giant's kingdom in the air, no one but those utterly devoid of imagination could have doubted for a moment that it was the identical sprout which Jack used some hundred years ago, when the young man's exploit was first recorded."

One of the Biggest "Stunts" Ever Pulled Off. Vitagraph Bought a Three Coach Train and Had It Plunge Down a Forty Foot Embankment, There to be Consumed by Fire

As an example of the correctness of scenic backgrounds it is only necessary to cite such instances as George Kleine's "Othello," the greater part of which was actually photographed in and about the Grand Canal of Venice. The whole city declared a half holiday when the film was being taken and all gondolas and other craft were barred from the canal on which the picture players were to work. Then the quaint old ships, which have lain for hundreds of years in a Venetian museum, were taken forth and, after being made seaworthy, were floated again on the very waters over which they once so majestically moved. Loaded with a host of "supers," made up as warriors and sailors of Othello's fleet, the vessels set forth again to overcome the Turks at the island of Cyprus.

Another striking instance of this realism in backgrounds may be found in Universal's "Ivanhoe" which was taken in and about the real castles in which Sir Walter Scott's famous novel is laid. Kalem's immortal story of "The Manger and the Cross" was filmed in Nazareth, Bethlehem and Jerusalem and the other events shown in the life of Christ were taken at or very near the actual spots on which they transpired. Other instances, too numerous to mention, might also be cited, but they will be unnecessary, for the public itself is beginning to realize that this is an age of realism, even for the film manufacturer.

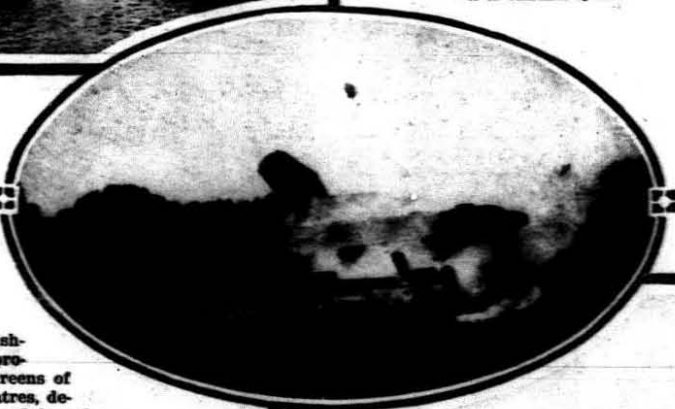
The Vitagraph pulled off a real railroad wreck not long ago at Milltown, New Jersey, one of the biggest feats that has ever been attempted up to this time. A locomotive and three coaches were precipitated down a forty foot embankment, toppling over each other, catching fire, and burning to ashes. The actors, engineer, fireman, and brakeman had to jump off the train just before it ran off the track and was pitched into the ravine. Fortunately for the success of this "stunt" the train did not have to run at the rate of more than ten or fifteen miles an hour, although it looks in the picture as though it were going at a speed of at least sixty miles. There were twelve camera men on the job taking pictures from every angle, as the company wasn't going

(Continued on page 25)

A Bit of Realism from "Captain Alvarado." The Rider Gallops at What Appears to be Breakneck Speed over a Foot Bridge above a Chasm, Which in So Narrow It Looks Almost Like a Tight Rope

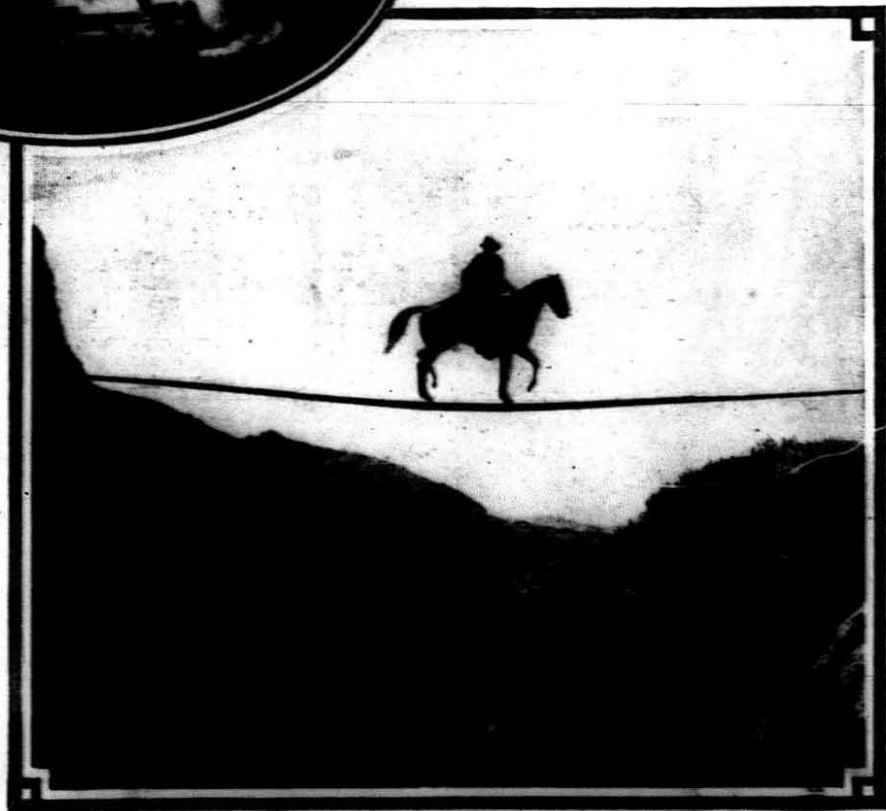


In Order to Run a Road Car at Full Speed Up a Rapidly Rising Gantlett Bridge and Let It Plunge over the Edge, the Engineers Necessary Had to Buy the Car, Put Up a Deposit to Cover Any Possible Damage to the Bridge, and Agree Later to Raise the Car from the River Bed, Lest It Become a Menace to Traffic



much astonishment, when projected on the screens of the various theatres, depicted aeroplanes flying above a fleet of battleships at anchor in the bay below. The scene was made at a time when very few successful aeroplane flights had been made, when few people had ever beheld an airship and was taken from a point far above the aeroplanes and so seemed to have been photographed from a third airship, higher even than the two one could see on the picture screen. Here's what was really done:

Papier mache models of the landscape on either side of the bay were erected in a big box on the studio floor. The portion of the landscape occupied by the bay was flooded with real water, two tiny battleships were floated on the surface of this tiny ocean, two toy aeroplanes were hung by invisible wires from a long stick, which, later, was to be manipulated by an assistant of the director's, and the motion picture camera was fastened, lens down, on a post erected at one side of the box containing the landscape and the ocean previously described. An electric fan, set up at one side of the tank, set ripples to chasing across the surface of the bay, these ripples appearing to the camera like huge waves. At the signal from the director the propellers of the toy aeroplanes were set to revolving rapidly, the assistant slowly extended the long stick from which the aeroplanes were hung, thus causing them to cross the field of the camera, after hover-



Marguerite Snow

Otherwise Known As "Peggy"

SHE is just "Peggy" to everyone out at the Than-

houser studio in New Rochelle. But to the outside world, a world that also bestows upon her homage and affection, she is Marguerite Snow.

And she is stately and dignified to that outside world, because that is her popular screen characterization. But to the studio folk she is a laughing, fun-making Peggy. Back of the laugh and back of the fun, however, even those who call her Peggy, are aware of the haughtiness of manner that is hers inherently and not by right, of acquisition.

You've seen her so, in "East Lynne," in "A Woman's Loyalty," in "The Marble Heart" and you've also enjoyed her queenliness as "Jess," as "She," as "Undine," as "The Woman in White," as "Lucile." You've followed her varying moods as they enchanted or repelled in her portrayal of "Carmen" and of "Dora Thorne."

And now you're enjoying her as the Countess Olga in "The Million Dollar Mystery." She is victorious and she experiences failures in this, the role of the intriguing and unscrupulous countess in what is perhaps the most-talked of film of the day. A forty-six chapter film, novelized by Harold MacGrath and put into scenario form by Lloyd F. Lonergan, that astounding Than-houser editor, who has probably written more scenarios than anyone else in the world. It has a wealth of novel and daring situations, of wonderful interior settings and of nature's own scenery, of plot and counter-plot. And let us not omit a feature that arrests the instant attention of the feminine film-goers, its variety and

By MABEL CONDON

in the appearance of Marguerite upon the screen.

Nobody likes to see a woman poorly gowned when the role calls for clothes, and for good clothes. In her great wisdom of the stage, and in her natural tendency toward being the well-groomed woman she was meant to be, Miss Snow is among the first of that number defined as "the best

The Variety and Beauty of Countess Olga's Clothes in the Million Dollar Mystery Attract the Instant Attention of the Feminine Film Goer—and Probably Gets Some Notice From the Men As Well

Marguerite Snow is One of the Most Beautiful Women in Motion Pictures

To the Studio Folk She is Often a Laughing, Fun-making Peggy

smartness of clothes!

Miss Snow believes in clothes. She believes in them to the utmost of her power. And that is one particular reason why the world-feminine always delights

dressed women on the screen."

"When a woman fails to make the best of herself, she fails to do her duty," is Miss Snow's contention. "Clothes indicate individuality, even personality at times, so why not dress to the best possible advantage? When I was playing on the legitimate stage, my wardrobe shared equal consideration with my health and my 'lines.' It was a most important consideration. But when I adopted motion pictures as a profession—or they adopted me! but I'll tell you about that later, I made the discovery that clothes count even more.

"Not that they have to be of the finest nor of the most expensive weaves, but that they conform to the newest styles and that there be lots of them—lots of clothes, I mean. Yes, and lots of style, too," she added.

"And do you know that each of us advances in style along her own personal ideas? And we do so by putting another twist in a hat that would look lovely on one person but homely on another,

She was a Charming, Wistful Boy in "The Dog of Flanders"

Even the Unscrupulous Countess Olga Has An Occasional "Quiet" Scene When She Looks As Innocent As Florence Gray



had answered from the tiny back porch, "All right—come on!"

So you came, and "Peggy" in her Chinese embroidered negligee that was the blue of the newest of blue shades and that swung its wide blue sleeves far from its wearer's white wrists, reclined in the deep, billowy brown leather pillows of the brown divan, and quite naturally the conversation drifted to that of clothes.

And "Peggy" spent the biggest part of her rest-hour in pleadings for her sisters—meaning the world of women and girls—to make the best of what they have, no matter what that may be. She slipped a blue-slipped foot over the soft richness of the rug, the while she discussed Clothes—and other things.

She told how she had first come to the screen and how very accidental the coming had been. It was when she was playing "The College Widow."

Imagine a brunette college widow! But that's what she was and by so being was the first and only such in that role! Anyway, it was near the close of her season and

"It was rather difficult for me at first not doing the things that had been regular 'props' to me in stage work. For I had been doing theatrical work since I was a very little and a very young girl. I worked with my father for years and then kept on alone. Perhaps I am best known in Washington, D. C., where I was leading woman at the Belasco theatre, in stock. 'Peter Pan,' 'Old Heidelberg' and 'The Christian' offered the roles I liked best.

"Motion pictures, as a profession, have brought me much happiness and I am satisfied never to return to the legitimate stage but to continue in the work that has occupied my time for—I believe, it's three years. I love it for so many things—for its never-failing variety, for its interest and for the friends I have made personally and professionally. I might also add, for the opportunity to further my study of Clothes-ology."

The coziness and fitting-in of colors and objects in the tiny Snow apartment, testified to the occupant's close knowledge also of home-ology. For her apartment first suggests the title "home." After that you remember that it also is an apartment.

As brown is the color you think of most in regard to Miss Snow, so brown is also the key-note of the tone and tint of the Snow apartment-home. There are soft restful greens and glints of bright orange, too; but you carry away with you an impression of richness of decoration that runs to brown.

"It's my favorite color and I use it in everything possible," Miss Snow said, as she moved among the brown things, her blue robe trailing its weight of silken embroidery over the rugs that covered the polished floor with silence.

"I love it in the changing leaves in the fall—and I love it best for my fall suit," she finished with a laugh.

And evidently the color loves this ardent exponent of it, for it tints her hair and enhances her eyes and sets off the whiteness of her skin with a warmth that gives her the best right in the world to name it her color.

It was some time after you made the acquaintance of "Peggy" in her home that you again met her. It was months, and the "Peggy" of then and the "Peggy" of now, seemed to have taken on a newness of some quality that was hard to define. You saw her

Miss Snow is Always Supremely Regarded to the World Outside the Studio

(Continued on page 25)



Stately and Cold and Beautiful was Miss Snow in "A Marble Heart"

or by adding something—a tuck or a plait or a bow—to a blouse or skirt that was otherwise stupid and commonplace.

"'Clothesosophy'—a study of clothes! Why not?" she demanded seriously. And you agreed with her.—Clothesosophy? Indeed, why not!

If Miss Snow had not been so firm a believer in good-dressing, she probably would not have looked as

She Plays the Role of An Intriguing Countess in That Much Talked of Film "The Million Dollar Mystery"

Her Dusky Beauty Looks Right to Such a Costume as this Gorgeous Baroque One



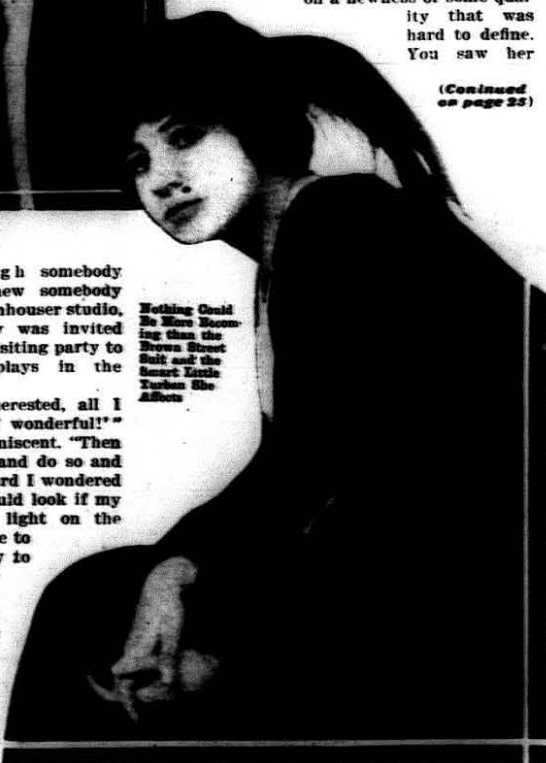
through somebody who knew somebody at the Thanhouser studio. Miss Snow was invited to join a visiting party to watch screen plays in the making.

"I was so interested, all I could find to say was 'Wonderful! wonderful!'" Miss Snow laughed, looking reminiscent. "Then somebody said 'Stand over here and do so and so and so.' And for days afterward I wondered how I had done it and how I would look if my impromptu part ever came to light on the screen. Then a real surprise came to me in an offer from the company to work for them. So I left the stage and came.

"I found it entirely different from the work of the stage. One has to unlearn everything, almost; that the stage taught and learn the art of picturizing along entirely different lines. So many people do not seem to realize this. But it's so.

But when one of the Thanhouser-ites had called up to the second-floor apartment from the studio yard, "Peggy, we're coming up!" Peggy

Nothing Could Be More Becoming than the Brown Street Suit and the Smart Little Turtleneck She Affects



NEWS AND VIEWS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD



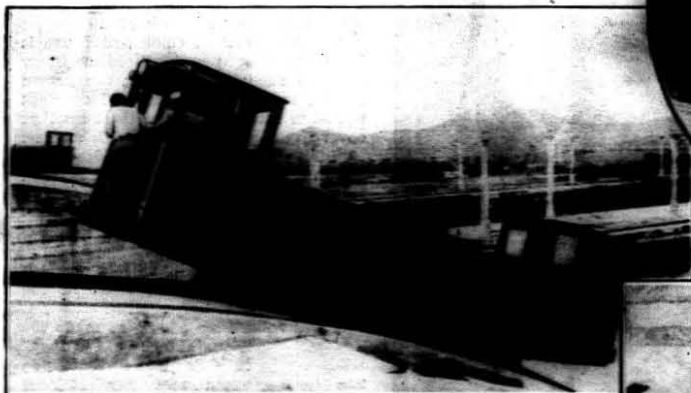
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The Latest Sensation of Paris is Madame D'Argue, a Roumanian Noble Woman, Who Drove About in a Taxi Accompanied by a Leopard



© International News Service

Frank Guimet, Brother of Frank Guimet, Just Won the Junior Amateur Golfing Championship of Massachusetts



© International News Service

In Towing Vessels through the Panama Canal, Electric Towing Locomotives are Used Instead of the Old-Time Mule



President Wilson Delivering an Address at Philadelphia in Front of Independence Hall Last July 4th. Representatives of the 13 Original States Were Present and Delegates from Nearly Every Patriotic Society

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The Bubonic Plague is Being Fought in New Orleans by Burning the Refuse Taken Out of the Warehouse



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Mr. Ignacio Blasco, the Celebrated Spanish Inventor, and His Curious Apparatus, by Means of Which He Takes Electricity from the Atmosphere and, without Using a Wire, Sends It to Any Place He Desires and There Produces Light



© International News Service

George Carpentier, the French Heavy-Weight Champion, Who Recently Beat Gus Bost Smith, the American Pugilist in London. Carpentier is Here Shown Playing the New Game, Acrobatics



© Underwood & Underwood

The Recent Dynamite Explosion in Lexington Subway Caused the Collapse of Several Big New York Tenement Buildings and the Death of Scores of People

Current Events in Pictures



Harold Kantor in His 30 Horse-Power Schmitt Motors. The Picture Gives Quite a Clear Idea of the Construction of This Type of Machine

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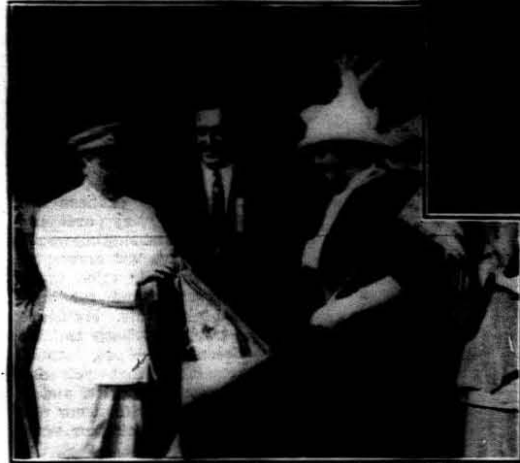
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The Feeble Condition of Admiral George Dewey Is Shown in this Picture of His Arrival at Manhattan Beach, L. I., Where He Is Trying to Recover His Good Health



The Photograph Shows the Damage Made on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. While the Boat Was Still in the Water. This Damage Was Done When the Boat Collided with the Summer Innsmouth in the Solent, England

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From Left to Right, are: James A. Fugh; Commodore William Hale Thompson of the Associated Yacht and Power Boat Clubs of America; and Miss Wynn Dumas, Daughter of Gov. Dumas. Miss Dumas Had the Honor of Christening the New Boat, Disturber IV



© International News Service

Launching America's Challenger for the Speed Boat Championship of the World at Chicago. This Boat Has Twin Engines of 12 Cylinders, Making a Total of 1800 Horse-Power

A Frenchman Has this Remarkable Collection of Trees Made To Resemble a Battleship

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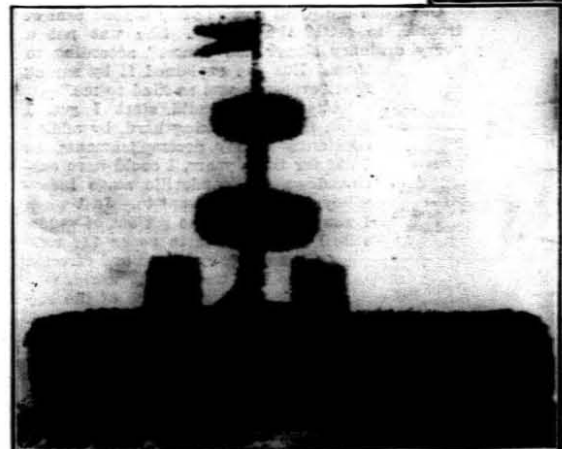


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A View of the Shamrock Taken From the Bowgait

Launching the World's Largest Ship, "Bismarck." This Boat Is 355 Feet Long and 100 Feet Wide

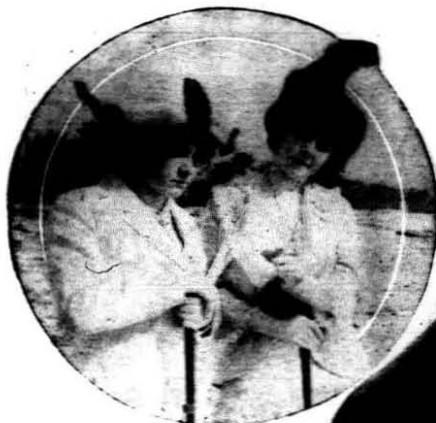
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The Happiest Girl

Winifred Greenwood of "Flying A"

By FRANK MAYNARD



Miss Greenwood and Mrs. Tom Richman in "The Fighting Chance"

too: and youth, and health, and beauty, and a zest for life—sounds like enough to make a girl happy, doesn't it?

Well, the fortunate possessor of all these blessings, if appearances count for anything, is about the happiest person in the world, too. Her name is Winifred Greenwood. Familiar, isn't it? And her other name is Mrs. George Field. (He's the kind of a husband you just love—isn't he?) And she wanted to be a school teacher. Honest she did!

Now, I have just as great a prejudice against school teachers as you have, but when you begin to be so enormously amused over the very idea of anyone as entrancingly attractive as is Miss Greenwood becoming a teacher why I feel the impulse to rise to their defense. But I won't! After all, I haven't time—I'm interviewing Miss Greenwood.

We are in Miss Greenwood's dressing room at the American's "Flying A" studio. Miss Greenwood is looking utterly charming in a very smart frock which may not be Fifth Avenue, but which is certainly Paris. And the dressing room is charming too. It looks much like a boudoir, with its silken hangings and its pictures and its be cushioned couch and its one sleepy hollow chair. I'm in the sleepy hollow chair and Miss Greenwood, apparently quite unconcerned about what I will say about her, is curled up on the couch and George Field is hanging around, trying to "kid" her, in the accepted manner of husbands.

"Photoplay fans always like to know where their favorites were born," I suggested to Miss Greenwood. Before she could answer, G. F.—we'll have to call George Field, G. F., if he's going to interrupt—said, pointedly:

"It is really of no consequence where they're born, what they were born is the important thing."

"Well," said Miss Greenwood firmly, "I was not born an actress and I'm not going to pretend that I was, so there. But I was born in Genesee, New York, mostly of French descent. And I studied bookkeeping before voice culture, and my ambition—my most cherished, realest ambition was to be a school teacher." (There you have it from her own lips. Now you know it's true.)

She has youth and health and beauty—sounds like enough to make any girl happy doesn't it!

A BUNGALOW with a terraced garden—and a kitchen garden—shady porches for hot weather, and a huge fireplace in the huge living-room for cool; the kind of work you just love—and the kind of husband you just love,

"And I might be a teacher this very minute—only I'm glad that I'm not—if I hadn't to begin earning my own living when I was almost a kid. I don't dare to tell you how young I was when I got my first vaudeville engagement, but I can frankly say that I was so young that I was a success. If I had been eighteen or

An Early Ambition To Become a School Teacher Was Supplanted by the Desire to Go on the Stage



twenty, the chances are that my very ordinary dancing and singing would never have 'got across.'"

"Hold on!" cried G. F. "I can't stand for anything like this. My dear—this reprovingly to Miss Greenwood—"you must remember that you are

talking about my wife, and I insist that my wife never did any ordinary dancing or singing."

"But you never saw me, George," she said quickly, "or heard me when I was only—There! I nearly told you how young I was."

"I admit that I didn't hear you sing or see you dance when you were only—well—when you were very young," said G. F.,

with dignity, "but there are others.

Bring out your press notices and we'll settle this little point as to whether you were a 'very ordinary' singer and dancer, or whether you were an exceptionally good one."

Out came the press notices after a good deal of trouble, to settle the dispute. She was not a "very ordinary singer and dancer" according to them. But she explained it by saying that "everyone was so kind to me."

"After the splendid start I got, I think that by working hard, by adding constantly to my accomplishments, as I did for three years, I could have continued on the vaudeville stage indefinitely, but I didn't want to. Just when I was most anxious to get out of vaudeville I got a chance to go on the road

with a company owned and directed by the best man in the world, who is now the head of one of the biggest film companies in the world, Mr. J. J. Kennedy. I owe more to Mr. Kennedy than I do to anyone else in the world except my father and mother. I traveled with this company for nearly six years—years of the hardest sort of work and very little play, but for all that they are among the happiest of my life.

George Field, Miss Greenwood's Debonair Lover in "In the Headlight" Is Her Husband in Real Life



"Mr. Kennedy seemed to feel responsible for the success or failure of any member of his company, and all that you had to do to gain his warmest interest was to display some earnestness and ambition. He gave me a wide range of parts—let me try anything that he thought I could handle even though, by all the accepted standards, I was far too young to play many of them.

"Do you know," with a sudden change of tone, "do you know what time it is?"

"I don't want to know what time it is," I answered quickly, "because I'm afraid that it may be time for me to go, and I haven't found out half enough about you to satisfy the readers of my article. I might, of course, devote a whole lot of space to my impressions of you and just a little bit to what you said about

enough to get scared. So I hid me to a doctor and he laughed at my fears, but explained that I'd have to take a vacation. This I did, and to while away the hours I wrote some poems and sold several, and then decided to become a journalist, and all my stuff came back, so I just kept on being an actress. And then, one day, O. B. Thayer, a good friend of mine who is now with the Colorado Motion Picture company, suggested that I change over to pictures, and I was contemptuous first and then I got interested and I finally accepted an engagement with Selig's. From then I came to the 'Flying A' and I've been here for a year. And—let's all go out to lunch," she said gaily, holding out a hand to each of us.

She was irresistible. So we all went out to lunch!

In "Youth and Art" Miss Greenwood, as Lady Golden, has her portrait painted by the lover of her student days

Charming Juliet of "Where the Boat Parks" is Miss Greenwood



She Played the Lead in "Tim" a Particularly Successful Film

yourself, but in that case you'd have to let me say anything about you that I pleased."

"I think we could trust him, don't you?" she said to G. F., seriously enough to scare the most stout hearted interviewer. But G. F. came to my rescue like a man with:

"No, I don't. Besides he writes so many interviews, that all actresses may look alike to him. Better be on the safe side and tell him the further history of your early days."

"But it really is lunch time and I am really awfully hungry," said Miss Greenwood to G. F.

"Work before eating, always," said G. F. sternly. "I hope," she turned to me and explained apologetically, "that you won't be offended by my referring to this as work. I love to talk but it is really awful hard to talk about oneself exclusively. Now, if you would just let me branch out on baseball—I'm a pretty good fan—or on my garden, or on votes for women, or even on California weather, I'd be delighted."

"You may talk about anything you wish," I assured her.

"All right. The first thing I want to talk about is to ask you a question."

"This is a very unusual proceeding," I said. "For an interviewee to interview an interviewer. But—fire away!"

"Do you know I envy you a whole lot," she said impulsively. "And guess why," she went on rapidly without waiting for any comment from me. "It's because you write for the magazines. Once upon a time I tried to write for the magazines and I couldn't get anything accepted, nothing but a few insignificant little poems."

"But that's more than I can do," I interrupted. "I never sold a poem in my life."

"Did you ever even write one?" she asked suspiciously.

"Yes, of course. Everyone tries to write poetry. But everyone can't do it. How did you happen to aspire to be an authoress?" I asked lightly.

"Why, when I left J. J. Kennedy's company I had been working pretty steadily for nearly nine years, and I kept right on for two or three more and one day I discovered that I didn't care at all whether or not I ever became famous, or even whether or not I ever earned any more money, and I had sense



Under Water

DOWN on the bed of the Atlantic Ocean, only a few miles from where the vessels of Columbus first dropped anchor in the New World, a man sat a few days ago watching a tragedy of the deep. It was in the shark infested waters of the Bahamas. A decrepit horse had been killed and lowered into the water. Sensing their prey from afar a school of sharks had sped to the feast.

Then followed a battle never witnessed before by the eyes of man. The two monsters plunged toward each other with wide open mouths, ripping and tearing at each other. Finally the big bull administered a death blow and, himself wounded, started to swim slowly away. But the tragedy was not over.

A dark, lithe form shot through the water, the figure of a native boy diving from a barge, knife in hand, to protect himself from the sea monsters. Boy and shark met in the latter's element, and the king of the deep made a lunge at the dark figure. But the boy, with a long sweep of his knife, met the onslaught of the monster. Escap-

ing the yawning jaws, as a mator dodges a bull in the arena, the youth struck again, plunging the quivering steel into the monster's vital. It was the death stroke.

All this time C. L. Gregory, of New York, expert photographer, sat a few feet away calmly turning the handle of a motion picture machine in a Williamson collapsible submarine tube, the invention of Captain Charles Williamson, of Norfolk, Va. Through the tube invented by their father, George M. Williamson and J. Ernest Williamson conceived the idea of exploring beneath the sea with a camera, the same as Paul Rainey worked in the wilds of Africa.

That the idea of the young men was not an idle dream is shown by the work of the expedition, which has just returned from experiments in the Bahamas.

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

"Million Dollar Mystery"

EPISODE NO. 6

Thankouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

ALL STAR CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire.... Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter..... Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's butler..... Sidney Bracey
 The Countess Olga, member of the Black Hundred..... Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred..... Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter..... James Cruze
 Miss Susan Farlow, Florence's chaperon. Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

THE opening scene finds the Countess and Braine, discussing their repeated failures and outlining another plot against Florence. The Countess invites Florence, together with a lot of other people, to go on a coaching party, and asks Jones to go with them to serve the lunch. Jim Norton passes the party, suspects a plot, and turns and follows them. He gets Jones to take him on as an extra waiter. One of the conspirators, disguised as a foreign nobleman, invites Florence to go with him after luncheon on a tour of inspection of the magnificent old house and she consents. When Norton misses her he goes searching, and finds her locked in the library. He spirits her away through a sliding panel that opens on a secret passage, she and Jones and Norton find mounts in the stable and dash away. They are discovered and pursued. When the conspirator's automobile gets close enough, Jones has Florence and Norton go on and he hides and manages to shoot up the tires of the machine. Again the conspirators' plans have come to naught.

Florence LaBadie Plays the Part of the Unhappy Florence Gray

Jim Norton's Search Results in the Discovery of a Sliding Panel Giving on a Secret Passage Through Which He Spirits Florence Away When He Finds Her Locked in the Library

Florence Gray

The "Fake" Nobleman

The Countess Pronounces the Conspirator Who is to Play the Russian Nobleman Letter-Perfect in His Part

It was a Merry Crowd That Gathered about the Countess' Luncheon Table Which Was Set on the Lawn of a Magnificent Old House

When the Russian Nobleman Suggests a Tour of Inspection of the House, Florence Quite Unwillingly Accepts



Richard Tucker as Joe Spifkins



The Villainess Almost Succeeds in Breaking Joe's Neck by Enticing Him into a Folding Bed. Nellie Arrives Just in Time to Save Him from Submitting to Death



Gladys Hulette as Nellie Davis



Finally the Villainess Manages to Persuade Joe That She is the Person He Loves and He Agrees to Marry Her



One of the Last Misadventures to Befall Joe is to Be Put into Prison, but Nellie, of Course, Rescues Him



This is a Fair Sample of the Upstart Spirit That Permeates the Whole Picture

"The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of"

An Uproarious Slapstick Comedy

TWO-REEL EDISON FILM

CAST

Nellie Davis.....	Gladys Hulette
Her father.....	Harry Eytling
Her mother.....	Cora Williams
Joe Spifkins.....	Richard Tucker
The Villainess.....	Gertrude McCoy
The Villain.....	William Bechtel

Policemen, pedestrians, etc.

SYNOPSIS

IT is when Nellie Davis and her lover, Joe Spifkins, decide to go to the city to earn their own living that their troubles begin. Nellie is a charming girl to whom her employer promptly makes love, with the result that Joe is obliged to knock him down. Behold then, the employer turned Villain, thirsting for vengeance, and with a Villainess—who is hopelessly in love with Joe—to aid and abet him. When Nellie and Joe go to the corner drug store for a soda, the Villain dynamites the fountain—but without injuring the lovers. When Joe leaves Nellie and starts home alone, he is kidnapped by the Villainess, who tries to smother him to death in a folding bed. But it's Nellie to the rescue just in time! Again Joe is torn from her side and chained in the path of an express train. Nellie arrives just in time to break the chains with her bare hands. They seek temporary refuge in a shack beside the tracks, only to be rudely interrupted by being thrown high into the air together with the shack. The Villain's dynamite again! And then, just when there seems to be no hope whatever for these unhappy lovers, Nellie wakes up!



It is a Dangerous Matter to Make an Arrest, Especially When There are Only Four of You



Margarita Fischer as *Mary Baxter* When She Was Young and Radiant.



Mary Goes Down, Down, Down, Until She is Unable to Hold Even the Smallest Position in the Cheapest Sort of a Show



At the Opening of the Story, Margarita Fischer Represents a Frail Old Lady



In Spite of the Ridicule Which He Encounters, John Gordon Tries to Persuade Mary to Give Up the Stage and Marry Him



When the Station Agent Goes to Call the Frail Little Old Lady, He Finds That She Has "Taken the Other Train"



Mary Baxter at the Height of Her Popularity as Interpreted by Margarita Fischer

"The Other Train"

An Unusual Story Handled in a Mastery Way

TWO-REEL AMERICAN BEAUTY FILM

CAST

Mary Baxter.....	Margarita Fischer
Reverend John Gordon.....	Harry Pollard
Harold Preston.....	James Harris
Freddy Harvey.....	Fred Gamble
The station agent.....	Perry Banks
Manager of the circus.....	Frank Cooley

SYNOPSIS

IN the opening scenes of this moving photoplay Margarita Fischer takes the part of a frail old lady who has just had word that she is to be taken to the poorhouse. At the railroad station the agent leads her to a corner seat and promises to call her in time for her train, but he forgets to do so. As the old lady leans back, wearily, with closed eyes, a vision of her life is thrown on the screen. She sees herself, Mary Baxter, disdaining the love of a young minister, John Gordon, and leaving her New England home to go on the stage. She becomes leading lady of a burlesque show and tastes the sweets of success for a time. John Gordon, seeing her picture and name blazoned on a billboard, seeks her out and begs her to return and marry him but she refuses. And gradually she loses her popularity until she is unable to hold even a small part in the cheapest sort of a theatre. Then the picture shifts. She is back in the present again and imagines that John Gordon is begging her to go with him and she follows him into the Great Beyond. When her train arrives and the agent comes to wake her he finds that she has "taken the other train."



Another Picture of the Radiant Margarita as Mary Baxter

Marguerite Snow

(Continued from page 17)

for only a few minutes in the Thanhouser studio yard that offers the freshness of fresh air and a brightness of bright sky to those unoccupied in the interior studios.

"Peggy!—Wait!" somebody called out and you turned and saw her.

It was a girlish Peggy in a neatly fitting tailored suit and minus a hat. Her brown hair, in the sunlight held glints of gold, and the brown eyes shone clear and—"Firm" doesn't exactly sound like the right word but it comes nearest being the right one.

Anyway, "Peggy" responded with a laugh and linked her arm in that of the girl who had called to her and together, they ran up the incline that leads from the studio to the street.

That was the girlish, laughing, fun-making "Peggy." And it seemed rather impossible to associate her with the Marguerite Snow who was all stateliness, all preciseness and all dignity, as her trim walking suit and smart hat seemed to desire their wearer should be.

And there were no browns, except the strand of hair drawn down over one side of her forehead and showing under the tilt of her hat brim. Her suit was blue with a girdle of emerald green. Her wrist-bag was lined with pink satin that sent the sheen of it across the studio-room. And in its mysterious roundness, Miss Snow felt with her white-gloved hand for her powder-puff and with it, daintily dusted the end of her nose and chin, before the "Ready!" signal came for her to "go on" as the Countess Olga in a scene from "The Million Dollar Mystery."

Again and again the director ordered rehearsals, and always Miss Snow went into the work with the same amount of animation that marked her rehearsal of the scene.

"Yes, Yes!" she told the man at the mirror

who was making up his face to look as much as possible like the face of a man who looked out at the trio from the sheet of a newspaper. "That's it! The beard, now the mustache! Perfect! But the eye-brows—they should be smoother! Ah! you look like him exactly, now!"

They did a scene that was not particularly interesting, and not at all inspiring. Yet it required the best from everybody involved. It was just one of the little hinges on which the big play is swung and it made just one of the many demands on the time and the patience of the cast and the director.

"That will be all, Miss Snow. An hour for lunch; then I'll want you on the dot of one!"

"Very well, Mr. Hensel," Miss Snow replied, and found the yard and the chatting groups scattered about it and, walked with you to the corner on which stands her apartment-house home.

It is a haven of rest with a four-o'clock offering of tea and cake for the weary, that apartment-house home. There, hospitality is enthroned, and "Welcome!" is the pass-word that all the Snow friends know.

And "Peggy" is the genii of the silver tea service or of the groaning table and she reigns by right of a nature-given gift.

But of all the "Peggys" I have told you about, I return to the one of the bluest of new blue negligees with the Chinese embroidery that weighted it down.

That was the "Peggy" of the rich browns and the soft greens and the once-in-a-while glints of orange, as a background. And it was the "Peggy" that nestled into the brown of the cushioned divan and the subject of Clothing and you decided that of all the "Peggys" you had met at Thanhouser-ville, THAT "Peggy" was quite the nicest "Peggy."

saw that I was getting nearer the earth. I thought that the town I was coming near must be Long Island City. I wanted to land on an open field but I didn't know anything about steering, so that I had just the same chance of landing on a roof or a telegraph wire. Well, anyhow, I did come down on a field, with a lot of people running around madly, all shouting at me, and asking me where I'd come from. My, but I was glad to get out of that basket," said Pearl.

"What did you do then?"

"A man who came along the road in a motor car took me to Long Island City. I went to a drug store and telephoned the studio to ask them if they wanted me to come back that afternoon."

She said it with the superb nonchalance of youth. She had drifted for miles over rivers and a great city, in danger of being swept out to sea, while men from the studio had been frantically telephoning and telegraphing, engaging motor boats and airships for her rescue, while New York newspapers were headlining her plight, and yet she had come down to earth only with the thought that her day's work was not done. "Isn't there anything you are afraid of?"

"No," she said musingly. Then she gave a little scream, jumping to her feet. "Ugh," she groaned. "Didn't you see that spider? I guess I am afraid of some things," she admitted. "Spiders, and mice, and the feeling of plush." And then the fearless interpreter of Pauline went back to the top of the hill to run the gauntlet of the pursuing rock once more. It was the old story of Miss Muffet, a new sort of Miss Muffet, but none the less fearful of the insect that crawled its harmless way along the Jersey Palisades.

Realism in Movies

(Continued from page 15)

to run the risk of not getting all the pictures it might want. Some of them stood so close to the tracks that it seemed certain they would be injured by flying timbers or scraps of steel, but everyone escaped without a scratch.

Keystone pictures have, time and again, shown the seemingly impossible accomplished. One of the most recently completed thrillers contains the sensational scene illustrated by one of the halftones that accompany this article. A handcar is run at full speed onto a rapidly rising cantilever bridge and plunges over the edge just as the huge steel structure reaches its highest point. The railroad company demanded that they purchase the car, put up a deposit to cover any damage to the bridge, and agree to raise the car from the bed of the river, following its high-dive off the edge of the bridge, as otherwise it might become a menace to traffic. The Keystone people readily agreed to all of the above, for they realized the immense sensation which such a unique "accident" would cause when flashed on picture screens all over the country.

In "Captain Alvarez" occurs another bit of realism that fairly makes you gasp for breath. It is the riding of a horse at breakneck speed along a narrow bridge that spans a deep chasm. Had the horse made a single mistep or stumbled ever so slightly, both the steed and its rider would have been dashed to death many hundreds of feet below. Some idea of the nerve and daring required for the successful performance of this feat may, perhaps, be obtained from looking again at the illustration which accompanies this story. The horse is seen crossing the bridge at full gallop and from the peculiar angle from which this picture was photographed it makes the bridge look almost like a rope that the horse is speeding along.

The perils which "Kathlyn," "Pauline," "Lucile Love" and now "Florence Gray" are undergoing have all been real perils.

And the end has not yet been reached. Doubtless in the years to come new thrills and sensations will be prepared for lovers of the silent drama, new deeds of courage and daring will be enacted for the movies and realism will go another notch higher.

But they'll have to be careful or they may not be able to get actors!

Maurice Costello

(Continued from page 10)

"Just from mine. One of the good things about the big companies," he said fairly, "is that one director has not the power of either hiring or firing any one from the company. It is a power that would be badly abused if the individual had it. Of course, if several directors dispense with the services of an actor or of an actress, the company officers begin to inquire the reason. But the actors get a fair show by this system. If they'd only treat the directors a little better for it!"

"Is that all?"

"Isn't it enough?" He dived down into a trunk that stood open near to him. "But that's not all. I have to read all the scenarios that are sent in to me, and I have to revise every scenario that I use. Even men who had been writing scenarios for years do not get in all the points of chronology or of setting that the director has to look out for. And we get hundreds a week directed to me and marked for my use that must be gone through before they are returned, for they nearly always have to be returned." He picked one at random from an overflowing pile. He began to read with the dreariness that only an actor can put into lines that he considers uninteresting. Gradually however, as he went on, the laughter bubbled up into his eyes and overran into his voice. Great Scott," he said, "I didn't know this was funny!"

Funny it certainly was. The scenario, written in longhand on ruled paper, was the product of two boys, one eleven, the other ten, and revealed their idea of what a photoplay should be. It rang with a highly moral title, but the scenes of robbery read like Jesse James or the Younger Brothers in Missouri. The hero held up his father in Dick Turpin style and with monologues that Henry Irving would have loved for their length. The action repeated itself in every scene. "Fred puts the gun at his father's head. Says, 'Now, come across!' ran like a refrain. Before he had come to the end of the composition Maurice Costello was laughing like a boy, utterly for-

getful of the rain, of the grouch, of the directoral troubles. "Can't you just see those two youngsters writing that?" he demanded. "They live in a little town, I see by the address. I know they went out in the barn to write. And they copied it in school when they should have been doing something else. It reminds me of the things I used to do when I thought I wanted to be a writer," he remembered. "Just kids! I wish I could take it, for I know how disappointed they're going to be when it comes back. But I'll make it as easy as I can." He went back to chuckling over the wild phraseology of the drama.

"More troubles?" He had dived into the trunk for other scenarios. Laughter ran through his eyes. "Didn't you know," he said, "that an Irishman's troubles never last longer than the telling of them?"

Perilling for Pauline

(Continued from page 11)

"I was hungry, horribly hungry. I kept wishing that I had a sandwich. Then I thought about cake. I thought of all the kinds of cake that I could remember. Then I got thinking about a shore dinner. And I thought about lobsters, and clams, and crabs, until all the clouds began to look like sea food.

"About that time I decided that I had to think about other things. The wind was driving me toward the East River and I began to hope again that some one would send up some sort of a lifeline. I'd crossed the river when I knew that if I didn't go down somewhere on Long Island I was likely to get out in the ocean and that would be the end of the perils of Pauline! Then I remembered that if I could only let the air out of the bag the balloon would go down. There were all sorts of ropes that I didn't know anything about, but I began to try them all. Pulling one of them seemed to send me up a little more, so that I let that one alone after one tug. Then I tried a few more. With one of them I seemed to have a little success. After a little while I

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

I WENT home with the memory of the look in Charlie's eyes to keep me company. I wondered whether he would come. And—I wondered whether I wanted him to come! I had put him to a cruel test; an unfair one, too. No matter how badly he had treated me, had I the right to do that? If he thought ill of me now, whose fault was it but my own? I had invited it; I was not, as I had been before, the victim of circumstances, equally with himself. For one thing had been made plain to me. It had needed only one look into his eyes to make me see that he still cared for me; that he had not forgotten those days in Cuba.

Perhaps he had tried to forget them; perhaps his feeling was still changed entirely, as it had been in the terrible hour when I had to tell him my story. That I could not tell; that would only be revealed when we met alone, face to face.

I dressed in a mood that must almost have distracted Annette, my maid. Nothing suited me; neither my hair, which I usually ignored, nor the dresses she selected, one after another. As a rule her troubles had been of another sort. Annette took far more pride in me and my appearance than I ever had; I suppose she considered that it was, in some measure, a reflection upon her if I did not look as well as possible. I had never suited her, because there was no reason for me to care how I looked. There had been no man!

This is a confession. Otherwise, I suppose, I would never have dared to admit that. Indeed, until that night when I was waiting for Charlie Hemmingway, I had never believed it. I had regarded the old charge that women dress to attract men as a rather absurd libel. But I found out that in my own case it was a true charge. Still, I was satisfied at last; or, if I was not satisfied I realized that Annette and art had done all they could for me. What was still lacking was due to nature.

I have failed in my purpose if what I have told so far has not given some understanding of the intense loneliness of my life. That loneliness had shaped my whole career. It had driven me into the arms of the first man who offered me a chance to escape from it; it had kept me to my purpose of winning success in some way or other through moving pictures. It had helped to make it easy for me to fall in love with the man for whom I waited that night, after Annette had finished with me.

And it was that same loneliness that had kept the image and the memory of him so fresh in my mind. My work had helped me to endure my loneliness; it had scarcely alleviated it. I had made no real friends. I still distrusted myself. I was afraid to form friendships. Life, after all, had given me a good many buffets. I had seen those I liked turn against me, eager believers of whatever gossip chose to say of me, and, justly or unjustly, I now felt that the friends I might make would welcome me only for what I could do for them, rather than for any qualities I possessed.

My whole life, beginning with my isolated childhood, had tended to make me abnormally sensitive and timid. I had attributed the coldness with which I had been treated in Harbortown to faults of my own, instead of to my father's unpopularity. In a sense, I suppose, I was right. Even then I was introspective, morbid, in a way the very antithesis of a child healthy in mind and body. And it was the survival of that old sensitiveness that had led me to treat Charlie Hemmingway as I was doing and as I still meant to do.

But, though I shrank from his coming, I longed for it, too. He had cast a spell over

me that was stunting my life. I had never been able to forget him. And, now that he had come back into my life again, I meant to know, once and for all, in what relation we were to stand to one another. He alone could kill the love I still felt for him; but I felt he could do it very easily. There had been times, as I have said, when I had wanted him on any terms; when I would have cast



And so I Waited, Watching the Crawling Hands Upon the Clock

pride, and the age-long restraints of sex, to the winds, and wooed him as frankly as my earliest ancestor might have done. But when I saw him that was at an end. And so I waited, watching the crawling of the hands upon the clock, knowing that the hours that were coming would either kill an obsession, or bring me a happiness such as I had long since given up daring to hope I might some time enjoy.

My work had interested me; its success, now beginning to be assured, had gratified me. But it takes a man's mind to gain a complete and lasting satisfaction from even the greatest material triumph. No woman can be wholly absorbed in work. Nature had provided against that. We women are the mothers of the race; in us there is, implanted so deeply that nothing can quite root it out, the eternal surging desire for the fulfilment of the destiny nature has marked out for us. We evade it sometimes; deny it; struggle against it. But it is there, and some time it will take its toll.

Suddenly, as I waited, the telephone rang out, sharp and shrill. I caught my breath; my hand went to my heart. In a sudden rush of bitterness I cried out: "He isn't coming!" I went to the instrument, and caught it up before Annette, her eyes filled with ready tears of sympathy, could answer. But it was not Charlie. It was Goodhue, one of the three men who shared the secret of my control of the business I was building up.

"Miss Morgan!" he said, excitedly. "I've just seen the film that was taken to-day—the pictures you were in! Why have you been keeping yourself under cover this way? Even if you're a rich woman you have no right to keep your talent to yourself! Your scenes with young Hemmingway are the best we've ever had! Won't you let us feature you in a new picture? I've got just the part for you!"

I laughed, partly from sheer relief, partly from pleasure. Goodhue was my scenario editor; the man who passed, finally, on every

picture we produced. He was a playwright of long experience; lacking the fine spark of genius, he still was a man of extraordinary skill, and the technique of the drama, silent or spoken, held no secrets from him. Praise from him was praise indeed; and he was the last man to try to flatter me.

"I don't know—I'll see," I told him. "That picture to-day was just an experiment; I wanted to see what it felt like to be in front of a camera again."

"I'll give you no peace until you promise!" he said, laughing. "And I'm a persistent man, Miss Morgan."

"I'll think it over," I agreed. In the distance the bell of the front door sounded faintly. I heard Annette moving to answer it. "Call me again to-morrow—I'm very busy just now, Mr. Goodhue . . . Yes . . . Good-bye."

I hung up the receiver, and turned. Charlie was there in the door; behind him was Annette, holding the portiere for him to pass.

"M'sieu Hemmingway," she said, and vanished.

"Mollie!" he said, with a fierce little catch in his voice. "What does this mean? This place? Oh—everything!"

"I don't understand," I said. "What should it mean?"

"I—when I saw you last—you had nothing!" he burst out. "And now—this luxury! This hotel—it is known the world over! You—you can't earn enough—playing such parts as you played to-day. Why, the most highly paid star that ever played before a camera could hardly live as you are doing!"

I wondered if he could hear the beating of my heart. My pulses were throbbing as if they were about to burst, in a savage, primitive exultation. He cared! He was suffering; he was going through some fragment of the torment that had been mine.

"Have you the right to question me?" I asked. "You stayed behind in Cuba."

"You made me do that," he said, sullenly. "Mollie, you knew I cared for you."

"You stayed behind," I went on. "I made you, yes. So far you did well. But—I never heard from you. You did not come to me when it would have been right to come. You changed when I told you my story. I do not blame you; but—what right have you to question me? What has my life to do with you after that?"

"Listen to me," he said. His voice had changed now; it had the old, dogged quality it used to hold when he told me, in the happy days before he had begun to doubt me, when he used to tell me of his hopes and his plans. "You can't know, I suppose, how hard it was for me to listen to you. I'd idealized you, Mollie—as every man does the woman he loves, the woman he wants to marry, the woman he wants to be the mother of his children. And—"

"And you couldn't bear the thought that that woman had been the victim of another man!" I cut in. "It wasn't enough in extenuation that it was not my own desire that kept me from coming to you unstained! It wasn't enough that I had been cheated! If I had asked you about your life, what would you have done? Insisted on your man's prerogative of sowing your wild oats—or lied?"

"Can't you understand?" he cried out, sharply, then. "Can't you imagine the pain of hearing what you told me? Can't you understand my bewilderment? Can't you realize that one meets such a revelation with instincts and emotions, not with logic. I knew you were blameless when I had time to think; I wanted to go down on my knees to you, and beg for your forgiveness! And you were gone."

"You knew where you could find me. You could have written to me."

"I wanted to wait," he said, in a low tone. "I wanted to come to you and tell you that I understood, yes. But I wanted also to tell you that there was an end to your troubles. I wanted to be ready to take you, to make a home for you. And for that I had to wait. To wait—and to work. I went abroad. Things were hard. But I knew that I could win.

And as for you—was it fair to ask you to wait? Was it not better to keep silence until I could ask you for what I wanted, the right to care for you?"

My momentary mood of savage exultation had passed. There was truth in his eyes; truth, and a bitter pain, as they wandered about, falling on one thing or another. And doubt, an almost terrible certainty.

"Mollie!" he burst out, again. "Won't you tell me? Won't you explain? All this—what am I to think of it?"

"Oh, you—man!" I said. He had chosen the words of all words to harden me again. "What are you to think of it! There is the man speaking! What will people say? What will people think? What will my own thoughts be! You have never submerged yourself a moment, have you? You had to wait until your pride could be satisfied—until you could come to me and tell me that you had made good! I suppose you never thought of me—alone! Or of what might come to me! It was for me to wait, so that your pride might be satisfied! And then you come questioning me, with your demand for an accounting of my time and of what I have done!"

"You can't answer!" he cried, furiously. "You're condemned by your own words!"

"I haven't spoken them yet," I said, bitterly. "But I shall. I shall tell you what happened, I think."

And I did. I told him of my moments of despair on the steamer. I told him of my return to New York, and of my futile search for work.

"I had helped to amuse you, you see," I said, bitterly. "To pass the time for you, while you were not working. And there was talk of that, so much talk that I had the reputation of being a loose woman, the willing prey of any man! I had to live—or die. And I wanted to live—mostly because I thought you would come back."

I told him all that had happened. I told him of Santelman's horrible offer, and the rest.

"That was what happened," I said. "What was I to do? Live—or die? If I wanted to live—"

"Have you the right to blame me, to demand the accounting I am giving you?" he fung out his hands.

"I was wrong," he said, trembling. "But I never guessed, Mollie. I never understood! I never dreamed that men could be such beasts—that they could hound you so! But—"

He was staring around him again. "But this!" he cried. "This luxury! Had you to have this? You speak of starvation. But this?"

I looked at him. Then I got up, and stood facing him.

"We may be seeing one another for the last time," I said. "I think we are. It is a time for stripping off the masks. Because I was a woman I was driven to the wall. I know what you are thinking. Think it! I will deny nothing! You say you loved me—that you still loved me when you came back—that you meant to find me and tell me so! Well, you have found me! What do you say? You find me here. Shall I stay, or shall I go with you? Choose—for this is the last chance you have!"

"What do you mean?" he asked. "You tell me to choose. You would give this up?"

"Choose!" I cried. The strain was becoming too much for me. I think there must have been a note of hysteria in my voice. "What is this to me? I have told you everything—that I loved you! I told you that long ago, in Cuba. I am not the sort to change!"

"By God!" he cried. He stood still for a moment, staring at me. "I will choose—you! I don't care what you've done—or why! You're the woman God made for me, the mate nature put in the world for me! I love you!"

He had me in his arms then, crushing me. For a moment I clung to him.

"Oh, thank God!" I cried. "Charlie—my man—my man!" And then I began to laugh; to laugh, and sob together. But now I was not hysterical. I had tried him in the fire, and I had won, and so had he. "Charlie!" I said, still laughing, still sobbing. "I—didn't lie to you, my dear. But, oh, I let you deceive yourself! All this is mine, honestly, truly mine—and yours."

And then, with his arm about me, I finished the story. I told him of the night of my trial, when I had so nearly succumbed, and of the miracle that had saved my life.

"I thought you were like the others," I said. "I was hard, and bitter. My life was an empty thing, for all the wealth that had come to me. It meant nothing without love. And I thought that was dead forever. I dared to deceive you here to-night, to put you to that awful test! Charlie, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" he cried. And his voice was a boy's voice again; the voice of the boy I had first known and loved in those days in Cuba.

And that, you see, was the end of Mollie Morgan! There was no reason for us to wait; we were alone, save for one another. My husband was as insistent as Goodhue had threatened to be; he would not let me stay off the stage. You may have seen me, I suppose, in pictures; some of you may even have been in the audiences that have been so good to me when, on occasion, I have appeared in other than photoplays. But of confessions there are no more.

Happy is the nation, some one has said, that has no history. And happy, certainly, I have been since my life ceased to hold doings of interest to others beside myself, my husband and—my children.

(THE END)

Spotlight Basking

By IRVIN S. COBB

BEING asked to tell how it feels to be a movie actor reminds me forcibly of the man down in my old town in Kentucky who did business with a concern in Bangor, Me., which promised in return for \$500 to guarantee the investor a regular income.

The trusting Kentuckian sent on his \$500. Back came a form letter telling him that his funds had been invested in the stock of another concern, and that all he had to do was to sit down and wait for the dividends.

He sat and waited until callouses formed just south of his hip pockets. Then he undertook an investigation, and shortly thereafter he sent the following telegram to his original correspondents:

"As a result of allowing you to invest my money I am now broke. How shall I act?"

Promptly came the answer, collect:

"Act like you were broke."

To the beginner I would say that when engaged in being a movie actor it is well just to be a movie actor and let it go at that. I began by demanding the center of the picture. I insisted that all the other performers so favored as to be permitted to appear in the same film with me should take the background and make themselves as unobtrusive and inconspicuous as possible.

"Finally I made a point of requiring that my picture should be featured on all advertising, lithographing and other printed matter and that my name should appear in letters not less than eighteen inches high and correspondingly broad."

Mr. Cobb's experience as a movie actor was limited and quite recent. He appeared as a character in "Our Mutual Girl" serial, and for a few moments exercised his facial muscles while he told stories to Miss Norma Phillips, the Margaret of the film.

"I Will Choose You—I Don't Care What You've Done or Why"



With the Van Ambergs

When They're Training Wild Animals for Motion Pictures

"Oh, Van Amberg is a great man. He travels with the shows

By ELIZABETH BROOK

He steps into the lion's den
And tells you all he knows.
He puts his head in the lion's mouth,
And keeps it there awhile,
And then he takes it out again,
And turns around to smile."

EVERY member of the Ancient and Honorable Society of Recollectors who went to the Van Amberg Shows in his youth remembers Van Amberg as quite the greatest man of his generation and one whose feats more than justified the

eral motion picture producing companies have established their menageries out there; but right across the Hudson from One Hundred and Twenty-eighth street, New York, is the Fort Lee studio where for years before his tragic death Paul Bourgeois used to train the denizens of the jungle.

Because of its setting the Fort Lee studio for the training of wild animals has been one of the most interesting phases of motion picture production in the country. Just outside the village of Fort Lee, a place that doesn't seem to have progressed much since its time of importance in Revolutionary days, stands a convent, a picturesque, peaceful convent of high walls over which come on summer-like days the

Preparing for a scene in the "Lionel Lincoln" picture. Left to Right: Edwin Ellis, W. W. Kirby, Francis Ford and Grace Cunard. The Camera Man is Al Slinger. Mr. Kirby was Killed About Fifteen Minutes After This Picture was Taken



Isidore Bernstein Riding One of the Veteran Animals of the Movies

song by which he is still proclaimed even outside the circus world. Perhaps Van Amberg was the D'Artagnan and the Hercules of his time; but even his contemporaries who still survive are willing to admit that there is today a regiment of men—and a few women—whose every-day deeds of daring make the performances of the old-time trainer look like a candle near a calcium. For these folk are the trainers who tame wild animals for work in motion picture plays and their achievements, standing entirely on the results of their work rather than on the spectacular performance of it, have been witnessed by millions of people throughout the world who never have a glimpse of the principal actors.

Almost all over the world the work of training tigers, and leopards, and lions, and panthers, and wolves, and bears, and other more or less ferocious animals for the moving pictures goes on. There are animal studios in India, and British East Africa, and in Uganda, and in France, Germany, and Austria. But it is in the United States that the larger part of the work of animal training is done, since it has been found better to ship the wild animals to this country and have them trained and tamed in the places where the films are to be taken. California is the big Zoo of the world, as sev-



sounds of music, the rippling, stately music that seems inevitably associated with convents. And right under the convent walls, in the heart of a wood, and at the end of a narrow path that promised to lead to the Forest of Arden, is the long, low, one-story building where Bourgeois tolled with patience and courage over the training of "Princess," the Bengal tiger, and "Nero," the lion, and hundreds of other less famous but equally fierce four-footed actors.

There was another little Frenchman in the studio the other day who had taken up some of Bourgeois's work. The lions, and tigers, and panthers, and leopards, and the one lynx that the studio boasts, were all securely behind bars, as there was no picture scheduled for that morning. The roars of the tenants reverberated under the low ceiling. Snarls, barks, wild trumpetings, yelps, rose staccato against the rumbling. The trainer explained that the animals were only hungry. He moved around with a nonchalance such as Bourgeois had always shown, letting each keeper attend his problem of caring for his charges until one particularly disagreeable panther tried

Wolf Cubs

to leap on a man. Then the little Frenchman was over the railing and up to the cage, flinging open the door and advancing with a lash upon the animal. The panther backed little by little, cowering at last, quieted, in a corner of the cage. The little man came out with none of the gusto that the animal trainers of the circus reserve for their triumphant emerging from the cages of the arena. To him it was but a minor detail in the day's work. And yet it was here that Jack Bonavita, one of the greatest animal trainers of the world, nearly lost his life in posing for a motion picture that required him to go inside a lion's cage.

Bonavita had taken the part of a man shipwrecked on a coast near an African jungle and forced to use a trick of mastering wild animals that he had known in his childhood. For the making of the film he posed in a big cage set in the studio, assuming the part of a worn-out, weary, affrighted victim of shipwreck. In order to do the part well he had to throw aside his own dominant personality. Now, personality is one of the principal assets in lion taming. In his proper person Bonavita would have conquered the lion simply by his appearance, for the animal knew him well. But his role deceived the other actor. The lion made a spring at the trainer. In a flash the camera man

Once in a while, however, the most recent importation is the cause of the greatest trouble. A few weeks ago the Selig Polyscope Company brought into this country two black leopards. They were landed in New York a week before they were expected. That week remains in the memory of several New York keepers as one of the most strenuous they ever experienced. The leopards were so savage that even feeding them through the bars of their cages assumed the proportions of risk. The danger that they might break the bars caused an extra fortification of the cages. At the end of the week Madame Olga, the Selig animal trainer, arrived from California, having traveled across the continent post-haste, to supervise the shipping and care of the newcomers.

The shipping constituted a problem. The railroads absolutely refused to undertake the shipment unless the trainer agreed to remain in the car with the animals. And so Olga went for a journey that took eight days in

the car with the two black leopards. All possible accommodations were arranged for her comfort, but her safety was a question of her own ability. When it is remembered



Rex de Russell in "Was in the Clouds"

however that Olga is the tamer who prepared the animals for "The Ad-

had given the distress signal and helpers armed with



Four of the Six Furry, Furry Wolf Cubs Who Held up a Universal Picture for Several Days by Engaging the Whole Attention of Their Mother, Silverstein, Who Was One of the Star Actors

long poles, rushed into the cage, rescuing Bonavita.

The lion was still in the studio, although the successor of Bourgeois explained that he is no longer one of the most dangerous of the menagerie. "But, of course, one never knows what the animal may do," he said with that nonchalance that seems to accompany the profession. He pointed out "Princess" who has been in the place for some years and who looks so gentle when child actresses pose beside her. "She breaks out sometimes," he said.

It is this quality of occasional eruptions that make the work so dangerous. If the training of animals ended with the first taming the task would be no more fraught with danger than is the work of riding a bucking broncho. But the most docile of lions may break out after years of captivity and care. This volcanic tendency makes up the whole risk of an animal tamer's life. And it is a conspicuous fact that it is nearly always the old favorite of the cages who takes the life of his keeper.



Getting Acquainted with "Mother" the Biggest Lioness in Universal's Menagerie. Grace Cunard, Francis Ford and Edwin Blinn, Author of "Lucille Love" Series

ventures of Kathlyn." It is easily understood that her ability would be more than equal to the task.

The Kathlyn pictures, made up largely of wild animal encounters, have demanded a host of animals, so that the Selig zoo is one of the important parts of the California plant. Occasionally Olga has trouble with her charges. She is always on the alert for the outbreak, but she advocates patience and kindness in the taming of the animals. "You can use the lash and the pistol as a last resort," she believes, "never as the first." And her results have been notable, although her fame has been restricted only to the ranks of her own studio and her own pro-

(Continued on page 33)

The "Red" Lioness Who Killed W. W. Kirby



Katie Fay With One of Her Leopards. Miss Fay Played the Part of Katie in "Problems of the Wild," a Picture Which Involves Some Extraordinarily Dangerous Work With Wild Animals

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

BY JOHNSON BRISCOE

July 25



CHARLES E. ELDRIDGE, the admirable actor, who recently made a welcome return to the Vitagraph forces, where he had been greatly missed. One of his most recent successes being in "Mr. Bingle's Melodrama," the screamingly funny three-part burlesque, current at the Vitagraph Theatre.

ANDREW MACK, who declares himself heartily in favor of filmdom, this through his agreeable experience in "The Ragged Earl," as recently pictured by the Popular Plays and Players' Company.

GERTRUDE VANDERHILT, the sprightly sourette, who lately withdrew from the cast of "The Follies of 1914."

NAT C. GOODWIN, who recently returned to active professional harness, appearing on tour in "Never Say Die," being highly successful.

FRANK ANDREWS, who certainly had a very busy season of it, appearing in no less than three productions, "Evangeline," "The Family Cupboard" and "The Governor's Boss."

EVA MACDONALD, whose most recent work behind Broadway footlights has been in "Seven Sisters," "Snobs" and "Shadowed."

DAVID BELASCO, the famous producer, who has frankly declared himself heartily in favor of motion pictures and many of whose past triumphs are soon to be seen upon the screen, in conjunction with Jesse Lasky, the first of which will be "The Rose of the Rancho."

ROYAL TRACY, who appeared for a while last season in the support of Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case."

VIRGINIA TRACY, the successful author of many stories of stage folk, having gained her knowledge at first hand, being vastly popular herself behind the footlights at one time.

CHARLES MAJOR, two of whose novels, "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," have made stage history.

CHARLES DE KAY, author of the striking play, "Judas," which Sarah Bernhardt presented here several years ago.

CODELLA MACDONALD, who was seen on tour last season as Rachel in "Joseph and His Brethren."

WILLIAM C. DE MILLE, the playwright, two of his happiest efforts being "Strongheart" and "The Warrens of Virginia," the first of which is already known upon the screen, while the second is in course of preparation.

JAMES F. COOK, of the well-known vaudeville team of Cook and Lorenz, who have delighted us these many years.

W. H. GILMORE, one of our most successful stage managers, long with Maude Adams, and recently seen in "We Are Seven."

AMADEO BASSI, the popular baritone, who more than holds his own among the star song birds at the Metropolitan Opera House.

THEODORE BENDIX, the composer and musical director, who has been associated with many of our most important productions.

July 26



INEZ PLUMMER, the dainty ingenue actress, who has been most successful as the young heroine in "Too Many Cooks."

WILLIAM HERMAN WEST, who has done most notable work in a number of character roles with the Kalem company, being to the fore in their two-reel pictures, his work being specially praiseworthy in "The Quick Sands" and "Shannon of the Sixth."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, whose name certainly needs no introduction, and whose latest play, "Pygmalion," will be produced here this coming season.

BELLE DAUBE, the handsome and statuesque, who appeared last season with Fannie Ward in "Madam President" and Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl."

HARRY WATSON, JR., of the team of Bickel and Watson, vaudeville headliners, and happily recalled in various Ziegfeld "Follies."

JOHN MAY, actor and stage manager, last season appearing on tour in "The Blindness of Virtue."

GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON, whose novel "Brewster's Millions," has been notably successful, both in stage and screen form.

FRANK TYARS, the veteran English actor, who for twenty-seven consecutive years was a member of Sir Henry Irving's company, and who, since the death of that actor, has acted exclusively in the support of his son, H. B. Irving.

MORGAN WALLACE, who ranks among the best of our stock company leading men.

July 27



DONALD CRISP, of the Mutual forces, whose work in Reliance and Majestic pictures has given him a distinctly successful position among the screen stars, lately adding directorship to his many accomplishments.

MARIE V. FITZGERALD, the popular dramatist and journalist, who, for the time being at least, is making her home in London, where she is following her literary pursuits.

GEORGE FOSTER PLATT, than whom we have no better-known play producer, identified with the New Theatre during its existence, since when he has been associated with Winthrop Ames.

TRULY SHATTUCK, the prima donna, who divides her time nowadays between vaudeville and burlesque.

ALBERT PERRY, whom we recently saw with William Collier in "The Dictator" and Helen Lowell in "Next," and who has been for a long time identified with "A Bird of Paradise."

EVA MARLOWE, whose toes have twinkled these many years in the ranks of the Pony Ballet.

HARRIET STANSON, whose promising light opera career was cut short by Dan Cupid several years ago, for she left the stage at the time of her marriage.

July 28



MARGARET BOURNE, whose active stage career has seen her in the support of such stars as Henry Miller, Bertha Gailand, Louis James, Frederick Warde, Nance O'Neil, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, E. H. Southern, Julia Marlowe, Arnold Daly, Wright Lorimer, William Faversham, and Henry Jewett.

MARY ANDERSON, "Our Mary," of immortal stage fame, who, despite frequent rumors to the contrary, will positively never appear behind the footlights again.

EUGENE O'ROURKE, who had a very agreeable season of it, appearing with Helen Ware in "Within the Law."

MARIE LOHR, the successful young London actress, who, so report has it, is to appear in this country next season, under Charles Frohman's direction.

J. T. CHAILLE, whom we saw on Broadway most recently as a Chinaman in David Belasco's production of "The Man Inside."

KATE WINGFIELD, who is now in the midst of one of the pleasantest engagements of her professional career, being in "Kitty MacKay," at the Comedy Theatre.

HARRY CHESSMAN, whose name has for sev-

eral seasons past decorated the cast of "Disraeli," in the support of George Arliss.

MABEL STRICKLAND, who used to play ingenue roles so charmingly, but whom we see all too infrequently upon the stage nowadays.

DEL DE LOUIS, recalled on Broadway with Helen Ware in "The Deserters," George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose" and Otis Skinner in "Kismet."

KATE PHILLIPS, the clever English character actress, who has appeared in our midst upon numerous occasions.

July 29



VIRGINIA CHAUVENET, who appeared with the Jewett Players in Boston in "Let's Go A-Gardening," and who has done occasional special feature film work, notably for the Mittenhall Brothers.

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY, who in private life is Mrs. George Arliss, and who last season returned to the stage, after some absence, supporting her husband in "Disraeli."

FLORA HENGLER, the dainty dancer, who, for some reason or other, has not appeared in public for some time, lately turning her talents to literature.

BOOTH TARKINGTON, whose novel, "Monsieur Beaucaire," is soon to be seen in picture form, with James K. Hackett in the title role.

HENRIETTA BAGLEY, who has played numerous stock engagements in many of our leading cities, being specially popular throughout New England.

ELIZABETH HAWMAN, one of the numerous members of that prolific band of Terpsichorean artists, the Pony Ballet.

VIRA STOWE, who, like many another promising young player, has put behind her the stage, preferring matrimony and retirement.

July 30



MRS. GEORGE W. WALTERS, who has been signally successful in a wide variety of strong character roles with the Lubin company, with which she has been identified for some time.

HARRISON GREY FISKE, the theatrical producer, who will be specially active this coming season, offering both Mrs. Fiske and Lydia Lopokova in new plays, and he will probably send "Kismet" on tour again.

INA HAMMER, who for the past three seasons has been playing leading parts with the Steinach-Hards Stock companies, of which her husband, Ira Hards, is part owner.

WILLIAM E. BONNEY, the excellent character actor, this summer a member of the Poli Stock, at New Haven, Conn.

GEORGES BEER, the French actor-dramatist, many of whose plays have been translated into our language, not the least successful of which was "The Million."

July 31



H. S. NORTHRUP, who has a long and distinguished record of villain and character roles in unnumbered Vitagraph pictures, one of his recent hits being as the Leading Man in "Mr. Bingle's Melodrama."

JAMES MANLEY, who will not soon be forgotten for his effective work on tour in "Seven Days."

HELEN LEE, formerly so charming in a wide variety of ingenue parts, but who married and retired from the stage several years ago.

J. I. C. CLARKE, the veteran dramatist, author of such successful plays as "For Bonnie Prince Charlie," with Julia Marlowe; "The First Violin," with Richard Mansfield; "Her Majesty," with Grace George; "Lady Godiva," with Sarah Truax, and "The Prince of India," with Sydney Fairbrother.

SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, one of London's popular ingenue actresses, who was seen here some years ago in E. S. Willard's support, playing Nancy Blenkarn in "The Middleman."

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

JACK O'BRIEN is getting some bully effects in "The Mystery of the Hindu Image" at the Reliance studios. A murder mystery is solved by a little Hindu God in a novel manner. R. A. Walsh does capital work in this.

It is "Cleo Madison night" at the "Jardin de Dance" next Monday and a big attendance is assured, for the clever little Universal star is a big favorite. She with her director Wilfred Lucas and the "Trey of Hearts" company have just returned from a strenuous time in the mountains.

Max Figman is now a fully fledged photoplayer, "The Man on the Box" having been completed at the Lasky studios. Robert Edson is also through with "The Call of the North" and H. B. Warner is deep in "The Ghost Breakers." They are on the job every minute at Lasky's.

As soon as the rainy season is over at Panama the Selig company will send the "Ne'er Do Well" company down there to take scenes on the spot. Lanier Bartlett has put the story into photoplay form and has been personally congratulated by Rex Beach upon his fine work.

In "A Rural Romance" Webster Campbell of the Kay Bee, made a terrific dip in an auto for fully sixty feet, he did not intend to go so far, but could not stop the car in time. On the journey he crashed through a fence. Fortunately he suffered no injuries.

Allen Wyckoff is superintendent of the Lasky laboratories. Wyckoff filled the same position with the Albuquerque Company and, apart from being an expert mechanic and chemist, he is a most capable actor and all round reliable fellow.

Mack Sennett, the enterprising head of the Keystone Company, will go to New York shortly. A little bird whispers that he will sign up some new stars whilst there. One thing is certain, he will not allow money to stand in the way of his obtaining his desires.

"Damon and Pythias," one of Otis Turner's finest productions, was exhibited privately to about one thousand people at Clunes Auditorium. It is a wonderful photoplay and the work of the principals, William Worthington, Cleo Madison, Herbert Rawlinson, Anna Little and Frank Lloyd is excellent. Startling sets and some really extraordinary camera work by Billy Foster makes up an especially fine release.

Harry Rattenbury of the Nestor Comedy Company was with the company at San Pedro recently. Harry weighs a little over three hundred pounds and is big with it, especially round the waist line. He phoned to the hotel where he had been stopping to ask whether his belt had been found and the answer came back, "Can't find any belt but there is a big trunk strap in your room."

There are seven producers at the Los Angeles branch of the Selig company now. Colin Campbell is just correcting a seven reeler based on Rowland and Clifford's big melodrama "The Rosary." Kathryn Williams, Charles Clary and Wheeler Oakman are in the cast.

A prominent firm of real estate agents in Los Angeles are now actually selling out of town lots by means of showing the locations on motion pictures. They find the method quite successful, too.

Peggy Hart of the Pathe company had to put a lighted cigarette in her pocket to deceive a comedy clergyman. Fortunately this was done at the ocean's edge, for it gave the actors an opportunity of pushing Miss Peggy in the water in order to put the fire out.

Whilst waiting in an automobile down town recently, Neva Gerber of William D. Taylor's Balboa company, was reproved by a social worker for having so much paint on her face. When the other actors arrived the lady fled without apologies.

Peter the Great, Harry Pollard's English bulldog, jumped into a lot of water lilies in a lake thinking he was springing to some nice dry spot. Peter spoiled a scene and was duly reprimanded. He hates to be laughed at, anyhow.

It is not generally known that Helen Holmes of the Kalem company was the model for the famous "Santa Fe Girl" series of pictures published by that company. She is a particularly beautiful young woman and has just celebrated her twentieth birthday.

Prominent film stars are appearing at the Little Theatre of an evening in a series of classical and well known plays. Arthur Maude Constance Crawley and Douglas Gerard of the Kalem company are acting in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Archie McMackin, formerly with the Esanay, is now directing comedies for the Albuquerque company at the Nash studios in Los Angeles. The main Albuquerque company are spending some time at Catalina taking sea pictures.

Henry Otto, late of Balboa, and going to Santa Barbara to direct for the American, has been made a member of the Friars. Henry was called upon to celebrate at the Photoplayers' Club.

Edna Maison has been presented with a very beautiful Egyptian turquoise necklace and ring by an Eastern admirer. The cost must have been very great and it is sent as a "debt of gratitude for pleasure given on the screen." The sender is a real admirer for he does not even state his name or address.

Mabelle Burbridge writes from San Diego that she is happy doing her favorite line of parts, Indians, and that daughter Elizabeth is also happy with her work at the Kay Bee.

Tom Nash will soon be on his way to New York with his "Mysterious Man of the Jungle" and another three-reel animal picture with which to dazzle New York exchanges and to decide upon his releases. Everyone is glad at Mr. Nash's success.

Eddie Dillon is producing a farce called "Leave it to Smiley." In it a theatrical company are stranded and scheme how to get money by various methods to get out of town. Eddie says that Tod Browning, Baldy Belmont and Max Davidson, to say nothing of Fay Tincher, all act most naturally and they get back by stating that Eddie must know what it all means by his capable direction of the distressful incidents.

Word comes from Santa Barbara that Reeves Eason fell headfirst from a twenty-five foot cliff whilst hunting on San Miguel Island. The mishap occurred at night as he was hurrying to rejoin his companions. Eason is a member of the American company.

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The Van Ambergs

(Continued from page 20)

fession. In Van Amberg days she would have been a headliner of the billboards.

When Otis Turner, dean of the Universal's big corps of directors, staged "Prowlers of the Wild," a two-reel feature depicting life in the jungle, a lion hunt was part of the picture. For the purpose a jungle, stoutly enclosed with heavy steel netting, was built. Trees and brush were transplanted and every other possible step taken to make a real jungle scene. Lions, a dozen of them, were turned loose in the enclosure and the members of Mr. Turner's company, headed by Miss Anne Little and Herbert Rawlinson, started after them in the hunting scene. That hunt was fraught with enough real danger to bring near-nervous prostration to the onlookers who were allowed in the neighborhood. But each and every one of the players went into the jungle enclosure without either hesitation or voiced fear.

Flora, "the Bounding Lioness," of the Universal ranch, is the most dangerous of the animals at the Hollywood place. For Flora's subjugation the tamers use the "dummy." The "dummy" is one of the most potent devices for lion taming. A dummy, shaped to resemble a human figure, and having fastened to its right arm a fusee of the type that is used by railroad employes, is suspended on ropes and operated like an automaton. This is placed in the big 60-foot cage where Flora dwells and is moved toward her by means of overhead pulleys and ropes. When Flora charges the dummy, the fusee is lighted by means of the battery. The stream of fire which it throws frightens the lioness. When she backs away the dummy is advanced toward her with lighted fusee until she cowers in a corner. Then the trainer enters the cage, holding a lighted fusee in his hand, and the dummy is withdrawn. The trainers always carry loaded revolvers for use in case the fusee fails to cow Flora. Flora holds the record for attacks on her keepers, and until the plan of the dummy and the fusee was devised for her, she had the better of the situation. She has come within a hair's breadth of claiming human victims a score of times. Veteran animal tamers declare her the worst lioness in captivity, characterizing her as "bad." In a single leap she can cover 30 feet of ground, and she leaps with incredible swiftness. Some time ago she charged a trainer from a distance of 60 feet. The trainer did not have time to get through the doorway where he stood before the lioness was upon him, and he was saved from death only by the swiftness of other trainers in coming to his rescue.

One instance of where an animal stopped the making of several pictures was when "Silversides," the famous Grey Wolf of the Universal pictures, pleaded an engagement to take care of a litter of six furry wolf-whelps when Otis Turner went to secure her services for a photoplay. The company was ready and rehearsed, but "Doctor" Kirby, the chief keeper, decided against the use of the big wolf. He repeated his refusal later in the day to Wilfred Lucas, who was in the same predicament with Turner. The refusal meant the loss of over a thousand dollars to the company, as the companies could not get into other plays.

Silversides is the most famous wolf in motion pictures. She was captured six years ago in the far-north Hudson Bay country. A piece of raw meat, loaded with strychnine, baited her. The poison, instead of killing her, only sickened her and left her open to capture. A trapper, finding her and knowing that she was more valuable alive than dead, trussed her and later sold her. Soon afterward she was taken to the menagerie at Universal City. She responded to training readily, learning the trick of appearing to attack a person without doing him injury.

The Universal has a pack of twenty wolves. The trainers say that the wolves respond to training more quickly than any other wild animals, revealing keener intelligence. "But a wild animal's a wild animal," as Van Amberg used to say when the elephant was walking around and he was warning the little boys around the monkey's cage. "An' when his blood's up, he's a wilder animal."

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WHOS' WHO *In The* PHOTOPLAYS

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

WILL E. SHEERER, principal character man with the Eclair Company, hails from Montrose, Pennsylvania, where he was born October 17, 1873. Loran, Ohio, was the scene of his first stage appearance and he spent many years as a stock player which gave him the splendid training he needed for becoming one of the best known character men in the profession. In 1908 he signed an Edison contract and since that date has appeared in Centaur, Vitagraph, Thanhouser, Bison, Crystal and Eclair films. He has been with the latter concern continuously since September 1, 1912. Fishing, riding, music and painting are among his favorite amusements.



NORMA PHILLIPS is probably one of the best known picture stars today on account of the wonderful work she is doing and the great amount of publicity she is receiving in her role of "The Mutual Girl." She was born in 1892 in Cambridge, Md., and her blonde beauty made her the reigning belle of her home town. Her early education was received at Mt. St. Agnes College in Mt. Washington and later she was placed in a convent in Paris. While there she one day saw Sarah Bernhardt in a performance of "Camille" and determined then to go on the stage. Upon her return to America she obtained an engagement in musical comedy and was in the company which went to England to produce "Come Over Here." Blanche Ring, Lew Fields and Richard Carle are three stars with whom Miss Phillips appeared and a little more than a year ago she made her debut in Reliance films. As time went on she played more and more important parts and her great opportunity finally came when she was chosen to enact the part of "Margaret," the heroine of "Our Mutual Girl" series.



LEE MORAN, the cheerful "vilyun" of the Nestor comedies, was born in Chicago, in 1888, but most of his life has been spent "on the road" with a musical comedy company or in sunny California posing for the films. Lee obtained his first stage experience in 1903 with "The Golden Girl" and followed this up by appearing with Henry Woodruff in "The Prince of Tonight." His last musical comedy appearance was in "The Girl in the Kimono," and in 1911 he joined the Nestor stock. Football is his favorite sport.



Photo by Willard

HENRY B. WALTHALL was born in Shelby County, Alabama, in 1880 and has been engaged in photoplay work for five full years. He is five feet seven inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He spent seven years on the legitimate stage before beginning work before the camera, playing with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin. He also did some stock work and was featured as "Winchester" in "Under Southern Skies." He is a veteran of the Spanish-American war and delights in dramatic roles. Following his engagement with the Reliance company, Mr. Walthall moved over to the Biograph studio and besides playing leads in the regular Biograph productions was featured in several of the Klaw and Erlanger-Biograph dramas then being produced and which are only just recently being released.



IRENE HUNT was but three and one half years old when she made her stage debut with Dan McCarthy in "The Pride of Kildare." Following the steps of her father and mother, Irene was in the cast of "East Lynne" when five years old. While still in her early teens she assumed a leading role with a stock company at Portland and made her first appearance on Broadway with William Bonelli in "Sapho." Irene and her sister Blanche were the two little sisters in Mansfield's "Richard the Third" and afterwards she played the same part with Robert Mantell. Following her father's death Miss Hunt went into vaudeville with her sister but soon was called away by her mother's serious injury in a fire. Irene sacrificed thirty-six inches of her skin which was grafted onto her mother's burned body but two weeks later she was back at work. In 1912 she began picture work, appearing in minor roles with Reliance, Crystal, Champion, Eclair and Lubin and a year later found her back in Reliance playing leading roles. She has dark brown hair, gray eyes and a wonderfully clear complexion.



GEORGE LARKIN, the Universal leading man, made his debut in vaudeville, but soon worked into stock engagements and finally wound up in the picture studios. Edison was the first to employ him in 1907, but in 1910 he was a Pathe employee, and in 1912 went to Eclair. Pathe Western has claimed him since, as has also Kalem, but now he is with Universal and from present indications has settled down for good. He is extremely good looking, a careful dresser, fond of athletics of all kinds and extremely devoted to pretty Dolly Larkin, who, in private life, is his wife. He plays most frequently opposite Cleo Madison.



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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

GERALDINE H., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—"Marie" in
 the 101 Bison film "The Nation's Peril" was
 played by Marie Walcamp. Augustus Carney
 is no longer with Universal. Haven't heard of
 his joining another company, so can't say
 where he is working now. Perhaps he's taking
 a long awaited vacation.

FANNY AND BLANCHE R., PITTSBURG, PA.—The
 actor and the playwright in Powers' "Stolen
 Glory" were William Worthington and Frank
 Lloyd. Ella Hall was the ingenue in the Rex
 comedy "The Career of Waterloo Peterson."

FOTOFAN, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Kempton
 Greene was "Edwin Saunders in Lubin's "The
 Changeling." That drama was written by
 Lawrence S. McCloskey, not Epes Winthrop
 Sargent.

"READER," MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—J. Lindley
 Phipps was the son in Kalem's "The Box Car
 Bride" and the son's sweetheart was Billie
 Rhodes. Wallace Kerrigan does not play in
 pictures regularly, although his face has been
 seen on the screen on one or two occasions
 when another "supe" was needed.

MRS. T. J. L., SPokane, WASH.—Helen
 Holmes is still with Kalem, or was at least
 the last we knew. If she has left them it must
 have been recently. Don't believe those
 stories about John Bunny or Broncho Billy be-
 ing dead. They aren't true, and yet they seem
 to be springing up all over the country.

X. Y. Z., DALLAS, TEXAS.—The complete cast
 of Lubin's "Claim, Number Three," was as fol-
 lows: Dorothy Brown—Dolly Larkin; Lafe
 Brown—George Roth; John Clifton—L. C.
 Shumway and Dick Clifton—Frank Brozage.
 We believe it was first released the second
 week in June. Can't tell when it was first
 shown in your city, but probably about that
 time.

KATHLEEN R., LINCOLN, NEB.—Yes, both *Kiss-
 Moia* and *Kato* in Broncho's "A Tragedy of the
 Orient" were real Japs, and not American play-
 ers made up. *Kissmoia* was Tsuru Aoko and
Kato was Sessue Hayakawa.

PEARL T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The complete
 cast of Thanhouser's "Out of the Shadows" is
 as follows:—Hesper Verne—Irving Cummings;
Aurora Lake—Violet Stewart; *Daphne*—Flo-
 rence LaBadie; *Theatrical manager*—John
 Reinhard; *Stage manager*—Justus D. Barnes;
Hall boy—Roy Hauck and Mr. Vandewater—
 Arthur Bauer. Gertrude Bambrick was the
 girl in Biograph's "As It Might Have Been."

CLARENCE W., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Can't an-
 swer your letter in this department. Send us
 a stamped and addressed envelope and we will
 mail you such a list as you ask for. Scenarios
 should always be typewritten.

CLORITA, NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Pauline Bush
 has not left the Universal. She has been away
 on a brief vacation which perhaps accounts for
 your not having seen her in pictures recently,
 but is back now, so you can shortly look for
 her in the current releases.

HENRY K., DETROIT, MICH.—The first of the
 Alice Joyce series was "Nina of the Theatre"
 released on June 8th. Yes, we understand each
 number of the series is to be two reels in
 length. Both Alice Joyce and Tom Moore will
 appear in each subject.

JENNIE P., WICHITA, KAN.—Ernest Shields
 was the boy and Louise Granville the girl in
 the Joker comedy "Their Vacation." Cleo
 Ridgeley was the general's daughter in Kalem's
 "The Quicksands."

LOIS W., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.—"Class-
 mates" is a Klaw and Erlanger feature film.
 It was produced by the Biograph Company and
 parts of it were taken in that studio, though
 both Biograph and Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger,
 who are famed theatrical magnates, participate
 in the profits of the picture. Henry Walthall,
 now with Mutual, appeared in that film as you
 thought, but it was before he went with Mu-
 tual that it was made, so he did not leave
 Mutual for Biograph. It was just the other
 way around.

BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.—Leah Baird is
 no longer with Universal. She recently signed
 a contract to appear in Vitagraph films. Yes,
 William Shea was "Billy Wright" in the Imp
 comedy "Love and a Lottery Ticket."

OLYMPIC, CHICAGO, ILL.—To date "The
 Christian" is the only film released by the
 Vitagraph-Liebler Company, but we presume
 others may be expected in the near future.
 We can't tell you in just what locality the sea
 scenes of "The Christian" were filmed. You
 might write the publicity department of the
 Vitagraph Company of America, Brooklyn,
 New York, and perhaps you would learn. Send
 a stamped envelope for reply.

ARTIST, BANGOR, ME.—Ruth Roland's picture
 has already been used as a cover of THE MOVIE
 PICTORIAL. You must have missed the number
 on which it appeared. If you will send ten
 cents in stamps, we shall be glad to send it to
 you. Rapley Holmes is with the Essanay Com-
 pany now and working in the Chicago studio
 of that concern.

GEORGE G., PHOENIX, ARIZONA.—Edward Clis-
 bee was cast as the Philipino chief in Kalem's
 "The Quicksands." No, his picture has not ap-
 peared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but probably
 will in a near issue.

CURIOUS, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Just how that
 peculiar effect was obtained is a trade secret
 which it would be scarcely fair to reveal. Don't
 you think it is much better to be entertained
 and puzzled as to just how this or that effect
 was obtained, rather than to understand it
 thoroughly and be watching for trickery all the
 time? Half the charm of the films has been lost
 to us since we began to understand more
 thoroughly how simply some of the effects were
 produced. Don't try to find out such things—
 just sit back and enjoy them.

BILLY V., CLINTON, IOWA.—James Murray was
 the father of "May" in Thanhouser's "The
 Strategy of Conductor 736" and we quite agree
 with you that it was an extremely funny com-
 edy. The newsboy was Leland Benham, son of
 Harry Benham. Ruth Van was the third
 sweetheart of Robert Leonard in the Rex com-
 edy "The Fourth Proposal."

"ZIP," LEXINGTON, KY.—Walter Edwards was
 "Francois" in Kay Bee's "Out of the Night."
 Miss Ida Lewis was the neighbor in American's
 "Calamity Anne's Love Affair." Miss Lewis is
 a noted "character woman" and is, we under-
 stand, shortly to be featured in several Ameri-
 can films. Watch for them.

HARRY AND RALPH K., CHICAGO, ILL., BETH B.,
 DENVER, COL., AND GLADYS S., DULUTH, MINN.—
 Once more we'll have to reassure you regard-
 ing John Bunny's health. John is alive—de-
 cidedly so, and we can't possibly imagine where
 the rumor that he is dead springs from. Hardly
 a week passes that we don't hear from a score
 or more that Bunny is dead and asking particu-
 lars. Broncho Billy, Warren Kerrigan and
 Mary Pickford are also frequently reported as
 dead or badly injured, but all are well and
 working daily in the films.

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

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Chicago and New York



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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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NEXT WEEK

Do You Know "Cutey"?

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Vera gets snubbed by the leading lady and complications arise.

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, AUGUST 1, 1914

NUMBER 13

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

MISS BEATRICE BREWSTER swept into the department store that supplied Messrs. Gudge and Barrett with dividends and limousines. Miss Brewster always swept into a store; she had the trick of seeming always to be on the stage, or before a camera, at least. In her wake was Harry Forster. A good many people wondered in just what relation he stood to her. He was director of the Syntax company which had the honor of featuring Miss Brewster; he played leading parts, too, at times. About half the company said he was engaged to the star; the other half said he paid attention to her only as a matter of business. On this particular day he was certainly in her company on business. Miss Brewster had to buy a gown for a new picture; because it was a costume part Forster came along, to help in the selection of materials.

It was a very hot day. The contrast between New York and the cool studio up the Hudson, where most of the work was done in the open air, was very marked. Moreover, a sharp difference of opinion developed between Miss Brewster and Forster over the material that was to be bought. Altogether, by the time most of the shopping was done, Beatrice Brewster was in a temper to resent anything and to look for trouble.

"Trimmings?" said a floorwalker who was trying to be affable in stiff collar, frock coat, and ninety-four degrees in the shade. "Yes, ma'am. Three aisles to the right, two to the rear, one to the left, two to the rear."

Yet they found the trimming counter, and, presiding over it, Vera Hayes, who was also hot. But, because there was so much less of her to be hot, she looked better and felt better than Miss Brewster.

"Here's where I show everything on the shelves, Gert," she said, in an aside, to the next girl, already waiting on a customer. "Gee—ain't it my luck to draw the lemons, though!"

Vera's prophecy hit the mark. There was no pleasing Miss Brewster with trimmings.

"Disgusting!" she said, finally. "I call it an outrage—a store that is supposed to have a reputation! I wouldn't be seen in any of those things!"

"If you'd only let 'em know when they was making them!" said Vera, with an affectation of deep sympathy.

Forster choked slightly; Beatrice colored.

"What do you mean?" she asked icily.

"They make these trimmings up for ordinary ladies, ma'am, you see," persisted Vera. "Of course, if they'd known you was coming along they could ha' designed somethin' special!"

"That will do, young woman," said Miss Brewster. "Harry—find a floorwalker—at once. I shall report this girl!"

"Oh, forget it, Beatrice," said Forster, troubled. "You've given her a lot of work—and it's not her fault they didn't have what you wanted."

"That is no excuse for her insolence," said

Miss Brewster, loftily. "Find a floorwalker—or must I do it myself?"

"Go ahead—you're a good sport, but she'll only give you the razzle dazzle," advised Vera. "I don't care! I should worry, anyhow! If they fired every girl that got a kick registered against them they'd have to shut up shop pretty soon!"

Forster might or might not have obeyed. But it chanced that just then a floorwalker appeared. He won't appear in this story again, but in his one appearance he accomplished a good deal—so much that there probably wouldn't have been any story except for him. He was a thin, anaemic, insignificant sort of man, who looked as if he liked to wear a frock coat, and he had the small, mean eyes that marked his limitations. Also, he had tried to kiss Vera once, and been rebuffed, with more vigor than politeness. Also—and this was the culminating one of a series of trifles—he was a movie fan. He had recognized Miss Brewster as soon as she had come into the store, and his seemingly chance intrusion of Vera's aisle, where he didn't belong at all, had been planned that he might get a closer view of a lady he had worshipped from afar for a long time.

Miss Brewster fixed this floorwalker with her famous eyes.

"This—person—has been most insolent to me!" she declared. And, with suitable embellishments she recited her grievance. The floorwalker rubbed his hands, and looked at Vera as a cat may be supposed to look at a mouse that can't get away.

"Report at the office, Miss Hayes," he said. Then he turned to the actress. "I'm so sorry that this should have happened, Miss Brewster," he said, in a tone that made Forster want to kick him. "I can assure you that the matter will be taken up. The girl has a bad record; this will insure her dismissal."

"Oh, come," said Forster. "Miss Brewster doesn't want anything like that—"

"I see no reason why I should interfere," said Miss Brewster. "The girl was insolent—she probably knows the rules of the store, and the penalty she is likely to have to pay for indulging in such a luxury."

"Yes, indeed, Miss Brewster," said the floorwalker, a little beyond his depth.

"Thank you," said Miss Brewster, with dignity. "Come, Harry—there is nothing more for us to do here. If you will put me in a taxi I'll go on."

Forster obeyed, gloomily.

"I think you ought to see that that kid isn't fired," he said. "It must be pretty hard—working in a hot hole like that on a day like this."

But Miss Brewster only shut her lips and ignored his suggestion. But, as soon as she had gone, Forster went back into the store. He found Vera's counter after a long and diligent search, and there he saw the floorwalker, conversing with a girl who had not been there before. The scented one came up to him off-

ciously, full of his own self-importance.

"You're Miss Brewster's gentleman friend, ain't you?" he inquired, with what he supposed to be *savoir faire*. "Well, say, you can tell her that girl that was fresh to her got the bounce. I've had my eye on her for some time, and she went a little bit too far when she got gay with Miss Brewster. She's upstairs getting her time now. Say—Miss Brewster's an—"

"Oh, go to hell!" Forster urged, and turned on his heel, leaving the floorwalker gaping.

Forster walked uncertainly back to the entrance. He wondered what the girl would do. She was probably dependent on her job; she might not get another very soon. And he had liked the defiance in her manner, which had not been insolence at all. On a sudden impulse he inquired where employees came out, and then hesitatingly walked toward it, in the side street off the avenue.

Forster, it may be well to mention here, was not engaged to his leading woman. Nor did he particularly want to be. He was in a receptive, speculative mood. (Concerning her, that is.) He didn't quite know whether he wanted to marry her or not, but thought it rather likely that he would, sooner or later. He wasn't specially anxious to be married, anyhow. That would imply, rather, the end of a certain freedom that he had found distinctly enjoyable. He was no libertine; don't let me give too bad an idea of him. But he had lived as a good many men do live. And, while I have no wish to paint him a rake, I would not be justified, either, in letting it be believed that he was moved by purely altruistic ideas when he walked toward the employees entrance of Gudge and Bartlett.

Vera Hayes—whose very name he didn't know—was a girl, he had thought when he had first noticed her, who might well be pretty, though, as yet, she wasn't. It might be clothes; it was more likely to be lack of proper food and generally decent living conditions. He wondered if she wouldn't be grateful to a man who gave her a chance. He hadn't made up his mind as he walked around, with a vague idea, meeting her, but he was thinking. And then, quite suddenly he almost ran into her. She was hurrying along, head down, and her handkerchief was balled up in her hand, as she dabbed furiously with it, first at one eye, then at the other.

"Oh, come," he said, "it isn't as bad as all that, is it?"

She grinned as he recognized him; grinned sulkily, and with what seemed to be recognition of his friendliness, as well as of him.

"Gee! How'd you shake her?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said. "You were crying, weren't you? Did they fire you?"

"Oh, sure," she said. "But—oh, well—I guess it'll be all right! I'll land another job."

"I'm sorry," he said, gravely. He realized, now that he saw her in the open air, how young she was. Not more than nineteen or twenty, he thought. "I tried to stop it, there in the store. If that fresh floorwalker hadn't

happened to come along Miss Brewster would have forgotten all about it. She's not a bad sort, really. She—"

"She's a bum actress, anyhow!" declared Vera, with sudden conviction.

"Huh?"

She had managed to take Forster utterly by surprise. She couldn't have said anything more calculated to astonish him.

"Oh, I know she gets across," she went on. "She's got the face and the figure—ain't she a queen in a bathing suit, though?—but, gee! she's always the same! She don't play a part—she's just herself, lookin' great and gettin' by on that! Now, if I was an actress I'd want to fix it so's people'd forget me an' think of who I was supposed to be—the way Mary Pickford does, or—or—you!"

"My dear girl!" Forster was amazed. He didn't know quite what he had meant to do, but he knew now that he probably couldn't do it, and that he wanted to, more than ever! "You know me, then?"

"Sure—and you're some actor! Oh, I've been a movie fan ever since I got raised to six fifty a week! I been going twice a week for a year, an' I guess I've seen all the good ones."

"And you don't think much of Beat—Miss Brewster?"

"No—I don't think much of Beat—Miss Brewster," she mimicked. "About half the time she's lookin' straight into the camera. Aw—she's nothing but a bunch of good looks, anyhow."

"Meaning that she can't play character parts," said Forster, too surprised to be still further surprised by the fact that he was actually discussing the merits of a famous actress with a girl who had just been discharged by a department store from a six and a half dollar job! But then he caught himself. "Look here," he went on. "I'm—I'm sorry about this trouble. I came back here to tell you so. And I'd like to help out—"

She surprised him again by the instantaneous change that came over her face. In a moment she was on her guard, alert, watching and in her eyes there was a half fierce, half frightened look.

"Nix on that," she said. "Say—I may be green, and all that, but I've had my chances to get help. We get them, in a store. No thanks, Mr. Forster. I'll rub along somehow."

"Hold on," he said, half baffled, half amused. "I've got an idea. How would you like to do some work in the pictures yourself? You seem to

JELLY FISH?

LAST week in these pages Lucian Cary sets forth his belief that censorship is a violation of the right of free speech which the constitution of the United States insures to citizens of this country.

Next week he takes up his cudgel again.

Is Mr. Cary right?

Censorship of any kind is a local issue.

And the only constitutional justification for censorship in any locality is the exercise of the police power of the state.

This power is, the law books say, the inherent right of a community to perform such governmental functions as are necessary to the comfort, health, safety and morals of the people.

This is purely a community matter, like cleaning the snow from sidewalks, suppressing nuisances, and prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons.

Wouldn't national censorship be about as consistent as a national speed law for automobiles?

Isn't national censorship the delirious effervescence of a set of spineless mentalities, such as they are?

Isn't it a manifestation of the servility which makes a paternalistic government possible?

Isn't it a subordination of individual independence which makes us wonder what has become of the spirit of '76?

have thought about them a lot—and you seem to have some ideas. I tell you what—come up to the studio to-morrow morning and I'll give you a try out. I can't promise you anything, but if you come you'll be paid enough to make it worth your while to spend the day, and if you show any signs of making good I think there'll be a steady job in it for you."

"I wonder if you're on the level?" she mused, looking him straight in the eye. "Oh—well—I'll try anything once! Add-ress, please? And shall I send myself C. O. D.?"

They both laughed at that. And Forster put his hand in his pocket.

"I was only kidding then," she said. "They paid me off—half a week's pay they handed me. I got enough for carfare. Say—maybe I can make good on this job—an' maybe I can't. But it's a good thing you don't get out them talkin' pictures. I've never had a chance to

lifted his hat, as he might have done to a duchess, and left her, Vera slumped for a moment. Into her wide eyes there came a childlike and appealing look. No longer on exhibition, she ceased to be the fresh, flippant girl who had had to prove for so long her ability to take care of herself. Her eyes were tragic; her whole expression was one of utter weariness. But that look came into her eyes only to vanish. For the moment she had been sorry for herself, and Vera, little as she really knew, understood well enough that to be sorry for oneself is a perilous thing. In a moment she tossed her head; moved on; paused speculatively before a palace that dispensed cooling drinks, and ice cream—and—went in!

"I'll take a chance!" she confided to herself. "Anyhow—what I've got now won't do me any good—so a nickel more or less won't matter."

It was characteristic of the girl that she was not looking forward at all seriously to the work Forster had offered her. She meant to go; she counted upon him to the extent of enough to pay her for the trip and a day's vacation. That was all it came to, in her mind. She was not the sort to build heavily on such an incident. It was more like her to dismiss the wild hope that she might become a movie actress as something too good to be true. It was that feeling that accounted for the lack of enthusiasm with which she had received the director's offer; an attitude that, had she only known it, had served her well with him. She had piqued his curiosity.

In Vera's mind the chief obstacle to her success, if the one ridiculous assumption that she could possibly be an actress were made, to begin with, was Beatrice Brewster. The star had done her an injury; Vera's brief experience of life had been enough to teach

learn much about the way classy people talk."

"I wouldn't worry much about that," said Forster. "You can pick up all the tricks like that you need if you make good on the work. All right—you're to be on hand to-morrow morning, nine o'clock, sharp. Take the eight o'clock train at the Grand Central; I'll have a car at the station to meet you."

She whistled.

"Honest to goodness? You will?" she said, awed for the first time, seemingly. "Say—I'd like to invite a few friends and near friends of mine to be there to see me climb in! Well—so long. I got to break it to my landlady that I'm out of a job and half in a new one."

Then, when he had

"This Person—Has Been Most Insolent to Me!"
She Declared



CMS. DEAN
CORRELL

her that it is harder to forgive those one has injured than those from whom one has endured a wrong. Moreover, she had shrewdly decided that the actress was, if not in love with Forster, very willing to lead him captive, and Beatrice was of a type fairly well known to the shop girl.

She would be jealous; in the almost incredible event of Vera's doing well enough to deserve a further trial, she would be doubly jealous. Indeed, it was that that decided to Vera to make a fight.

"I'll show her up," she promised herself. She had reached that stage in her thoughts about the morrow when she dragged herself wearily up the steps of her boarding house and sank, hot, tired and exhausted, on the bed. In a moment, however, she sat up. She could hear the plodding steps of her landlady on the stairs, and in a moment Mrs. O'Brien knocked at her door.

"I thought I heard you come in," said the landlady, hopelessly. "What's a matter? Sick?"

"No—I ain't sick—I was fired," said Vera. The woman sighed dolorously.

"I allus knew you would be—you're so fresh," she complained. "Got another job?"

"Oh, sure," said the girl, sarcastically. "Soon's it got around that they'd let me out Mr. Altman and Mr. Wanamaker and Mr. Siegel-Cooper

She Sank Hot, Tired and Exhausted on the Bed and in a Moment Mrs. O'Brien Knocked at Her Door



CHAS. DEAN CURRIER

started for the back door, so's to be sure to get their offers in first."

"Well—you can stay till Saturday night—or I'll make it Sunday night," said Mrs.

"Miss Hayes?" he asked. "Mr. Forster sent me for you. Jump in, ma'am."

She felt that her great adventure had begun. Now—it was up to her!

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

The Movies—Past and Present

IN COMPARING the present day motion picture palace with the picture theatre of a few years ago, one needs but remember of the Barbary Coast "honky tonk"—music hall and beer garden combined—which existed in San Francisco twenty-five years ago.

I was first approached three years ago and offered a goodly sum to enter the motion picture field. I promised the manager who approached me that I would look over the field, and if movies impressed me I would gladly enter into an agreement whereby my plays would be available for screen production.

With several friends I visited various picture houses, and the more I saw of the condition of motion pictures the less I was inclined to enter the industry, even indirectly.

Within a stone's throw of Broadway and Forty-second street I witnessed an hour's performance in the dirtiest, foul smelling danger hole of a theatre that it has ever been my misfortune to enter. During my forty-five minutes in this place an attendant succeeded in squirting enough supposed perfumed sterilizing fluid into my eyes to prevent my seeing any worthy pictures. The programme at this house was composed of five reels of dramatic pictures. Of the entire five no two were dissimilar, and the finale of each one was so much alike that the final scenes could have been switched from one film to another and would have agreed with the story.

By DAVID BELASCO

The lobby of this house was a flaring demonstration of the crudity of both the exhibitor and the producer, and while there were various worthy subjects filmed, the great majority were mediocre to the point of repulsiveness.

One huge poster announced that "The Dwarf of Blood," a thrilling romance in two parts, was just what would please yourself, your wife and children.

Here is a scenario of "The Dwarf of Blood": Enter hunchback. Sinks knife between shoulder blades of elderly spinster. Gloweringly glows over blood spots on carpet. Ransacks room, secures purse of gold and jewels and exits.

Enter detective with magnifying glass, studies blood spots, and, standing erect, announces (in sub-title) "The Dwarf did this" and exits on trail of "the Dwarf."

Dwarf next seen torturing farmer and his wife in an outlying hamlet. Again glows over blood and again same detective deducts that Dwarf is the culprit.

Detective disguised as window cleaner, watching passersby. Sees hunchback. Follows him to rendezvous of criminals and after a desperate hand to hand fight, in which the hunchback is fatally wounded, the detective points to his own blood and delivers a moral.

The jewelry and gold are returned to the

spinster just as she is about to be dispossessed by a cruel landlord.

Three incidents of excitement in 2,000 feet of worthless film.

The audience which witnessed "The Dwarf of Blood," which was so highly recommended to women and children by the exhibitor, was composed chiefly of women and children.

At another theatre the chief feature of the day's programme was a two-reel subject called "Joining the Masons," a farce comedy with a "laugh every minute"—to quote the posters.

On the front of the theatre were numerous lithographic pictures of a man mounted on a goat and crosslining the top of the pictures was the title on strips of transparent paper printed in crude ink letters. Showing through the paper bearing the title were the words "Ehret's Bock Beer." The enterprising manager had converted the brewery advertisement into pictorial "one sheets" for his biggest feature.

The picture is best left to the dim and distant past. Any comment is unnecessary. The lithographs told the tale. The picture compared favorably with the lobby display, and the lobby was in itself a work of art. A diminutive girl dispensed tickets from behind a network of "chicken coop" wire. The tickets were grimy and soiled and evidently had been used over and over.

Refuse was piled knee high behind the ensals

(Continued on page 32)

"A" OF ESSANAY

With a Sidelight on the "S"

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

With due respect to the pond behind "Squire Jones'" barn, the trapeze in the grape arbor, and the ball lot across the way, Skinny and his pals, from freckled Tobe to red-headed Mack and his troublesome baby brother, are unanimous in the opinion there's nothing so perfectly enjoyable as watching "Broncho Billy" doing deeds of daring out in the cattle country.

The poster before the theatre shows "Broncho" in a cell of the Grass county jail as he disarms the deputy sheriff. Across the top of the display is the one word, "To-night," and this, crudely painted by the local theatre proprietor. The reading matter on the poster tells us that "Broncho Billy," the world's most popular photoplayer, can be seen that night in a splendid and stirring drama of the West entitled, "Broncho Billy's Bible."

The gladsome news spreads from gang to gang, and throughout the neighborhood, like wild-fire. Immediately there begins a hunting of empty bottles, old iron, rags and bones,

followed by a visit to "Old Fagin's Home" where the discovered and purloined articles are as quickly sold.

The worst boy in town reminds his mother she needs some stove wood, and after splitting enough to run 'til morning, casually remarks about the wonderful "Broncho Billy's" prowess as a marksman, stating he will be in the pictures that night.

There is a scrubbing of legs and a slicking of hair. Shoes and stockings encase bruised and battered legs once more. After supper the "kids" turn out, ensemble, to pay homage to the man who has out-buffaloed "Buffalo Bill;" shoots quicker and surer than "Kit Carson" ever did; and, like George Washington, "never told a lie."



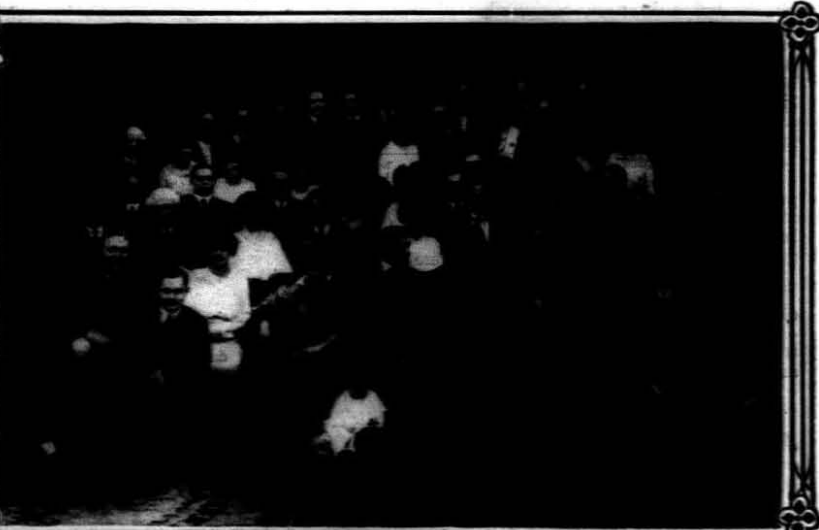
Photo by McFatt

George K. Spoor—President of the Essanay Film Co.

TO THE American youth, the ol' swimmin' hole has lost its charm as compared with the lure of the movies—especially "Broncho Billy" movies, and the oft repeated saying, "Come on in, fellers, the water's fine!" has been abandoned for one of greater significance.

"Come on along, fellers, they're runnin' a 'Broncho Billy' pitcher!" is the newest, and when uttered by some young Pierpont Morgan as he invites his several companions and displays the earnings of a week's berry picking, is as sweet and toothsome as bread with butter and sugar.

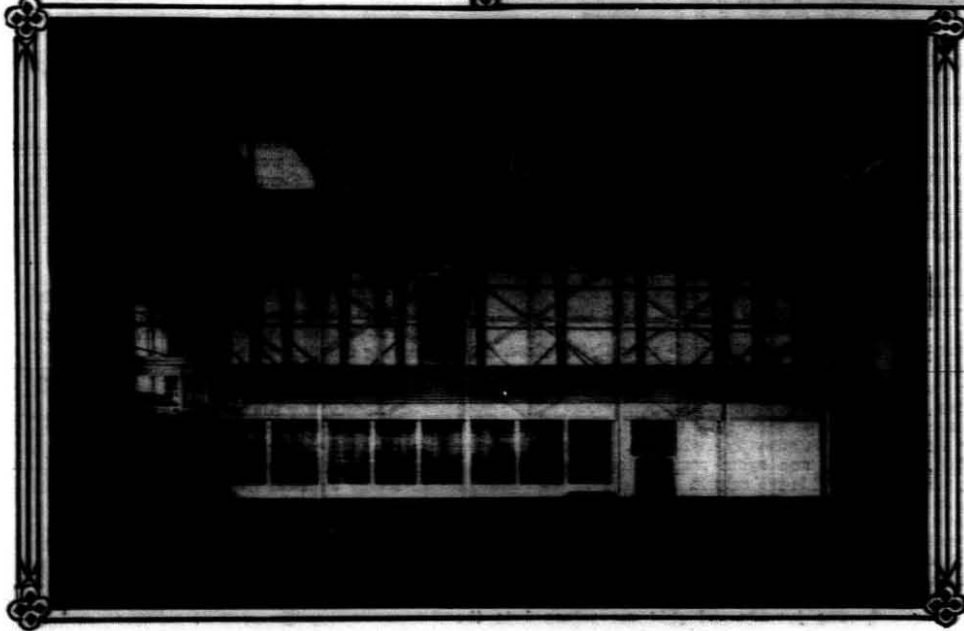
The Chicago Studio Contains a Complete Lighting Plant as Well as Every Known Facility for the Proper Production of Films



Do You Recognize This Bunch? They are the Players in the Chicago Essanay Company

That's "Broncho Billy" for you—he's a typical all round good fellow—a cowboy of the days that were. He can ride the wildest bronc ever lassoed, hurl the lariat as it was never hurled by any other human being, accomplish more seemingly impossible feats, get away with more robberies, capture more people, and break more hearts than ever did any happy go lucky cowboy in the days of the golden West.

"And who," you ask, "is 'Broncho Billy'?" meaning that you want to know of the man behind the name, and who has won his way into the hearts of millions of boys throughout the land. Well—he is a favorite of others, as well as boys—men and women love him. Not long ago I was one of a Broadway audience that watched a "Broncho Billy" photo drama. With apologies to George Ade, I'll say, "We eat it up." As I was passing out of the theatre I heard an old gentleman of sixty years or more remark, "Broncho Billy" is sure the stuff. Yes, good, cool-headed, easy-going. "Broncho



Billy" is "some favorite with all of us."

Wait a paragraph or so and I'll tell you who he is. I must tell of a little incident first.

Not so long ago my mother attended a picture performance. A "Broncho Billy" picture was on the program. The next morning at the breakfast table she was telling all about the show.

"One of the pictures," she remarked, "showed a big handsome fellow called 'Broncho Billy.' He was so nice about everything, had such a peculiar but good smile, that I liked him before the picture was half through. He played the part of a desperado who reformed because of a girl and then lost her to a fellow who had helped to hold up the stage coach. He took his medicine so well that I think I'll see the next picture he is in."

And that's the way "Broncho Billy" has won his admirers—through his work. My mother was only a casual picture patron before seeing the photoplay she told me about. Now—well, you can't keep her away when they advertise "Broncho Billy."

In real life, Gilbert M. Anderson, a citizen of Niles, California, frankly acknowledges he is the man who put thrill in thriller and "Broncho Billy" in motion pictures. The first motion picture ever made portraying cowboy life in the West was written and directed by Gilbert M. Anderson. Also, he played the leading role. That was a little more than seven years ago, and he's been doing the same thing ever since, making one new Western drama for every week in the calendar year during all this while.

folks didn't think he would ever amount to much, he was such a wild and typical specimen of the marble-playing, don't-want-to-work, careless and incorrigible boys. He liked to carry a banner in every parade that was pulled off in his home town, no matter what the nature of the parade. When a repertoire company came to town for a week's stay he generally sold song books between the acts, or passed bills. So it was natural that he should want to be an actor of some sort—either in a trapeze or on the stage.

When the opportunity presented itself he joined a school of acting, and after graduation days, drifted to New York, where he became a motion picture player quite by accident.

Edwin S. Porter, the first picture play director employed by the Edison Company, was pressed for sufficient people to enact "The Great Train Robbery," the first thousand foot film produced in the United States, and accidentally came upon Anderson and employed him. All old followers of the picture play will recall the situation where the passengers were lined up outside of the train and the robbers were relieving them of their valuables. One of the passengers attempted to escape. A



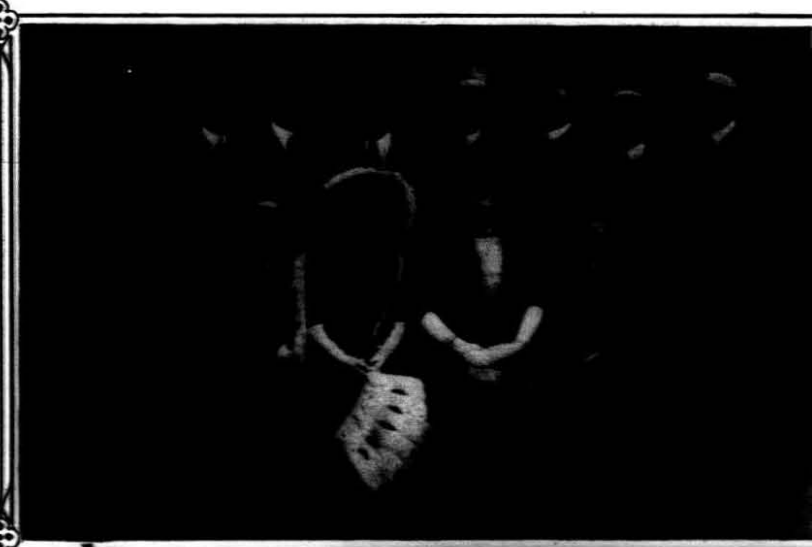
He's a Typical All Around Good Fellow—a Cowboy of the Days That Were

robber turned and fired a pistol in the direction of the fleeing individual. He got his man. The passenger fell to the ground. The one who dropped was Gilbert M. Anderson—our "Broncho Billy."

Naturally quick-witted, the idea of a long story film appealed to Anderson, and he visited the different motion picture studios then opening in and around New York and endeavored to interest the directors in producing a picture similar to Edison's "The Great Train Robbery." He thought out a story, and finally came upon J. Stuart Blackton of the Vitagraph Company of America, to whom he outlined his plan for a second film of one thousand feet length, only to

(Continued on page 20)

A Gorgeous Hotel Lobby Set Ready for the Players and the Camera. This Shows the Vast Proportions of the Chicago Studio

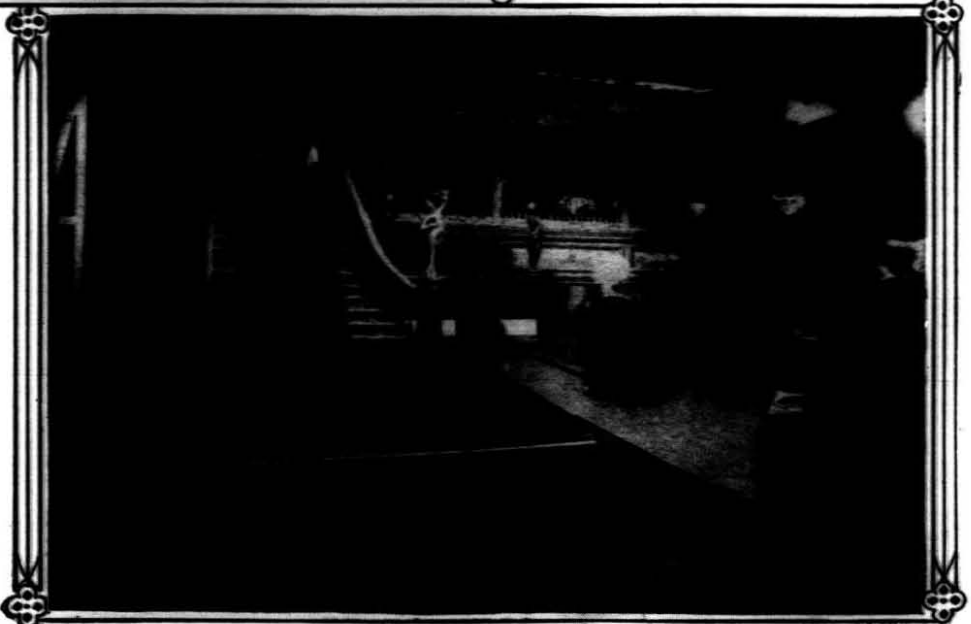


The Essanay Western Company. They Are—But I Guess You Know Them All

Really, there wouldn't be any Essanay moving pictures today were there no "Broncho Billy." Pardon me—I should say Gilbert M. Anderson, though the two names are synonymous. He is the man who put the "A" in Essanay; a word which is coined from the first letters of two different names—Spor and Anderson, or "S. and A." Now spell it like it sounds, and you have Essanay, a word representative of the best there is in motion picture art.

Of the name Spor and the man back of it, I will have more to say later. For the present, you may know him as Gilbert M. Anderson's pal in the motion picture business. He has been so ever since 1907 when the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company was organized by these two men.

Gilbert M. Anderson, a native of Arkansas, decided to become an actor when still a very small boy. He liked circuses, and never missed slipping 'neath the tent provided he had failed to land the job of carrying water to the elephants. Home



Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF FIFTH EPISODE:

Discovering the absence of Florence, Jones made a search of the premises, finally finding the letter, which Florence had dropped, just outside the door. Jones instructed Susan to shoot any stranger who might come, handing her a revolver. Then hastening to the garage, he procured the Hargreave car, and sped to the Grove St. address, just as Florence had made her escape. Jones could have been no more joyous over the deliverance had Florence been his own daughter. This portion is not shown on the screen. Braine and the Countess, smarting under their defeat, decided to insert an ad. in one of the papers, this advertisement telling Florence that the hiding place had been discovered, and to find some safer place. It was signed "S. H." Members of the Black Hundred were instructed to watch the Hargreave home, Felton (one of the number) keeping vigil on the street. Olga called to see Florence, who immediately showed her the newspaper, and said that she knew nothing about the million—would give it gladly for the safe return of her father if she did know—had no legal means of obtaining the balance of the Hargreave fortune, or of even proving she was Miss Hargreave. She stated that there was a sum of about \$12,000 in a nearby bank in Jones' name. Norton called, and the Countess left shortly after, meeting Felton and telling him to keep an eye on Jones. The butler went to Florence's room, and revealing a section of the wall, withdrew a box, bearing Hargreave's name. Then Jones left the house, rear way, climbed over the wall and darted down the street, seeing Olga who was in her car—and meeting Braine, who asked Jones for a match. Becoming suspicious, Felton rang the bell and told Susan he must see Jones at once. Susan reported that Jones was not in. Felton then went to the rear of the house, saw the ladder and started in pursuit. He met Braine, and they followed Jones to the waterfront, seeing him leaving in a launch. Hiring another, they hastened after him, finally overtaking him, after a vain attempt to bury the chest on an island. When demanding his surrender, they leveled their pistols at Jones, and as the butler lifted his hands, he dropped the box in the sea. Trying to rescue it, they lowered their weapons, and Jones drew a pistol and shot the feed-pipe of their launch, setting the boat afire. Jones escaped, and the felons were obliged to plunge into the water and swim ashore.

I AM going to tell you of a good place to look for that million dollars. It is not what the fifth episode reveals, but rather what it hides, and I have been watching very patiently for just this sort of thing, because I have had my eye on the hiding place, and would go straight to it to confirm or disprove my theories were I able to walk into the Hargreave mansion.

But before I explain my ideas, I am going to show you what has led up to them, so that you may also trace the million, step by step.

In this fifth episode, we see Jones making very elaborate preparations to flee from the residence, but not with

the secrecy of a man who is as cautious as the butler. He "sets the stage"—wants the Black Hundred spies to see what is being done. He goes into Florence's room, and pressing hidden buttons in the wall, reveals a secret compartment, and then withdraws a box bearing Hargreave's name. This hiding place is directly back of Hargreave's portrait. But he did not take the ordinary precaution of drawing the shades. He did keep the room dark. He evidently wanted some of the felons to see him. With the box in hand, he started for the rear of the mansion, and naturally, Braine and Felton were in pursuit. When Jones dropped that box into the sea, it was reasonable to suppose that the chances of its recovery were very remote, but not impossible. Probably the sands would shift, and the exact location would never be found, or might be learned through accident, or the chest might be recovered by divers, but even this is in question.

I am quite ready to believe that it was a ruse, and I think Braine will recognize that he was duped. If this was true, then why should Jones assume a certain risk and attract the attention of the conspirators as he fled down the street? For no other purpose than to attempt to distract the attention of the Black Hundred from the Hargreave home. This was, first, to keep the million dollars under cover; second, to offer greater protection to Florence and the other members of the household.

Now, I am going to jump back some distance, so as to bring in another point that will lead up to what I have in mind: You will recall, in the very first episode, that Hargreave did not have any appearance of carrying away anything of considerable bulk, when he fled in the balloon. That he took money, I do not question; that he left the million behind, is more than probable. Then, where did he hide it?

What was the first thing Jones did when he conducted Florence and Susan home from the railway station—as shown by the second episode? He took them to Florence's room, and there on the wall was a portrait of Mr. Hargreave. Jones pointed to it, and told Florence that this was "her father's gift." This picture

is what Stanley Hargreave "bequeathed" to his daughter. Did she prize it? During all the years of her residence in the school, her thoughts had been turned constantly toward the father whom she had never seen, except as an infant. When Florence received that note from the order, telling her to go to the Grove street address and meet her father, and to take no one into her confidence lest Hargreave meet with harm, she turned to the picture. It seemed like the very spirit and personality of Stanley Hargreave trying to talk to and protect his child.

Once more: When Florence was prepared to depart for the Grove street apartment, and lighted a veil in the fireplace, Jones rushed to the basement, to determine the cause of the smoke. It looked at that time as though the money might be hidden there—but apparently the butler fancied that the cause was in the basement, and was anxious to stifle the flames before they could spread through the building.

This is all leading us somewhere, just as is the fact that Jones took the box from a compartment back of this portrait in Florence's room, when he made his mad exit for the sea, as though his real purpose was to thereby distract their attention from this room. He wanted the conspirators to know, later on at least, that Florence's room would be the most improbable place for the secreting of the million, and that the portrait was only a blind behind which something of value was hidden.

I can see one fact after another pointing to that one thing—the portrait. What was more logical than that the picture that was Hargreave's gift to his daughter, should hold the currency between the canvas and the framework at the back?

If Florence should ever leave voluntarily—that is, pack up and go—she would not take the safe, or the hatrack, or a rug, or any of the tapestry, or a book-case or a table. She would take with her the greatest treasure in that mansion of pain and mystery—her father's portrait—the only picture she had of her father! Do not say that there would not be sufficient space behind the canvas. Some of the notes may have been of the \$5,000 variety. Twenty of those would amount to \$100,000—and 200 of them would total one million dollars. Two hundred little strips of paper! It would require no unusual painting or frame to shield that number, surely!

I know positively that, on the evidence presented, the Hargreave portrait would be the very first thing I would now examine. Its presence there was most natural. It had no special attraction to the conspirators. They would scarcely risk having it in their possession. Besides, if the time came, it would be a means of helping some of their gang in identifying Hargreave. That would help! Florence would not interfere with it—but so long as she took it with her, then her fortune would be secure, without any need of establishing her identity and going through the long, painful waits in the probate court. If she were kidnapped, it would be better that



Olga Called to See Florence Who Immediately Showed Her the Newspaper

she should not have the fortune with her, because then the easiest way out would be to murder her, and thus hide the evidence of the felony.

Only should more telling evidence be presented to us, must we leave the portrait out of our minds. Neither you nor I can look into the future and foretell all the incidents that will occur. We have to be guided step by step—but we must select from the events we have viewed and read those that impress us as most important.

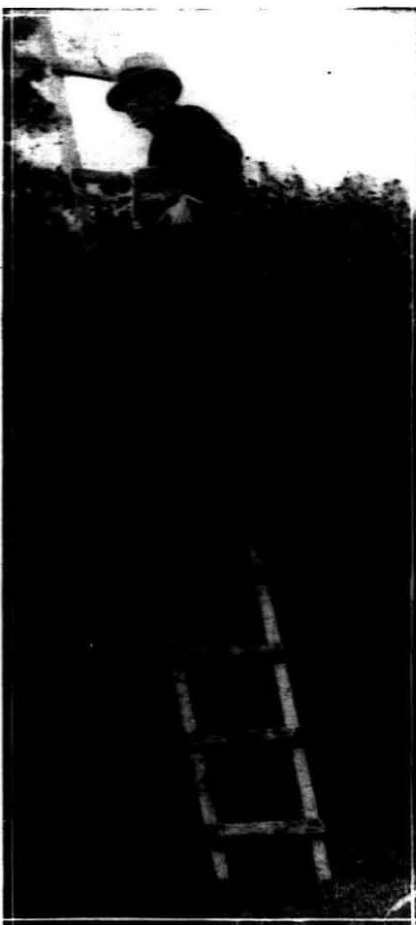
But I am not through. I am still studying the exact status of Jones. Maybe it is time we were done with worrying about Jones, and especially when we read in the story that the conspirators said he had been with Hargreave fourteen years; in other words, he came two or three years after Florence had been taken to Miss Farlow's school. They did not know this. Had they been certain of this statement, then years ago they would have located Hargreave. They assumed it—probably on inquiry—likely on hearsay designed to deceive them.

When Jones dashed up in the automobile, just as Florence had escaped from the Grove street address, he was immeasurably relieved—trembling in his thanksgiving. Jones is strangely interested in Florence's safety. His fondness for her has been most unusual at all times. Had she been his own daughter, he could not have been more solicitous! I do not say this is the case. That assumption might be far-fetched. I do say, however, that his attachment is most remarkable—and it is fatherly; not the attention of a lover to his sweetheart; not the obedience of a servant to his employer's daughter. Jones is ever on the lookout for the girl's welfare, but there is still one fact we must ferret out. It is this: We are told that Olga was the cousin of Florence's mother. Hargreave would have known this—but Jones seems to be uncertain as to what position Olga occupies. That is, he at least appears to be uncertain—but suppose that he knew; what then? Would he dare breathe a word to any one? Would he not have to nurse his knowledge and pretend ignorance? What I am leading you to is this: If Hargreave were the servant, and Jones the master, then all our planning would go amiss. If Jones had been the recluse and had taken in his friend, Hargreave, to play the part of the man of millions, we would always be looking in the opposite direction from the one we should look. This is a theory, purely. It may have no foundation in fact. But—keep it in mind!

Now and then affection such as Jones displays toward Florence, is met with in real life. Ordinarily, the concern of a servant or employee is more business-like, and lacks the real show of sentiment that Jones evinces toward the girl. What an ideal situation it would be, with the real master in charge of his house, and the pretended master hiding away to "bait" on the conspirators. You may say that Braine recognized Hargreave in the cafe. But I do not recall that Olga recognized him, or was very certain about him, although Olga was a first cousin of Hargreave's wife. Nor did Hargreave indicate complete recognition of Braine or Olga. Braine is certain, although some eighteen years have sped since they met before. In that time many changes can take place, and particularly when young men grow up to the maturity of manhood.

Jones is not the ordinary type of servant. He is quick of thought—alert, daring. He displayed his real qualities when he ran to the garage, and lost no time in getting into the Hargreave car to follow Florence to the Grove street house. This was the work of a master; the act of a man accustomed to have initiative. The good servant is accustomed to obey—to carry out orders; not to originate orders.

You will recall that before Norton engineered that warehouse incident, he consulted Jones. Therefore, the importance of the situation did not hinge on the identity of the person who was rescued at sea. It was purely a matter of deceiving the conspirators, and entrapping them if possible. That is what Jones wishes to do: He is anxious to get these criminals into the clutches of the law, with sufficient evidence of their guilt to remove them as elements of danger or to see them dead and done



Jones Climbed over the Wall Bearing a Box on Which Hargreave's Name Appeared

for. Jones evades all questions Florence has asked him relative to her father. He does not say her father is dead—but intimates that he is alive and well. Jones does not speak Hargreave's name. He is satisfied with the situation. He acts like a man who has the upper hand and knows it. Like one who does not worry about commands from some one "higher up."

That the money is still in the house seems reasonable. Here is another point that leads us to this conclusion: Florence had gone to Grove street and Jones had found the letter

and was prepared to secure the Hargreave car and follow her. Then, just before leaving, he thrust into Susan's hand a revolver, with orders for her to shoot anybody who was unfamiliar to her, and who gained or demanded entrance to the home, the story relates. Jones had to protect that home from invaders. He was not protecting Florence; she was gone. He was not moved by ideas of self-preservation; he was going. He was imbued with the sole thought of shielding that home from the onslaughts of the gang. Another systematic search, and they might find the million! They would scarcely look in the same places they investigated before. They would hunt new corners, and grasp at any straw that promised to point in the direction of success. They might even slash the Hargreave portrait, as well as other pictures in the rooms.

Neither Florence nor Susan has learned any of the innermost secrets of that residence. This is very evident. They are as ignorant of the location of the million, or of Hargreave, as they were the day they came. Norton does not know where the money is hidden. He is still an outsider, so far as Jones is concerned. But Jones does know, and the way he guards the mansion, and lays his plot, we must believe that we are on the right trail until something presenting sufficient evidence arises to disabuse our minds from these clues.

All of our scrutiny of Norton, Olga, Braine and the other confederates, on one side or the other, has brought us nothing definite. Only the call of Stevens has suggested to us that Hargreave and Jones are really in touch with one another. But Jones rises as a factor of supreme importance, and Florence's room holds our attention as a focal-point for the solution of the location of the million!

You will find that, in reviewing each episode, you will feel that certain events are important when in reality they are not. You will believe that clues will lead to something tangible, when they simply fray out and leave us. But as we progress, then the episodes that have come before, begin to show themselves in their outlines in their perspective, and we must carry this story in mind from chapter to chapter, because that is the way plots run: An incident in the beginning broadens out later on. Some events come up and fade, and never repeat themselves, or lead to anything else. But to every story, as to every life, there is one unbroken thread, that leads unerringly from start to finish. And in *The Million Dollar Mystery*, the plot begins with the safeguarding of "Florence Gray," and the million is hidden for her good. There you have a reason for placing the money where it will be available for her use, in a manner that will not attract undue attention, or even suggest to those who persecute her that the great fortune is always within easy reach! Keep your eye on the Hargreave portrait!

A NEW VITAGRAPH BILL

THE Vitagraph Theatre has scored another success in the masterful five-part drama, by Richard Henry Savage, "My Official Wife," in which Clara Kimball Young, supported by an all star cast of Vitagraph Players is seen twice daily. If present indications serve as a criterion, "My Official Wife," will be an all summer attraction at the Vitagraph's Broadway Theatre. In happy contrast to the powerful story of the drama, "Uncle Bill," a three-part melodramatic farce, opens the program of feature pictures.

"My Official Wife" was written for the stage a decade ago, and will always appeal because of its intense human interest. Colonel Bainbridge Lennox, called to Russia, encounters at the frontier, Helene Marie, queen of the nihilists, for whom all the secret police of Russia are in search. She poses as the wife of Dick Gaines, the Colonel's old West Point friend, and gets him to take her across the frontier into Russia, as his wife. Once in St. Petersburg, Helene joins her nihilist friends and they plot to assassinate the Czar. Hearing by chance His Royal Highness is to at-

tend the Ignatieff Ball, Helene makes preparations to carry out the fulfillment of the nihilist plottings, and is just on the point of accomplishing her designs when she is foiled by Lennox.

Helene, in great fear of her life, induces a Russian nobleman to elope with her, but, the police having discovered her identity, trace the elopers to a private yacht, order its destruction and a Russian torpedo boat blows the pleasure craft to atoms in one of the most thrilling scenes in filmdom.

"Uncle Bill" is in direct contrast to the drama, being one of those sure-fire comedies from the pen of Marguerite Bertsch, written for laughing purposes only and replete with complicated situations, every one of which is a masterpiece of fun. Uncle Bill is invited to visit his relatives whom he has never seen except by photograph. He journeys to the city and circumstances which he cannot resist induce him to appear to them as Cousin Rudolph. Every conceivable kind of contretemps involves him in ludicrous scenes and incidents until the very end.

A Vivacious Prima Donna

She Whistles: "Whadda Ya Mean You Lost Your Dog!"

By METRO KAY MELCHOIR

a mixture? Probably you wonder about my veracity. Well, you haven't met Miss McCoy as yet. As regards those Robert W. Chambers heroines, one generally remarks: "There aren't any such girls!" Again I say,—you have but to meet and talk with the prima donna of Edison picture plays. You'll change your mind.

When I called at the big glass domed Edison studio away up in the Bronx, New York, the other day I found Miss McCoy rehearsing a scene for a forthcoming three-part production

to be known as "The Shattered Tree." In the role of a wild mountain lassie, ignorant and poor, she was anything but the butterfly society belle I had last seen her on the screen. The

rehearsal over, the big arcs overhead began to sputter and crack. The "set"—the interior of an assayer's office—was virtually sheathed in a bluish-white light, revealing every detail, even unto the ink-stains on the different desks. The bell demanding silence was tapped and the camera began to click monotonously as the action was faithfully recorded for the millions of movie fans throughout the world. Did it seem real? If you want to live for an hour or so in the atmosphere of the Cumberland Mountains,

Though Miss McCoy Was Appearing as a Chorus Girl Only Three Years Ago, She is Now an Immensely Popular Edison Star

She is Just as Big a Favorite in Japan or Argentina as She is in Her Own United States

THERE is no rule for success as a movie actress. To

some of the players it comes after long arduous endeavor; to a fortunate few the fame of a celebrity comes as easily as do fortunes to the children of the rich; it seems to be the heritage of Fate.

For instance, three years ago Miss Gertrude McCoy was appearing as a chorus girl in that lavishly staged musical comedy, "The Gay White Way," and individually, wasn't even noticed, though some of my readers will probably recall that gorgeous bevy of statuesque young maidens who really made the production. Now Miss Gertrude is perching gracefully on the top rung of the ladder of success, without a qualm as to the stability of her position. She is just bubbling over with the joy of living, and romps through her various parts—"stunts," she calls them—with the delight of a child turned loose in a room with a barrel of new toys. As the star of most of the Edison productions she has come to be known wherever the movies are shown, and she is just as big a favorite in Japan or Argentina as she is in the United States. Her refreshing personality never fails to entertain, and a murmur of anticipation sweeps over the audience the moment she appears upon the screen.

Miss McCoy is like the amazing young heroines we read about in the Robert W. Chambers novels. She has youth, beauty, and cleverness, and is a dreamer, a scholar and an idealist. Now isn't that

She Romps through Her Various Parts—"Stunts" She Calls Them—with the Delightful Abandon of a Child

be sure to see the picture. You can't help but agree with me that Miss McCoy, in real life, is the character of the play.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," she exclaimed as she came forward with a hop, skip and a jump. "I've got to do some stunts in another scene in a few minutes,

but come to my dressing room. It's so noisy here." The property men had commenced tearing down the set, and another was being placed into position on a stage further down in the studio room.

"Now, what can I tell you that would be interesting?" she asked, and waited a second to ask further. "Want to know about myself?"

"Yes," I assured her.

To have found a person more responsive, more alive to sensible conversation, though buoyant to such a degree, would have been

impossible—but listen to Miss McCoy's brief recital.

"I was born in Georgia, and came to New York when still very young. I don't remember just how young and no one has ever told me. When things began to go from bad to worse with my family I looked around for something to do, and being of a romantic turn of mind—I guess that's what it was—I looked for something to do on the stage. First I was a chorus



girl. Then I appeared in 'Mlle. Mischief,' was with Edd Foy one season, then turned to vaudeville. Pictures came next. That was almost three years ago. Yes, I'm twenty-one now."

A leading lady blurring out her age! It was a new sensation. Then the conversation shifted to the ordeals of picture work.

"Oh, of course it's work, but then it's such fun. Do I study? Well, I suppose I do, but I don't lose any sleep burning the midnight oil. When a person knows he or she can do a thing, and once decides how it must be done, that ends it. Do you call that studying? Then I guess I study." Her enthusiasm was delightful.

"The one thing I like about picture acting is that it permits me to play so many different

the first one. It was in a childish scrawl.

"I get lots of these," she said. "It is from a little crippled boy." She read the letter through, then handed it to me, saying, "He has a little sister he hopes will grow up and be like me. He also wants me to write her a letter." She was already engaged in opening the next letter, but she didn't read very far until a laugh caused me to wonder. "This is from a farmer out in Kansas. He's got five children and thinks I'd make just the proper sort of a mother to care for them."

"What do you do with letters like that?"

"Burn 'em," she said. "I get lots of that kind, too. I don't know much about men, but they surely must be queer creatures to think a girl would sit right down and accept them by letter."

And as our conversation shifted from topic to topic she happened to glance at "Big Ben." A broken engagement showed all over her face. Turning, she warned me to get out.

"I don't dare go out on the street looking like this," she smiled.

I had hardly closed the door behind me when I heard her begin whistling. The strain, did you say? "Whadda Ya Mean, You've Lost Your

A Murmur of Anticipation
Sweeps over the Audience
The Moment Her Name
Appears Upon the
Screen.

Dog, Etc.," which isn't a strain at all—just a tune. And this vivacious spirit is the key to Gertrude McCoy's success.

Here is a
Witful,
Delicately
Haggard
Sort of
Beauty
That is
Very Rare
and
Absolutely
Ravishing



parts. I don't have to be doing the same thing over and over again like the stage actresses do. Today I'm just what you see." She stood up to show me the holes in her dress and the tattered fringe on the bottom of the skirt. She was toying with a blue and white calico bonnet as she talked. "Tomorrow I'm going to play a sweet girl graduate, and be married besides."

The call boy knocked on the door. It was her cue to "do some stunts" in the scene she had told me was to follow.

"Just stay right here, and smoke if you wish, but be very careful. The studio burned up the other day, you know," and with this reminder ringing in my ears, she was gone, adding, "I'll be back in a jiffy."

A little later, she was back again. The dressing-room door burst open and Gertrude literally blew in.

"Now what else can I tell you?" she asked almost before she was seated.

"Just continue to talk about yourself, please," I urged, whereupon she hesitated, seemed to pout just a little, and studied. This was followed by a laugh, and even now I'd give a pretty penny to know just what was wrong with my question. She refused to tell me.

"What is my hobby? Why, automobiling. Say, I've got the cutest little roadster you ever saw"—(Note that she speaks of her car as though it were an animal of some sort.)—"and Mr. Ogle, who is one of the actors here, has arranged a race between Miss Learn and myself. Miss Learn is an Edison actress and drives her own car also. I mean it—we're going to race. Don't you think that will be fun?"

There was a knock on the dressing-room door and a boy handed in a bunch of letters—twenty or more. Miss McCoy shuffled the lot, as though looking for some particular letter, then opened



She Has Youth, Beauty,
and Cleverness; She is a
Dreamer, a Scholar and an
Idealist

Miss McCoy is
Very Like One
of the Amazing
Heroines of a
Robert W.
Chambers Novel



—it's all just a part of her natural self.

Gertrude McCoy makes an instantaneous appeal through her personal beauty but her final charm lies in the deep sincerity with which she plays every part. She has taken prominent parts in many multiple reel features, as in "The Witness of the Will" and "Peg o' the Movies," but is perhaps at her best in such delightful comedies as "Nora's Boarders" and "The Stolen Models." She is a conscientious worker, striving always for the best in everything she attempts, and her ability has put her into the class of active film players. Her entire motion picture experience has

been gained in the Edison Company, which she joined several years ago, and today she ranks among the prime favorites of the motion picture screen. Her pleasing personality and beauty are winning her many admirers among those who delight in the histrionic films.

Aside from the keen interest she takes in her work before the camera, Miss McCoy is a scenario writer, having written such Edison dramas as "United in Danger" and "Kitty's Hold-up," in both of which she played the leading role.

Her pleasing personality and sincerity of action make a winning combination.

She has really made only a beginning in her wonderful career. And I am sure we wish her all the good luck in the world.

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

VII—Some Ski-Hi Advertising and a Fly Cop

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

EVEN though the emerald tinges of jealousy over the attentions, showered by other men on Dolly Ewing, rather perturbed Jack Walling at times, he felt much as a horse might feel when suddenly transmuted from a marsh-hay diet to a wealth of golden oats. Such was the effect of his new prosperity. Occasionally Walling was not sure that he walked on the street-level; his feet were touching spots quite above the sordid mob—and he inhaled affluence and exhaled optimism.

The Ewing-Walling Syndicate of theatres was a reality. The new charter issued at Springfield proclaimed to mankind that the organization was now recognized as a member of the illustrious family of Illinois corporations, with Dolly Ewing, her mother, and Jack Walling as the incorporators, directors and leading spirits. The capital was \$50,000—a most reckless way to attract the corporation tax scrutiny of Government and Commonwealth. But that was the amount of money paid in, so why hide that important fact beneath a haze of juggling of par and book values?

This, however, is not wholly a tale of unbroken triumph. The funereal visage of the censor enters, as does also a most harrowing circumstance. Sinister shadows cross the path of this lively pair of partners—or corporate officials, if you will, for Dolly was secretary and treasurer, and Walling was nothing but president, and "the hand that wields the check-book is the hand that deals the cards."

The Trojan up on Belmont Avenue, the scene of Jack's first renewal of grip on success in Chicago, still played to the perspiring enthusiasts, who made each evening, and every matinee, look like the arena scene from Quo Vadis!

It was the Loop Theatre that counted. This "horned in" within a stone's throw of the prosperous "three initial" circuit that had already made State Street its bonded slave—and that had scooped off the cream of Madison and Randolph streets. Still, the Dolly Theatre, nosing bang-up to the shopping district had come—let us not say to stay, because we are not prophets. We are certain that it arrived.

There was another house in Bo-manville, and one in Ravenswood, and a fifth in Rogers Park—and everyone, of course, was featuring Dolly Films from the Sensational, Miss Ewing's very own film venture. Chicago—and other cities as well—had begun to look for Dolly's saucy, lively, smiling features, and crown of auburn tresses, and applaud roundly whenever she appeared on the screen—and bachelors with marble domes had already learned how to sigh and say—as is their ungrammatical wont—"That's her," whenever Dolly wafted into a down-town cafe. Some of the married men swallowed the bitter pill of marital servitude and held their lips firm while their eyes glazed, as they added to the onslaught, on Noah Webster's best teachings, by muttering, "I seen her."

Some very remarkable press-agency material crept into the pages of the Chicago newspapers, and one story in THE TRIBUNE caused Walling to strangle on his breath, and seek his hat, and a taxicab, when the item mentioned that Dolly Ewing had eloped with "Handsome Jim Sanders," who was a ten-twenty-third vaudevillian

who had divorced all his wives and supported none of his children.

"The lantern jawed offspring of misery!" Walling hissed—and the hiss was just as good as any that ever wafted across the foot-lights from the compressed lips of a dark, deep-dyed villain. But, to be sure, the important Dolly hadn't eloped. The newspapers were simply recording the misguided romance of somebody else, and the Miss Ewing concerned turned out to be quite another girl of that name. Hence, Jack took a new grip on life, and contented himself with having a Turkish bath attendant rub the charley-horse out of his right calf—caused by his mad race to find his partner.

Had they only gone and got married, all this thrill-material might be omitted, but Dolly knew that a perfect golden pheasant of a sweet-heart might turn out to be a lymphatic mud-turtle of a husband, with enough lethargy to make the Dead Sea look like a mill-race. She preferred pheasants to mud-turtles, and figured

that Jack Walling thrived best in an atmosphere of uncertainty. Also while we are on the subject, a very wise young female person, such as Dolly, realizes that it is better being an idol than it is to become a back-door purveyor of household and other neighborhood gossip.

But the censor, Col. Stern, was pussy-footing on the trail. And when he saw that the Ewing-Walling combine had something in common with the Sensational Film concern, the Colonel immediately began to polish his glasses and look for flaws. He had a wonderful aptitude at finding flaws. He could see them on the obverse and reverse sides of the films. He could feel them in the air, so great was the Colonel's intuition. Worse than all else, he gloried in having people say unkind things about him. On

the whole, his was a fearsome disposition—and when that disposition focused itself on the lithe, tripping, smiling person of Dolly Ewing, he breathed deeply and malignantly and said, "Ha!"

The particular three-reel sensation that aroused his wrath, portrayed Dolly making her escape from a burning building, with no other raiment than pajamas, by sliding down a rope. She had forgotten to tie the above-chronicled wardrobe at the nether extremities. Hence, the pajamas crept up to the knees—and the fuss was on.

"It won't do!" Col. Stern cried in flush-faced anger. "It's a scandal—that's what it is!"

"Pooh!" retorted Walling, in a fit of impatience that he rued frequently thereafter. "Didn't people escape from the Empress of Ireland without that much on? Why weren't you on hand, oh proud censor, to send them back lest public morals be offended?"

"Cut it out, cut it out!" the Colonel roared belligerently, not intending slang, but referring to the pajama scene. "Do you suppose I'd let my son view the shameless creature in that unattire? No sir! Ten million nos. Indeed, the whole blamed film reeks with suggestion. It is wrong—grovelling in its depravity. Don't you suppose it's enough to have her escape, without introducing any Garden of Eden scenes!"

And from that moment on, the Sensational Film and the Ewing-Walling Syndicate were under the ban. They couldn't breathe without a permit, and destruction began to stare them in the face—squarely, with watery eyes and much disdain, and also some hauteur, which is always very bad.

It was perfectly good advertising, on the other hand, because nobody loved the colonel; that is, apart from his circle of friends and his immediate family. Whatever Col. Stern said was wrong, the public madly desired to view—and perhaps the Colonel secreted a sense of humor beneath it all. Some persons have such weird conceptions of a joke!

It was likely the goad of the censor that prompted Walling to cease his high-stepping, and get down to earth—only to figure on getting far above the earth again, in both a literal and a figurative sense.

That explains why all Chicago blinked hard, as the following announcement made its mysterious appearance in the Sunday papers:

\$100 If You Can Tell
What the
Human Duck
Planned One Mile Above Chicago!

Watch for him at 1:30 p. m., Saturday, the 8th inst. Just watch—that's all you have to do. Then you'll know how to win the \$100!



The Film Portrayed Dolly Escaping from a Burning Building with No Other Raiment Than Pajamas

Once all of Chicago gazed itself wry-necked because somebody had said that there was an eagle on the top of a certain tower that surmounted the lofty roof of a down-town mail-order building. The "eagle" proved to be the draperies on a winged figure of Mercury, and Chicago had seen it for years—yet found something new in the spectacle, and wondered why the eagle didn't fly. Thousands could actually see it getting ready to take wing. Few persons made calculations, because had that contour been of the national bird, then the bird itself would have been not less than thirty feet tall!

Just appeal to curiosity, and the most down-trodden will cease fretting about rent-day (this excepts landlords and realty agents!); and then add to that blow at the public imagination the lure of money, and the time-clock remains unpunished.

During the week, other covert suggestions about the Human Duck were published, but neglected to state at what point he would put in his appearance. At 1:30 Saturday afternoon, Grant Park was a fair imitation of a world's exposition—and all along the shore, from the South Chicago steel mills to the Naval Training Station, there were watchers beyond counting, for obviously the Human Duck was to be an aviator in a hydro-aeroplane—and the wily ones had a complete list of every licensed aviator in the world.

Walling had neglected one necessary detail, which led to wild rumors that filled him with dread, and made the presence of the police alarming to him.

Promptly at the specified time, the wings of the air-craft were visible out near the Carter Harrison intake crib, and the air-boat was speeding city-ward, bedecked with ribbons of rainbow hues, and armored with several reflectors that caught the glint of the noon-day sun (it would have been a tragedy with all this preparation had the day been cloudy!), so that if the aviator planned anything, it would be a considerable task to see his thought-operations through that maze of light and color.

To carry out the fire-sale accompaniments still better, the Duck tooted a huge fish-horn, which might have caused some of the more serious-minded to associate the performance with a certain solo that has been billed for Gabriel during several expectant centuries.

Up on the roof of a convenient sky-scraper, Jack Walling and Dolly Ewing watched breathlessly, with messengers keeping them informed about the movements of the police. The color-scheme met with their approval; that is, with Dolly's—and the fish-horn was according to schedule, but there was something else not on the programme—an aerial policeman, darting through space, to serve the first aerial warrant. That was because of the neglected permit.

"The first regular fly-cop I ever saw," Walling observed with a chuckle that had a discord in it. "Still, if Jenkins doesn't blind himself blowing that blamed horn, he might see the danger in time and do the work effectively before it is too late."

"What a grand sight," Dolly breathed rapturously. "Just to think of a man being arrested for speeding up near the clouds. First thing we know, our large cities will keep white-wings in the sky to sweep the atmosphere—

which would be simply swell in Pittsburgh."

"The process-server is gaining," Walling groaned, as he moistened his lips, "and Jenkins hasn't started to spread the information as yet. What if they'd collide in mid-air! I suppose if we held an advertising stunt on the lake, the officers of the law would appear in submarines, and serve their attachment on the propellers."

Both Dolly and Walling had seen the craft of the enemy dart upward from the park, and they watched it execute its majestic spirals, as it drew nearer to the Duck.

Worst of all, the faithful Jenkins had become so enamored of that trumpet, he was neglecting to spring the real sensation of the advertising.

Dolly and Jack could imagine the determined minion of the statutes and ordinances shouting hoarse commands through a megaphone, which ought to spur any birdman to action, and still Jenkins tarried.

He was directly over Grant Park now, and the other plane was sailing closer to him every moment. Maybe the Duck's machinery was clogged! Perhaps a thousand yards of red ribbon had become entangled in his engines! That was Dolly's part of the scheme, anyway.

"If those ribbons have been the cause of any trouble," Walling threatened, "I'll hold it against you, sure as fate."

"And if they are to blame," Dolly replied without evidence of grief, "all these people will think the idea is symbolical of a drop in millinery, and there will be the grandest stampede to the department stores and hat-shops! That reminds me, that new creation of mine is to be delivered this after—"

"There they go!" Walling cried in delight, without even so much as hearing Dolly's rav-

ings about her wonderfully beautiful new hat.

From the port and starboard sides of the hydro, there came a shower of bright bits of something, that caught the sun's rays and broke them into ten thousand stars that sifted down through the atmosphere like an early fall of sterling silver snow.

Then the Duck began to describe beautiful, graceful figures, and the squawks of the fish-horn became fewer and less militant. The Duck was moulting its publicity feathers.

The small rectangles of very thin, bronzed cardboard were beginning to settle into the eager fingers of the thousands beneath, and to volplane to roofs of buildings, and tops of speeding coaches on the railway tracks beneath, and into the tonneaus of passing motors.

And this is the message each slip of board conveyed:

SKI-HI in Merit—Subway in Price!

To Tell What the Duck Saw—And Tell It Best—Is to Win \$100. See the Three-reel Mystery Story The Aerial Detective By the Sensational Film Co., Released Monday Evening at the Following Ewing-Walling Theatres: Full information at the box-office!

The list was confined to the Syndicate's houses, because the Syndicate wanted to make those theatres the most prosperous in Chicago.

After scattering about fifty thousand of these glad tidings down-town, the Duck turned northward, and rewarded the vigils of those in the parks and along the boulevards.

And wherever the Duck took wing, the police-craft followed, but it was like attempting to entrap a gnat, for Jenkins was a clever bird—as he must have been to remain calm and collected in that weave of fluttering ribbons, and amid the blasts of the blatant fish-horn.

When the distribution of this Ski-Hi advertising was completed, Jenkins calmly pointed the prow of his hydro lakeward, and did not land until he was off the friendly coast of Evanston, which was beyond the authority of Chicago officials, much to their chagrin. Also, the police plane wasn't of the web-footed variety.

The Department of Police was just a trifle peeved over the method Walling had employed, and to evidence its displeasure, took Walling and Dolly in hand, and made them post bonds for their appearance Monday morning, which resulted in continuances almost without end. This was quite as Jack had planned and hoped for, because it gave them plenty of Sunday reading space together with their new announcements, stating that the "Aerial Detective" was but one of a series of three and four-reel productions that had met with the wholesome sanction of no less a connoisseur on movie morals than Col. Stern, whose paternal eye was ever shielding the weak and receptive from the suggestiveness of films. Protecting



Jack Walling and Dolly Ewing Watched Breathlessly, with Messengers Keeping them Informed of the Movements of the Police

thoughts of his own son were said to be his principle incentive.

But Walling was not the type of fellow to stay "in bad" always, and even the Colonel did not dislike the young man, although he looked askance at Jack's manner of obtaining fame, which was just a little too elastic when it came to taking liberties with censorship.

In less than two weeks, the Syndicate had secured another loop theatre, and one more in Rogers Park—and then there appeared a new idea in "house-organs" that was a step beyond what any of the others had attempted.

It was styled, "Dolly's Daily," and was issued twice weekly—but distributed at every performance.

Besides containing several pages boosting productions to come, it had intimate personals about the Syndicate houses and their patrons. Walling secured a clever reporter to care for this personal-mention part, who organized the theatre attendants into a secret-service band. The reporter had a past, Walling understood—with a woman in it! But—what poor devil hasn't? Whenever any one of local or national note appeared at any of the Syndicate's theatres, and was recognized, that person was "interviewed," and what he or she thought of motion pictures in general, or the programme in particular, was printed in "Dolly's Daily." Persons of standing in each community were given mention—not in light or flippant terms, but with genuine dignity, and many who had yearned for years to shine resplendent in the society columns of the daily newspapers (and yearned in vain), could now see their names in print occasionally by merely spending thin dimes at the box-offices of the Syndicate's houses.

Here are samples of these local items:

"Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Malster, of Milwaukee, were guests of the Dolly Theatre Monday evening. Mrs. Malster says that American society folk are about to initiate the European idea of having motion pictures taken of their travels, golfing, yachting and receptions, so that part of each house-party entertainment will be the showing of these films, with little talks by each person concerned."

"Mrs. A. J. and Miss Daisy Manning, of 2638 Sheridan Road, were interested spectators at the performance of the North Shore Wednesday, and both ladies highly complimented the management on the cleanness of the films and the attentiveness of ushers and other theatre employees."

There was established a sort of "who's who," and whereas a few years back, no one would have thought of "blue-booking" the movies, it was soon in vogue, and other theatres began to pilfer Walling's thunder—which he was quite willing they should do. As he put it, "If a man blazed a trail and no one else ever traveled over it, that would be a shame. So long as I can be the pathfinder, I hope thousands will follow where I lead." Just a wee mite egotistical, perhaps, but still pregnant with commercial wisdom!

It occurs now and then that an inventor perfects something he has not calculated on, and that is what Walling learned to his dismay.

In a lazy, prosperous, self-satisfied mood one afternoon, he was perusing the latest issue of

"Dolly's Daily," when his heart skipped a beat and then did a two-step. His inertia was completely mastered, and he looked again in unbelief. There was a perfectly clear likeness of Dolly, with Stern, Jr., smiling at her from the farther side of a cafe table. This was the legend beneath the picture:

"Miss Dolly Ewing, the beautiful and talented Sensational Film actress (and incidentally in control of that concern, as well as the Ewing-Walling Syndicate) has appeared much of late supported by George D. Stern, Jr., and the accompanying scene shows them in their popular roles as 'Sweathearts.' The gossips are busy speculating what the effect will be on future official opinions of the famous Dolly films!"

"Bad advertising!" Walling roared. "Villain-

have their full effect on Walling.

"By the Colonel?" he asked, as he recalled the cause of his recent disturbance. Renewed hope, however, began to rout the indigo that had engulfed him.

"Indeed, no!" Dolly pouted, as though she would prefer to leave mention of the Stern family out of consideration.

"Whose feelings have been trampled under foot?" he asked more cautiously.

"Under foot is right. This little daily sheet is supposed to be your idea, is it not?" Miss Ewing retorted, pursuing her customary tactics of taking the longest way 'round.

"Yes, quite right," Jack admitted. "It is supposed to be. That is all—just supposed to be. Otherwise, there would be no cafe scenes, and that sort of thing. However, let the second chapter of your story come along. I am ready to hear anything now—prepared for any sensation."

"Well, just because Mrs. Foote lives nearer our Birchwood theatre than she does to her husband's theatre, is no sign we should deride her—now, is it?"

"I don't follow you," Walling said evasively.

"No, if you did, you would be saved a great many dollars in cab-fare," his partner replied warmly. "Besides, it is bad enough mentioning Mrs. Foote every week, without saying that her husband has a theatre of his own, and intimating that she likes first-run stuff; hence, does not patronize the family film house. But that isn't the worst of it, Jack Walling. I own seven-eighths of the stock in this business, and it is my purse that gets worsted if we lose a law-suit—not yours."

"Please, please, tell me all about it, and omit the frills," Walling pleaded.

"It is right here in this last issue, Jack Walling. Just read it for yourself, and see how you'd like it if it happened in your household."

Jack accepted the paper with misgivings. Since seeing the flash-light of Dolly and "the other fellow," he was wary.

As he read, he smiled a little, and gulped a little more. This was the item:

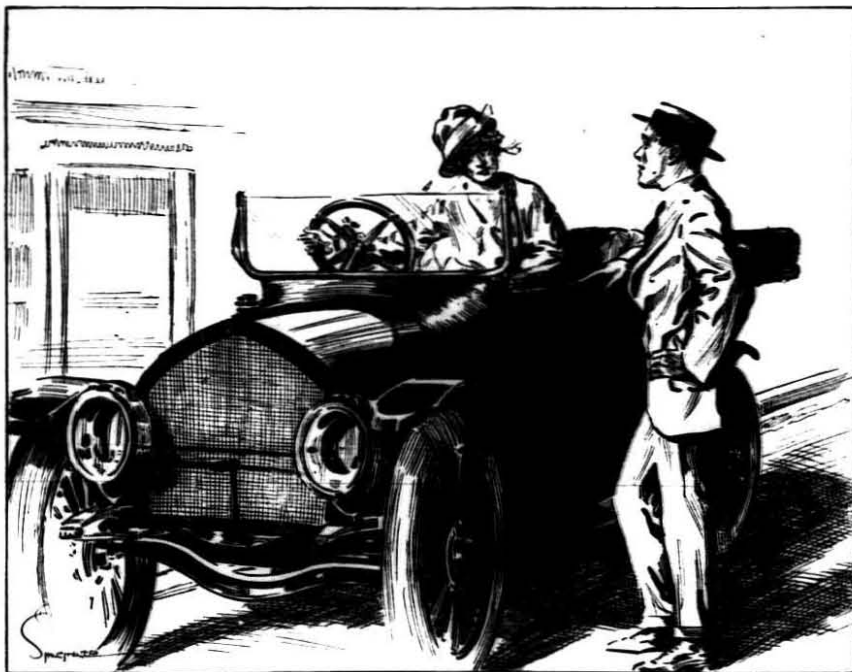
"Mrs. Elbert T. Foote, wife of the proprietor of Foote's Golden Rule Movie house, is a regular attendant at the Birchwood, and she was heard to say last evening, 'If I were the sole dictator of this Foote family, I wouldn't have the right Foote a number twelve, and the left Foote a number three. Elbert—the left wing of the Foote combination—could save our all if he would run these features at least the same week they appear at the Birchwood, instead of A. D. several weeks later.'"

"That was Smithers, the reporter!" Walling groaned. "I see it now. Years ago, the present Mrs. Foote was engaged to marry him, but quite rightly changed her mind—as any woman may—and he attempted to keep ahead of three distilleries in the matter of consumption, to sprinkle his sorrows. And now he's getting back at poor Elbert and Mrs. Elbert at our—that is, your—expense. I'll have him backed up to a mud-wall, and shot for this."

But a special delivery letter, containing Smithers' resignation, and explaining that the revenge was worth the price, saved the firing squad a bad job.

"He might have at least added something

(Continued on page 32)



"It's a Wonder You Wouldn't Wait for a Fellow! I've Been Following You for Three Long Hours"

ous! Adding insult to injury! What in the world will Dolly ever come to, if she keeps up these mad-cap stunts!"

Jack was soon in a taxi, speeding to the Ewing home without result—and from there to various other places, such as the Sensational Film plant, where Dolly might be found. But the more earnestly he searched, the farther away she seemed to be, and a net-work of unlovely furrows had begun to take up residence around his eyes and forehead.

After three hours of fruitless endeavor, and a registration on the meter of thirty-two dollars' worth of riding, Walling came to a mournful stop before the Trojan, which always appealed to him when things went wrong. And scarcely had he alighted and liquidated the tariffs of transportation, than Dolly dashed up in her touring-car, giving a perfectly acceptable interpretation of breathless excitement.

"It's a wonder," she snapped, "that you wouldn't wait for a fellow! I have been following you for three long hours, and couldn't catch up with you, and I have such important news!"

Walling's nether jaw sagged as he stared at her sheepishly and admiringly. If he could only make Dolly see life as he saw it, what a beautiful world it would be. But he couldn't. One of her chief ideas of sport was baiting him, and he invariably came out second best in the argument.

"Well, what's the news?" he queried hopelessly.

"We are going to be sued for slander!" and Dolly paused to permit the terrible sentences to

Muriel of the Movies

She Wants to Sing, Dance and Act All in the Same Part

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

THE amethyst ring was lost! She had dropped it down the waste-pipe of the bath-room wash-stand. But did this worry Muriel? It did not! What is a mere jeweled bauble to a favorite of filmdom? "I should worry," were, indeed, her very words.

When I arrived at Miss Ostriche's apartment on upper Broadway, the place was fairly alive with friends and relatives, all seeking to regain the missing treasure—all save Muriel. She was the very least concerned. And, not being a graduate plumber myself, there seemed to be little reason for me to plunge into the jewel fracas, so Miss Ostriche and I sought a quiet corner of the living-room for a bit of conversation.

She is an amazingly young creature, oh, yes, far younger than you would suppose in merely seeing her upon the screen. She quite disarmed one with her youthful ingenuousness and candor. It seemed absurd that this girl, whose dresses have probably only been lengthened a short while, should have a name and reputation wherever motion pictures are shown—and that means the world over. It seemed almost as though high school, and not a motion picture studio, should be occupying her time now.

"Why, no, I can't say I feel so very young. I've been in pictures for three years now, and I began when I was fifteen." This was said with all the pride in the world—oh, refreshing youth, which alone can afford such candor. Yet, small wonder, at her age, that she can afford to be frank about it! She appeared first with Biograph for a very short while, was then with Eclair for a term, followed by an engagement with Reliance, while her most notable picture work has been with the Thanhouser company, appearing in the special Princess brand of pictures.

"Have you never been upon the stage?" I asked, for it seemed almost incredible that she had not been caught by the footlights' lure.

"No, I've had no experience at all upon the stage."

I seemed to detect a proud note in her voice—could it be that she felt the stage was not good enough for her?—so I persisted, "But, surely, you have ambitions towards a stage career, haven't you?" Ah, I had touched a responsive chord, after all.

"Yes, indeed, I have," she exclaimed, with all the enthusiasm that goes hand in hand with

eighteen years, "I certainly do want to appear on the professional stage, but not just yet. You yourself have been good enough to intimate that I have been successful as a motion picture player. Well, I want to be ever so much more successful than I am. I want my name and my acting to be known everywhere, to be known and liked. Then, let us say two or three years hence, I should like to try and see what I could do on the stage."

"Towards what special line of acting do your ambitions lie? What would you like to do on the stage?"

"Oh, everything," was the sweeping, catholic response. "I want to be so successful that I can demand the sort of role I think I am best fitted for."

"And what sort of role is that?"



She Has Won Five Cups and Yet Says She is Not a Remarkably Clever Dancer

She knew what she wanted, make no mistake about that, even though it was rather a staggering order. "Why, I want to sing and dance and act, all in the same part."

"Good gracious, child," the phrase slipped from my mouth unconsciously, "parts like that are not written."

"Yes, they are," retorted "Muriel of the Movies"—you see, she has given this subject some thought—"I mean the sort of part like Irene Fenwick played in 'The Family Cupboard.' She did all those things, she sang and danced and acted. Oh, wasn't she grand in that?"

"But that was an exceptional part," I assured her.

"Well, I mean to be an exceptional actress," she assured me.

Upon the recovery of my equilibrium after this shot, she ambled on, in her engagingly youthful way, "Everybody says that my forte is musical comedy, that when I adopt the footlights I must appear in that field. But I



Certainly Success Has Not Turned Her Head—and a Pretty Golden-Brown Crop of Hair Tops That Level Head

don't like musical comedy, at least I don't like the spirit of it, and unless I am in a position to get the sort of parts I want, I sha'n't go on the stage at all." The blamed old stage can worry along without me, seemed to be her attitude.

"Yet, I am told that you are one of our leading dance exponents"—as, indeed, I had been told.

She opened her eyes wide with well simulated astonishment, "Why, who could have told you such a thing? Of course, I like dancing very much, but I don't believe I'm remarkably clever at it."

The saucy minx, to try and deceive me in this manner, for it was only five minutes later, in an adjoining room, that her paternal parent was proudly showing me no less than four beautiful silver trophies, which Miss Ostriche had won at various dancing contests. And a fifth prize, bestowed upon her by no less a dancing authority than Mae Murray, was at that moment at the jewelers for the purpose of engraving.

"How does it feel to be famous?" seemed to me to be a fair query from which to expect at least a diverting reply. You see, Miss Ostriche is so genuinely ingenuous that she really leads one on.

"Why, I'm not famous, nor anything like it. If I've succeeded it is because I'm a hard worker. I appear regularly in one new picture each week, and that means real work."

"And reel work," I blithely added.

"But it's all very serious, I can tell you," she continued. "You see, I live here at home in New York and make the trip every morning up to the Thanhouser studio at New Rochelle, arriving there at nine o'clock. And if, by any chance, I am a few minutes late, oh, what a scolding I get. Then I rarely get home at night before seven, so that doesn't leave very much time for anything else. I am generally so tired out that I go to bed just as soon as possible." (Shades of those dancing trophies!) Then came the truly feminine wail, "And I never have time to do any shopping!"

I cannot make it too emphatic here, the youthful girlishness of Miss Ostriche, a quality too genuinely apparent to be simulated. Certainly success has not turned her head—and a pretty, golden-brown crop of hair tops that level head. Seeing her amidst a purely domestic background, with none of the romantic glamour of a studio setting, she seemed just like any normal young girl of eighteen, simple, unaffected and delightfully easy to sit about and chat with. To all appearances, we might have known each other for years instead of an hour.



Her Only Objection to the Movies is That She Has No Time for Shopping

Watchful Waiting in Ulster



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood
Ulster Volunteers Headed by Capt. Crozier Leaving the Church



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood

Sentinels Guarding the
Volunteers' Ammunition
Sheds



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood
Changing the Guard at "Craigavon", the Head-
quarters of the Ulster Volunteers



© Underwood & Underwood
Major Glenville, One of the Salvation Army's
Motion Picture Operators from India, Filming
a Parade



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood
Sir Edward Carson's Motor Dispatch
Bearers Waiting Outside Craigavon
to Receive Orders

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood
Left to Right:—Lieut. MacDonnell and Col. Parker at
the Westland Road Station, Dublin. These are Two of
the Officers Who Resigned Rather than Enforce Home
Rule in Ulster. Later They were Re-instated

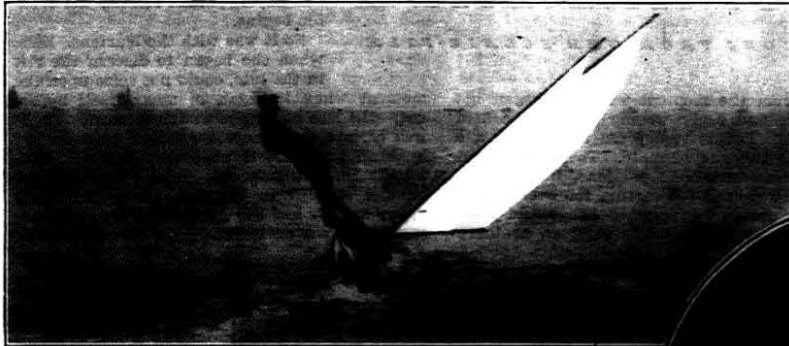


Photograph, Underwood & Underwood
Ulstermen Lined Up on Their Parade Ground Where They are Being Drilled for an Emergency



Photograph, Underwood & Underwood
Ulster Volunteers Pitching Their Tents in the Grounds of Craigavon

A Pictorial Review of Current Events and People in the Public Eye



© International News Service
Leo Fruda, the National Canoe Champion, Winning the First Race on Gravenstein Bay to Decide the Defender of the Trophy



© International News Service



Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as He Looked in 1912 and as He Looks Today. Note the Loss of Hair; the Wrinkled Forehead, Drawn Neck and Small Chest

© International News Service



Photo by C. E. Howard

A Most Interesting Collection of Big African Game Was Recently on Exhibition at the Sportsman Show at Los Angeles. The Mooshead on the Right is the Largest in the World



© International News Service

The Corps of Armed Ulster Volunteers, Organized by Canon Scott in Order That the Women Might be Able to Defend Their Homes in Case of War



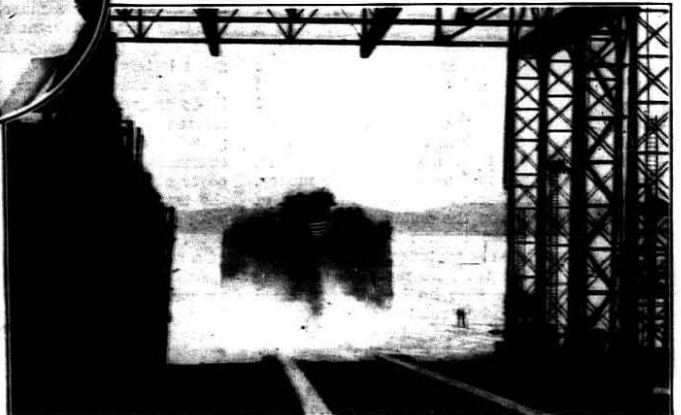
© International News Service

Miss Eleanor Anne Siebert Who Recently Christened the Super-dreadnought "Neveda." Miss Siebert is the Youngest Person Who Ever Christened a United States Battle-Ship



© Underwood & Underwood

Miss Nancy Lang of Philadelphia Made a Decided Hit at a Society Affair Where She Appeared in a Coat Made of the Flags of All Nations



© International News Service

Launching the "Neveda" at Quincypoint, Massachusetts. This Ship Is an Oil-Burner; Has a Tonnage of 27,000, Over-All Length of 583 Feet, and a Speed of 20 Knots an Hour

"FIRELIGHT"

Passion Wanes Only to Give Place to Love

DIVORCE is seldom taken as a matter of course. The marriages that end in the divorce court are, nine times out of ten, love matches; marriages for which everyone predicted a happy course. It is seldom indeed that a couple are divorced whose friends have predicted that the end of a certain period would see them living apart. It isn't incompatibility, as a matter of fact, that wrecks most marriages; it's sheer compatibility! That may sound like a paradox; it is the literal truth, however.

John Marten and Elsa Fenelon met when both were young. A wave of passion engulfed them. They were in love with one another almost at first sight; their courtship was of the briefest. Marten, a man eager and impulsive, in a cold and ruthless way, was not one to be denied when his heart was set upon the attainment of an object, whether that object was a woman or a business triumph.

Singularly direct in his methods, he had proved himself an exception to the rule that inherited wealth means idleness. He had inherited from his father a comfortable fortune; from both parents there had come to him the cold directness of purpose, combined with the passionate nature that enabled him to subordinate everything to his desires, that marked him out as so strongly and strangely individual. Your man of hot and eager passions is unstable as a rule; not easily swayed, perhaps, but aimless. It is seldom that, like Marten, he has the power of intense concentration. That was what made him dangerous.

When he met Elsa Fenelon he was still a young man, but he had had already experiences enough to fill an average life time. Two years before he had gone headlong, as it seemed, to a fearful business smash. He had avoided bankruptcy, but only because his creditors felt that to force him to that resort would be useless. They took his unsecured notes, feeling that they would never get their money, but unwilling to harass him for the sake of two or three cents on the dollar, which was all that the courts could have saved for them from the wreck of his fortunes.

And yet, by the time he met the girl who was to become his wife he had accomplished the impossible. He had retrieved himself. He had by no means regained all he had lost, but he could face the world with the knowledge that every cent of the debts that had stood as the relics of his failure was paid; he was ready for a new start. Indeed, he had made it.

Elsa, a feminine counterpart of himself, he took by storm. He seemed to her to fulfill every ideal of manhood that she had cherished. She admired his ruthlessness; it was a trait of her own nature.

By **RICHARD DALE**

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ECLAIR FILM

And, from the moment when he began his passionate and eager wooing he had the field to himself. People recognized it as inevitable that these two should mate. They had everything in common; like passions, like desires. Either one seemed too strong, too overbearing for the common run; either one would have dominated, so their friends said, an ordinary

free from qualms. And then, without any apparent reason, the trouble begins.

So it was with the Martens. Elsa, when she began to discern the rift in the lute, could not seize upon the moment when it began to make itself apparent; still less could she assign a cause. Yet it was certain that the old relation between her husband and herself no longer existed. Outwardly they still agreed; indeed, they did not quarrel at all. In the first years, idyllically happy as they had been, there had been quarrels enough. Two passionate, high strung natures

can hardly endure constant association without the development of sharp differences of opinion. Yet these quarrels had left no scars, and, no matter what Marten, in his heat and anger might say, she had always been able to smile at the recollection when the skies had cleared.

But now, as their tenth anniversary drew near, Elsa awoke, with an extraordinary suddenness, to the fact that he was neglecting her; that he had grown indifferent, in a growing and menacing absorption in his business. He dropped one little custom after another that had involved attention to her. No one of them was of any weight or importance in itself; it was the combined weight of them that bore so heavily upon her.

As always, when trifles are being weighed together in the balance, the one that turns the scale

is the most trivial of all. A bitter quarrel flamed out one morning—because he read his paper at breakfast!

"Don't be absurd, Elsa," he said. "You know that I'm a very busy man. I must snatch what time I can for the papers."

"You should not snatch the time from me," she retorted. "John, it isn't this alone! You are becoming entirely indifferent to me. You give me practically none of your time. You stay away for dinner half the time; when you are here you hurry through the meal, to be free to attend to business again afterward. You never go out with me any more. You leave me to make my way alone, or with an escort I can get—or else to stay at home! Am I the sort of woman to be treated so?"

She rose then. She was dressed in a lacy, filmy house gown; she had never given up the practice of rising for his early breakfast, to see that he was properly served, no matter how late she might have been out the previous night. And now, as she stood there, the filmy garment revealing, rather than concealing, her ripening beauty, any man might have caught his breath in admiration. Mature she was, but she was slender still, with nothing of the matron about her. There was, indeed, something almost virginal; some sense of maidenhood that she had preserved despite nearly a decade of marriage. But Marten tossed his head impatiently.



John Marten's Habit of Reading the Paper at Breakfast Was the Cause of a Bitter Quarrel

marriage to such an extent as to make its success altogether impossible. Together, each would neutralize the other's force to some extent. And so they were married, and their world looked on approvingly, and said that this, at least, was a marriage that would last; one that would withstand the storms and trials that come to all who take a chance in the great lottery.

For a time, moreover, the prophets seemed in no danger of being confounded. For a time Marten and Elsa studied each other with a growing and ever changing delight. Their brief courtship had left many things for each to discover about the other; they were absorbed in the task. The birth of their child filled them with a wild delight; its death, following very soon, drew them very close together, in the tie of a common grief.

And yet—that was the beginning of the trouble that came between them. There is a play of Pinero's, called "Mid-Channel." It deals with the crisis in the life of a married couple; a crisis brought on by no specific event, but by a series of the most trifling things. And, to explain his title, the dramatist tells of a place in the middle of the English Channel. The passage between Dover and Calais is notorious for its unpleasantness. More people are seasick in its brief course than in a voyage across the Atlantic. And, until they reach a certain spot, about at mid-channel, they are

"I'm a business man, my dear—to your own great satisfaction," he said. "You—Lord, you're welcome to it—but you spend a good deal, you know. You have a good deal. It's my business to give it to you, and it takes my time."

She stamped her foot impatiently.

"Don't take refuge in that time worn plea, John," she said, scornfully. "When we were first married you were still struggling to regain the ground you had lost. You are rich now—far richer than your father was, or than you were before you lost your money. We are not spending half your income—I know that. And yet, we have everything we want—everything I can imagine any couple could want. It is not a good excuse, John."

"It's not an excuse at all," he snapped, rising, too. He looked at his watch, not at her, as he spoke, and she winced. "Please cut out the heroics, Elsa. You're not an abused wife; you can't make me feel that you are. I've got my work in the world to do; I have no time for dalliance."

He was gone on the word; leaving her standing, flushed and shamed. She felt disgraced, somehow. She was like a child, chidden for the first time. And, as she considered what had happened, a flaming rage took possession of her. She was outraged in every fibre of her being; she thirsted for revenge. And she was determined that never again would she give him the chance to treat her so. He was tired of her—well and good. He should learn that she was not dependent upon him, that she could well do without him.

Steel and steel had clashed in that encounter between them. The sparks that flew lighted a smouldering fire in Elsa's mind. Her warm and passionate nature resented what she deemed an insult; her whole attitude toward life changed. She had been sinking, almost insensibly, into just such a rut as that in which her husband was traveling. Now, however, she began to change. She had always discouraged, even with some indignation, the attentions of other men. Now she welcomed them. She went out constantly; the fact that Marten, far from resenting what she did, did not even notice it, only increased her own anger and resentment.

There were plenty to notice the widening breach; plenty, too, to help to make it wider still. Elsa heard stories of her husband. He dined often at gay restaurants, she heard. He

did, but it was for business reasons, as, at the bottom of her heart, she knew. Of one thing she never even thought of accusing him. She knew that he was not neglecting her for another woman, or for other women. No—indeed, she might have borne that easier than his absorption in his business, his growing tendency to worship money, not for itself, so much, but because it was a symbol of success.

Success, of course, was Marten's deity. Money was one tangible proof of it; power was another. At this time, almost without his knowledge, his domestic affairs were proceeding toward a dangerous and complex crisis. But, though he was not quite so blind as not to see that a great difference had come into the relations between Elsa and himself, he was far more interested in a business crisis that he saw far more clearly.

He was engaged at this time in negotiating for the combination of a number of independent units of a certain industry into a trust. His own plant, which had been the foundation of his new fortune, was the largest of these; it would give him a dominating position in the combination when it was formed. And it happened that certain labor leaders, sensing his plans, had determined to seize the psychological moment for making demands that had long been in their minds. They felt that it would be difficult for Marten to refuse; a strike would endanger his larger plans, and he might easily yield, to avoid that peril. So they reasoned; but they did not thoroughly know their man. For Marten anticipated their strategy, excellent though it was.

The demands were made; he refused them.



"Don't Be Absurd," He Said Almost Admiringly. "We'll Celebrate When This Is Over"

A strike was threatened; he told the labor men to go ahead and call it.

"I will not be held up," he said, fiercely. "I saw this coming; I have taken the steps to protect my interests. A strike will not tie up my plant for a single day. I will not be more specific than that. But—if you strike you will beat yourselves."

Small wonder, then, with such a situation facing him, that Marten did not abate one jot his indifference to affairs at home. He might have explained his troubles to his wife; that stage in their relations, however, had passed. He no longer discussed such things with her. And so Elsa, ignored, and resenting it bitterly, drifted into a dangerous channel. She had a fierce sort of pride, and she had to satisfy herself that, if her husband neglected her, it was not through any fault of her own, not from any waning of her charms.

There was only one way to do that. From ignoring and discouraging the attentions of other men she began to accept them, even to invite them. And it was not long before the inevitable thing came about. One man began to interest her more than others. She did not love him, but as his attentions grew more pressing, she began to examine herself. And she discovered that the thought of yielding to this man, Frank Cruser, was not, after all, a thing to be put away as unthinkable.

After all—her husband was tired of her. She was his wife only in name; she meant no more to him than the servant who swept his room. Why, then, should she allow him to dominate her life? He had ceased to give her anything of himself; had he the right to exact her loyalty, her faithfulness? Her reason answered that he had not.

Cruser understood the situation well. Rich, an idler, an adept in the courting of women, although he had never married, and never meant to, he could see what was going on. And, so far as it was possible for him to be, he was in love with Elsa Marten. He desired her, at least; he satisfied, therefore, her instinctive woman's craving to feel that she was desired, was wanted, possibly needed. The eternal mother in woman demands that a child would have satisfied Elsa Marten; her child was dead.

And so, at last, there came the time when



Her Husband Dined Often at Gay Restaurants, But It Was for Business Reasons

she was determined to end the life she had been living since her decision that her husband no longer cared for her. The tenth anniversary of their marriage was at hand. If he remembered it; if he showed that he still loved her, she could never leave him. But, if he let the day pass—and it seemed certain to her that he would do so—she would know what to do, and she would not hesitate to do it.

The strike was called two days before the anniversary. And, with the filing out of his men, Marten revealed the means he had planned to fight the strike. He made good his word; operations were not interrupted for even half a day. For scarcely had one shift left the plant when strike breakers took their place, protected by armed guards. He had laid his plans well; despite his threats the men were taken by surprise. And at once a grim and dangerous feeling made itself manifest. There were threats of violence; even against his person threats were made, and he was warned not to expose himself to the fury of the men who were fighting him.

He stayed at the plant for the first two days of the strike, sleeping there, and taking all his meals. But on the morning of the third day, which was their anniversary, he appeared suddenly while Elsa was at breakfast. He looked tired and worn.

"I'll have some coffee," he said. "Jove—they're in an ugly mood. I've got to go back; just came to get a change of clothes."

"Isn't it dangerous?" Elsa asked. "Haven't they threatened you? And won't they be bet-

ter able to reach you if you try to go back?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all in the day's work," he said.

She looked at him. The thought that he was in danger softened her. Her pride left her for an instant.

"John—give it up!" she cried. "Do you know that this is our anniversary? Don't go back—stay with me!"

And she had sworn to cut out her tongue rather than remind him.

"Can't help it," he said, rising. He went into the hall. The servant was there, holding out his hat and stick.

"I've put the bag in the motor, sir," he said.

"John!" said Elsa. "Give it up—yield to them! For my sake!"

then, suddenly, a shadow fell across her hands. She looked up. Her husband was beside her, holding out his arms.

"You've got out the—little chap's things?" he said, wonderingly. "Elsa, girl—I've been a brute! I've pushed you aside for business! But I—I've come back. I've given in—the strike's off. After all—I had to have you!"

She leaped up, repulsing him. She stared at him with wide eyes, dilated with horror.

"John!" she cried. "Oh—you—you love me—after all—And I—"

To conceal her fault never occurred to her. Still holding him away she told him. And—he laughed.

"What of it?" he cried. "Elsa—we've come together again! And this time—we stay!"



"Elsa, Girl—I've Been a Brute! I've Pushed You Aside for Business! But I've Come Back"

RUSSIAN PICTURES UNTRUE TO LIFE

NICHOLAS DUNAUEW, who has for the past six months been very active in the studios of the Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn in the capacity of actor and director, and who in his own country, Russia, is also known as an actor-manager-producer, came to this country with the sole intention of producing the works of Russian celebrities in motion pictures, and, perhaps, to make the United States his future home.

In his own country, Dunaew claims he cannot produce his plays without police interference. After being banished he wandered about the capitals of Continental Europe in pursuit of some occupation in his own line that would prove both a lucrative and artistic achievement.

In fact, not so long ago in the Odeon Theatre in Paris, Dunaew presented a play of his own entitled "Two Nationalities," which was reviewed by a professional audience and attested to be one of the best revolutionary plays of its kind. But revolutionary plays and plays dealing with the brutalities of the Russian aristocracy upon the peasant class in Russia held the attention of the Parisian audiences for a very short time indeed, and it was not long before Dunaew boarded the steamer St. Cecilia from Havre for America.

Dunaew believes that the motion pictures manufactured in this country to portray Russian life, with the exception of a few which have received expert direction, are incongruous.

"In most cases these films are manufactured by minor concerns whose sole object is to get a half-completed picture and, with the help of a sensational pict, put it out on the market and get it off their hands. It is not to be doubted that such a film will bring money to the producer for a short time; but in the end it amounts to nothing. A great deal of energy, time and money has been expended in an utterly useless manner. Near directors, whose only knowledge of Russia is perhaps obtained through a book which they may have read on that subject, or from recollections of a trip abroad, are hardly likely to bring about the right results. These films, when shown upon the screen, are almost atrocious; they smack with a rashness that will be unappreciated from the start.

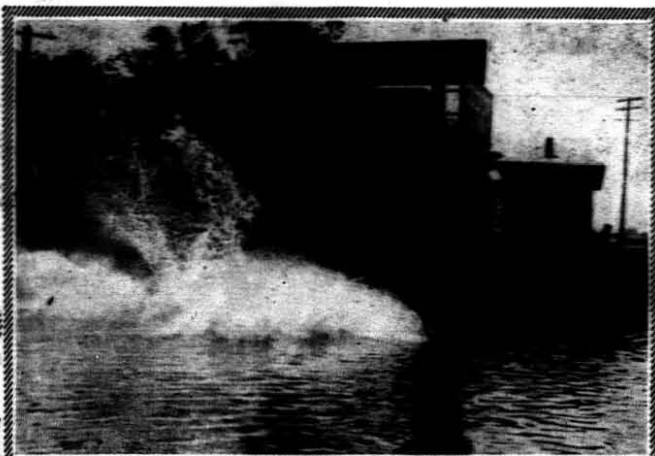
"A certain film manufactured in this country happened to show a scene of a convict march en route to Siberia. It appears from the amount of snow on the ground that the scene was taken in the dead of winter, and the director, in order to emphasize the bru-

talities of Russian soldiers to convicts, ordered them to beat the unfortunates, thereby forcing them to the ground and letting them remain there to spend the night. Of course, the treatment that the convict receives in real life at the hands of the Russian guards is none too gentle, but it is not as horrible as that shown on the screen. This is only a small instance of the exaggeration of Russian films manufactured in this country. But throughout the film an individual acquainted with Russia and one who has lived there for the greater part of his life and made it a special point to study human nature from almost every standpoint, really feels humiliated that such an impression should be made upon hundreds of moving picture patrons who are not so well versed in the conditions that prevail throughout that country.

"This is not only true of the moving pictures, but the same thing occurs in the instance of a flighty novelist, who, writing with a swift pen, does not pause to consider details and thereby loses a great deal of finesse in order to carry his point. Eventually the small impression that this film makes is obliterated, but then again it is worth while mentioning that the film is taken superficially, like most things that are trivial in this world."



James Cruze Has Probably Never Had a Part Better Suited to His Versatile Talents Than That of Jim Norton



The End of the Auto Bandits: Their Mad Race With Jim Norton and Florence Gray Ends With a Wild Plunge Into the River Off a Bridge



In the Guise of a Kindly Old Man, One of the Auto Bandits Ypage Florence



Braine Learns of Florence's Habit of Riding Every Morning With Only Her Groom in Attendance and He Plots and Schemes for Her Abduction



As a Result of Jim Norton's Fight in Florence's Behalf, the Bandit Who Was Guarding Her is Found by His Fellow Conspirators to Be Badly Mutilated

"Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE NUMBER VII

ALL STAR CAST

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire.... Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter..... Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's butler Sidney Bracy
 The Countess Olga, member of the Black Hundred
 Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred..... Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter..... James Cruze
 Susan Farlow, Florence Gray's chaperon. Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

FIERCER and fiercer becomes the struggle of the Black Hundred to capture Florence Gray and force her to disclose the whereabouts of the million dollars. They begin to terrorize all the surrounding country under the new name, "Auto Bandits." They discover that Florence is in the habit of riding every morning accompanied only by her groom. One morning they follow the two, the groom is lured back to the stables by a false alarm of fire and Florence rides on alone. She finds a man, injured, lying in the road, jumps off her horse to help him and is immediately seized by him—he is a conspirator, of course—and he forces her to go with him to a hut up the hillside. Florence pleads and pleads to be released but to no avail. But Jim Norton again comes to her rescue and after a terrible fight, single handed, he manages to get her back to the road and into his machine. The Black Hundred follow him in a mad race which ends with the wild plunge of the bandits' machine off a bridge.



It is Jim Who Finds His Way to the Lonely Cabin and Sees Florence Lying Within Bound and Gagged



Lovely Florence LaBadie and James Cruze are the Lovers Who Distract the Public's Interest from the Million Dollars

"Circle 17"

TWO-REEL REX FILM

CAST

Captain Rawdon, U. S. A. Herbert Brenon
 Professor Bartoli William Worthington
 Anita, Bartoli's daughter Anna Little
 Guiseppe Draga Frank Lloyd

SYNOPSIS

"CIRCLE 17" is the name of an Italian secret organization whose members are hounding Professor Bartoli, a musician who has unfortunately incurred their enmity. Bartoli plans to escape to America with his daughter. He is attacked, just as he is boarding the steamer but is saved from death by Captain Rawdon. A year later this same Captain Rawdon stops to buy flowers of a beautiful Italian girl whom he meets on the streets of New York, and discovers her to be the daughter of the Italian whose life he had saved. Anita gives him her father's address. A few days later, Rawdon persuades his mother to invite Bartoli to play at one of her musicals and to include his daughter in the invitation. Bartoli is alone when he receives the invitation and has to leave an address on a card with word to Anita to follow him to the Rawdons. And Anita goes to the address given on the card, little knowing that a member of "Circle 17" has broken into the house and changed it to that of a low dive. Fortunately Anita's father and Rawdon manage to trace her and to rescue her after a fearful struggle.

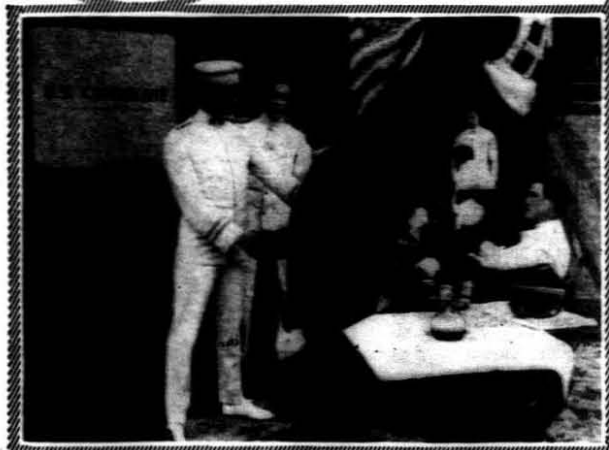
Here is a Type of Beauty
 That is Particularly
 Effective in Pictures



William Worthington as
 the Italian Music Master,
 Bartoli



"Circle 17" Had for Leader a Powerful Italian Named Guiseppe
 Draga Who Controlled These Men Absolutely



Captain Rawdon had Said Good Bye to His Chief
 and, by the Worst Chance, had Embarked on the Same
 Steamer as Did Bartoli and His Beautiful Daughter



Anita's Darkly Beautiful Face had Glowed with
 Gratitude as She Tried to Express to Rawdon
 Her Appreciation of His Brave Act



Lured to one of the Lowest Dives in the City
 by a False Address on a Card, Anita is Bound
 and Gagged and Left Lying on the Floor



Guiseppe Draga Foisted Bartoli out to the
 Member of "Circle 17" Who is to Murder
 Him



Renee Kelly is the Charming Actress Who Makes Convincing the Part of the Fascinating Vivian



On Harry's Question Harry Proclaims Complete Indifference to Vivian's Charm, Then Tells Her as to Reason to Be Introduced to Her



Hilton is the Very Man for the Part of Harry



By the End of the Week Allowed Him, Tom Has to Admit Himself Completely Deceit



It is Not a Few Days Until Harry's Pique of Indifference Has Made Vivian Absolutely Determined to Win His Admiration

"A Five Hundred Dollar Kiss"

Which Accomplishes the Reformation of a Flirt

TWO-REEL SELIG COMEDY

CAST

Vivian Swift	Renee Kelly
Tom	Maxwell Sargeant
Dick	Harold Vosburgh
Harry	Hilton Allen

SYNOPSIS

VIVIAN SWIFT is a very beautiful, very rich, very popular, and very much spoiled society girl, a flirtatious, coquettish, fickle person who becomes the unconscious object of a wager at a country club. Tom, Dick, and Harry, just back from Europe are the only young men in the country who haven't met Vivian and fallen a victim to her charms, and then been turned down. They lay a wager with the other men that each one in a week's time, will be able to kiss her. Tom's turn comes first, but by the end of the week he has to admit that he has failed. Dick has no better success. Harry pursues other tactics with the girl, pretending complete indifference, until she is driven to wooing him. As a result he falls genuinely in love with her and when he wins the kiss—with the judges hiding behind a screen as witnesses—he is ashamed of the wager, repudiates the money and marries Vivian on the spot.



While a Man's Regard is Always Flaming to a Woman, Still Tom's Longsighting Glances Came Nearer to Amusing Vivian



It Was Tom Who Had the First Chance at Winning a Kiss From Vivian, and He Began the Siege by Kissing Her Hand When He Was Introduced

Uncle Sam's Movies

Teaching Farmers Business and System

By S. C. WILLARD

THERE is no industry so vast, so profitable, so important to the nation and yet so lacking in business methods and systematic records as is farming. The average farmer will complain that his crops are bad and harvesting is below the previous year; that cultivation is more expensive and labor scarce; but when he is pinned down to figures, to the actual profit of each process of each crop he is at sea. He has kept no specific records, no written account. He can make a general statement as to the financial condition of the season, but he has no definite account as to which operation has been the cause of the profit or loss.

Usually the farmer with the immense acreage and few crops is able to answer financial ques-



The Berries Are Delivered to the Assorting Tent and an Accurate Account is Kept of the Amount Delivered

interesting story of this fruit to its serving on our own tables.

A business scene that is interesting is the strict account that is kept of the quantity of fruit delivered by each picker. As a picker turns in her tray to the overseer of the assorting tent, note is made in a specific manner of the quantity. Without waiting for this to be emptied, she is given an empty tray so as to return at once to the field. Much time is saved in this manner for both growers and labor-



Taking Account of the Produce Before the Shipment Cooperative

tions satisfactorily. But it is just as essential that the man with the small farm should keep accounts and should make his labors and outlay reap their reward as his more business-like larger producer.

With a view of creating an incentive for systematic accountancy the United States Department of Agriculture is exhibiting a series of motion picture films on co-operative farming and marketing, accentuating the business side of the operations. Through the efforts of government field experts, the farmers in many sections have come to realize that by combining their efforts and products in certain instances a surer market return may be secured. In this way time and labor are greatly reduced, and in the case of perishable commodities, products are received in the cities in the best condition.

Among the first of this group of motion pictures offered to the public is that of strawberry culture. Beginning with the setting of the plants the film tells a comprehensive and



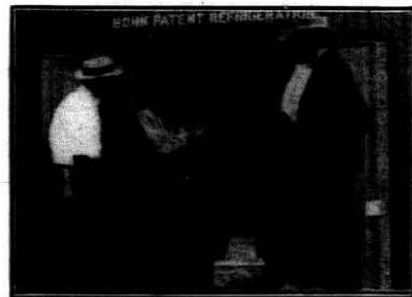
The Picker is Given an Empty Tray as Soon as She Delivers a Full One

ers. As the price paid averages seven cents a gallon, persons may earn a goodly sum during the strawberry season.

Another view of systematic accountancy is that of paying off the hands. Each laborer receives his card for the quantity of berries or the number of hours, which is delivered

to the paymaster for payment. Here entry is again made so that each process tells its whole story in its own books. Such system not only precludes causes for disputes, but it shows at any time a record of the ability of the laborers, which may be valuable in future work required. It also offers an opportunity of weeding out the indolent and encouraging the industrious.

The farmers have shown much interest in this movement of the national government to infuse business principles in agriculture. They are giving ready assistance, while the picturizing of their efforts and the viewing of their results and those of their associates has created a healthy competition which will bring out the best from the tillers of the soil.



Cooperative Shipment in Refrigerator Cars is Proving Economical

The "leaders" in these film stories give actual figures of profit and loss, so that the spectators may have specific data before them. The co-operative shipment in refrigerator cars further accentuates the business end of strawberry culture.

It is the intention of the national government to select certain crops or industries to make motion pictures of them from start to finish. The time consumed and the length or expense are of small consequence, so the definite purpose of serving the farmers is accomplished. In every instance accountancy and systematic procedure will be accentuated. The Department of Agriculture wishes to make business men out of our farmers; to let them know or find out wherein lies the leakage in the losses, and to make them realize that every effort or outlay should bring a suitable return. As the most efficient and effective way of accomplishing this end, the motion picture has been selected.

The Feature Picture Play

By MARCUS LOEW

FOUR years ago the feature photo play was practically unknown and today it is almost the sole cause of the recent enormous increase in the interest in motion pictures. It has lifted the motion picture industry from a passing amusement of the lower class of theatre-goers, unable to pay for a higher class of entertainment, to a level with the best legitimate dramas, and has won over to the side of motion pictures all classes of people, including those who can afford the higher priced entertainment. The marvelous increase in the number of theatres devoted solely to the exploitation and exhibition of photoplays is due solely to the feature picture.

When we first started to exhibit motion pictures the reels were all short, few, if any, being over 500 feet in length, and many even shorter. They were on no particular subject, and when an exhibitor advertised "motion pictures" he

seemed to think that was enough to draw patronage. Cheap actors were used, the photography was defective, the stories poorly written and the scenarios carelessly constructed. Only the wonder of the picture and the novelty of the thing made them a success.

For several years, altogether too long, this continued; until gradually the competition between film producers became so great and the profits looked up so largely, that the best of the producers began to hit upon new plans to dispose of their pictures.

We were showing motion pictures exclusively in some of our theatres at that time, and motion pictures and vaudeville in others, using the short reels between the acts. At first we used acts as a relief from the monotony of motion pictures, which were almost our sole drawing card, but gradually, as the tastes of the public changed, the vaudeville became more

important in some of our theatres. At this time we were showing from four to six reels of pictures at each performance, sandwiched in between the acts. We never advertised particular pictures, and they were no especial drawing card, merely helping to fill out the show.

At the present time we are showing in our New York theatres such stars as Mary Pickford, who draws everywhere; "The Port of Missing Men," Edward Abels in "Brewster's Millions," Wallace Eddinger and original Broadway cast in "The Great Diamond Robbery," Bruce McRae in "The Ring and the Man."

So confident are we of the future of feature photo plays that we are arranging now to send one a week over our western circuit starting first in New York, in addition to our vaudeville show. It will be absolutely the best we can buy, which we will try before it goes out, and will be shown in each city first. It has proved a success in New York, and will undoubtedly be even a greater success throughout the west.

Feature photo plays will live forever, but will shortly be seen in two reel form, as that variety seems to be the most popular.

CALIFORNIA

The Birthplace of Dramatic Talent

IN THE theatrical profession are several questions which apparently are unanswerable. One of the most marvelous of these is why such an enormous number of people talented histrionically, come from California. Statistics for the past forty years show that California contributes more high grade professionals than any other ten states—a fact which has been generally known and which seldom receives even a suggestion of an explanation. It remained for little Margaret Gibson, the leading lady of the Vitagraph Company in Santa Monica, Calif., to offer the most unique, and at the same time, satisfying explanations ever made for this remarkable condition of affairs.

In a recent interview Miss Gibson declared that the men folks of California are primarily responsible for this condition, so far as girls are concerned. She said: "Before the western girls are sent to school, they are taught how to ride a horse. By the time they graduate, they can ride anything that has four feet and wears hair. Bathing parties all the year around means that swimming is like talking—every girl knows how. A girl's first ride in an automobile is the occasion of her first lesson in handling the car. Sailing a boat or handling a motor craft are two things that the men always insist upon teaching the girls. Camping in the mountains means self-reliance and naturally they learn how to shoot, fish and 'rough it.' Throwing a lariat is equally as fascinating as tennis. Golf in no way is superior to the 'cross-country hikes. Dancing, music, bridge and all other so-called girls' amusements, are familiar to the lassies of California, so it looks as if the western girl generally possesses the accomplishments of both the men and women of other sections.

"And in California one often comes in contact with inhabitants from the Orient. Hindoos, Japanese, Chinese and the mysterious visitors from the East, all possess their attractions and characteristics, and the California girl, noting them at first hand, naturally imbibes a much broader view of these people than the girl who never personally sees them. Mexicans of all classes, people from Central and South America, Hawaiians, Australians, Malays and all sorts of types are found in greater profusion than in any other place in the United States. The real American Indians, such as one often reads about, but seldom sees, is often seen in the West. In addition to all these interesting folk, inhabitants from every country under the sun come to California to see its wonders. Beyond question, California is the most cosmopolitan territory of its size in the entire world. Is it any wonder that the girls of California have broader views of life, better ideas of humanity in general and a wider knowledge of the quaint characteristics of those from foreign shores than possessed by men and women who are denied the pleasure of meeting these fascinating foreigners?"

"California itself has much to do with the subject. It is the garden spot of the world.

By RALPH J. MAYNARD



Photo by Wetzel

Miss Gibson, Although Only Eighteen, is a Big Star and a Fond Lover of Her Native State

Within twenty miles of Los Angeles snow can be found all the year around, as well as the most tropical vegetation. No place in all the world can boast of such a wonderful variety of climate, scenery and conditions. Arid deserts, beautiful mountains, dismal swamps, magnificent forests, wonderful rivers and waterfalls, the sea at its best, the most rugged natural scenery in the world—all are to be found in California. And strangest of all is the fact that most of

these marvels of nature are in the territory adjacent to Los Angeles.

Is it any wonder that Los Angeles is the motion picture paradise? Is it any more marvelous that the residents of California know and understand life and conditions in a broader sense than people from other sections? Is it surprising that people who have the broadest views and the best understanding of life in general—of nature in nearly all of its many conditions, of the pleasures, pastimes and sports of the many different people inhabiting the globe, are better fitted mentally, to become prominent histrionically or pictorially?

As it is generally an accepted fact that the knowledge of life is the prime requisite of a successful player, providing, of course, sufficient soul is possessed to express emotion, it appears that Miss Gibson's remarkable explanation of California's personnel superiority is well-founded. It is a huge question that the little Vitagraph star attempts to answer, and the simplicity and directness of her ideas indicates a far better

understanding of life than her youth would designate. And considering these facts, it hardly seems remarkable that Miss Gibson, at eighteen, is the star of the most important branch of one of the most important motion picture concerns in the world. Miss Gibson inherits a great deal of the popularity of her parents, who were both professional entertainers of no small fame. When she was but twelve years of age she made her first appearance on the stage in Denver, Colorado. Before she was fifteen years old, Margaret was playing ingenue roles in a stock company in Colorado Springs and in 1912 did her first work before the motion picture camera, and, after a few months, was playing leads. Her rise has been rapid—almost meteoric—but that it is well deserved is shown by her present popularity.

Back of the Footlights



MISS RUTH STONEHOUSE, "The Colorado Girl," star of the Essanay Company and graceful dancer, was the attraction extraordinary at the recent opening of the new theatre de luxe, The Plaza, in Denver, her home city. Miss Stonehouse's appearance in person in this theatre created no little stir as it was her first appearance in dramatic work and the signal honor of having the charming artiste's return to the city of her birth to launch this new theatre which embodies the higher ideals of the silent art was accorded this most successful of Colorado's people of the screen. Miss Stonehouse arrived in Denver on the afternoon of her opening day and was met by hundreds of her admirers and former friends who welcomed her triumphant return to the city of her birth.

MOVIE NEWS

A Summary of the Week's Happenings in the Moving Picture World

Bunn Helpless

JOHN BUNNY of the Vitagraph Players was out an afternoon's enjoyment and, incidentally, was compelled to spend a bad half hour squeezed in a dumbwaiter because of the pranks of a quartette of stage hands. Bunny is a great friend of John H. Daily, manager of the Pittsburgh Nationals, and when the Pirates play New York or Brooklyn is the recipient of a pass for self and family.

Prior to the recent Pittsburgh-Brooklyn series the pass came duly to hand and on the day of the opening game Bunny in his hurry to get through his work at the studio in time to see the game accidentally dropped the bit of pasteboard on the floor. A stage hand found the pass, and seeing a chance to make a good fellow of himself, conspired with several of his fellow craftsmen to see the game at Bunny's expense.

In the picture in which the genial comedian was working he was required to squeeze himself in a dumbwaiter and be hauled up some fifteen feet through a chute. When half way up, the stage hand conspirators, who were operating the elevator, stopped it, tied the rope and left for the game, leaving Bunny securely fastened in his narrow quarters.

Needless to state, Bunny was released, but not until he had time to think up several hundred different kinds of torture to be meted out to the conspirators should he lay hands on them.

Injunction Suit

A COPYRIGHT injunction suit was recently filed in the United States District Court to restrain the Broadway Picture Reduction Company and the Eagle Feature Film Company from producing a photoplay entitled "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which is said to be patterned after the novel of that name written by John Fox, Jr. The plaintiffs are Mr. Fox, the author of the book; Charles Scribner and Sons, the publishers; and Klaw and Erlanger, who produced a dramatized version of the novel.

Engines Crash

TWO thousand persons recently saw the making of thrills for the movies at Wharton, N. J. Two engines collided on a trestle about fifty feet above the ground. One of the engines was knocked off the track. When it struck the ground there was an explosion which completely wrecked it.

The engines were old ones, owned by the Wharton Iron and Steel Company.

Half a dozen movie men and women enacted the thriller, which was to end with the collision. The engines were started so that they would meet in the centre of the trestle. The engineers jumped off in time to avoid being injured.

A New Studio

THE William A. Brady Picture Plays Corporation now occupies its newly completed studio at Fort Lee, N. J., one of the largest and most fully equipped moving picture plants in the world. At the opening of September, releases will be begun at the rate of one in each month, but this number will be increased as the organization gets into perfect running order.

Land Sold by Movies

TO USE motion pictures as a means of selling lots is the unique plan adopted by C. W. Tebault, of Albany, N. Y., general sales manager of the Portsmouth Land Company, which is handling the townsite of Portsmouth, on Coos Bay.

Mr. Tebault has had pictures taken of the Portsmouth tract and of Marshfield, North Bend and other Coos Bay points, and also has procured pictures showing the various industries there. With his outfit loaded onto two automobiles, he will tour the state.

Mr. Tebault says that prospects refuse to buy land without having seen it and having investigated the character of the country and, as his firm cannot afford to take the people to Coos Bay, it decided to take the country to the prospective purchasers via the motion picture route.

Gerhart Hauptmann in the Movies

THE name and fame of Gerhart Hauptmann are known the world over to men of letters and lovers of the best in literature. This distinguished German has proved himself a many-minded author. Perhaps the best fiction work that has come from the pen of Gerhart Hauptmann is "Atlantis," a novel of exceptional strength and power, which has recently been done into moving pictures at a cost of \$75,000.

It combines the elements of heart interest, travel and sensational incident, including the sinking of a giant Trans-Atlantic liner in mid-ocean. Herr Hauptmann is in the zenith of his power. He won the \$40,000 Nobel prize in literature with the story of "Atlantis" and when the Great Northern Film Company proposed to this master of dramatic detail that the story be perpetuated for posterity by means of moving pictures he raised strenuous objections.

Being a man of letters, without knowledge of the infinite possibilities of modern stagecraft, he could not bring himself to believe that the sinking of the steamer, Roland, for instance, could be realistically depicted by means of moving picture cameras. There were other obstacles which he considered insurmountable, but in the end he was convinced and not only gave his willing consent, but his wonderful ingenuity in a co-operative way.

H. A. Jones in Films

HENRY ARTHUR JONES, the English playwright who slipped into New York several days ago, has arranged to have his plays done in this country in moving pictures, and, having sold the rights to his dramas, will sail for home today on the Olympic. Daniel Frohman, who at one time controlled the dramatic rights to all of Mr. Jones' plays in this country, and who is now the managing director of the Famous Players Film Company, made the arrangements for the film rights with the dramatist yesterday.

Mr. Jones, with Mr. Frohman and Adolph Zukor, President of the Famous Players Company, spent some time in viewing the making of a movie scene of "Behind the Scenes," a play of theatrical life by Margaret Mayo, in the film version of which Mary Pickford will play the leading role.

Hard Luck

TENANTS of the office and loft building at 145 West Forty-fifth street, New York, were astonished by the reports that the Fire Department might order the building closed. The reason assigned for the possible action was the location of many film concerns, with their highly inflammable stock, in the building.

Interest and anxiety naturally was aroused in the minds of such of the immediately concerned as heard the rumor, although careful questioning showed no inkling of the news had reached a large number of the inmates.

The building generally is rated as "fire-proof" and the reason for this imminent action on the part of the Fire Department is because of the large number of fires in film manufactories and store-houses in New York, Philadelphia and other cities.

The building in question is a veritable nest of feature film concerns. In addition it is the home of the Dramatic Mirror. James Montgomery Flagg has a studio there and the De Mille Agency moved out only a short while ago. George Chooos and Max J. Landau are among the managers having offices there. The Broadway Music Company, the Joe Morris Music Company and the Enterprise Music Company are among the other tenants.

Acting Hippos

JEALOUS of the fame gained by other celebrities, the three Central Park hippos, Miss Murphy, a 3,600-pound ingenue; Caliph II, in heavy parts, and three-months-old Congo in baby roles, entered the movie field under the management of Keeper Bill Snyder before a select crowd at the Central Park Zoo, New York.

With four moving picture cameras focussed on them, they made their debut on a gang-plank built from their Winter quarters to the open enclosure, where they can splash about with more freedom and enjoy the torrid weather which is said to be the sort a hippopotamus delights in.

One Reel a Day

DAVID HORSLEY'S announcement that he will produce seven one-reel comedies each week and distribute them through twenty-nine especially organized offices covering the United States, Canada, Europe and South America, marks a most important development in the world of motion pictures.

"The fundamental reason for the sweeping success of the motion picture show," says Mr. Horsley, "was the cheapness of admission and the variety and constant change of programme, which appealed to the people who 'just drop in' now and then, and, above all, to the children. Childhood must be served. The little ones, in nine cases out of ten, bring the big ones, who finally become 'fans.' The showman who fails to reckon with the kiddies is overlooking his one best bet."

"With the one-reel comedy plan, I am building for the future as well as the present. Comedies have always been in great demand, but the supply has never been adequate because so few of the manufacturers have solved the problem of production."

"My new plans are already completed and the work of production and office organization is well under way, and the first releases will be made in the early fall."

"A" OF ESSANAY

(Continued from page 9)

be ridiculed for entertaining foolish ideas.

But Anderson argued his point.

"I'm not interested," Blackton declared. "No one will buy a thousand foot film."

Anderson was insistent. He told Blackton that the Edison Company was doing with their train robbery picture, and finally convinced him that he knew a plot equally as good. The result was a film called "Raffles, the Gentleman Burglar," and Anderson was the Raffles of the play.

As Anderson had predicted, it proved a big hit. It was one of the early big money-making films, and was exhibited by Barnum and Bailey all over the world. Anderson himself went on the road with the picture, and the Vitagraph Company exploited the subject all over the country, privately. It made a small fortune and established Anderson as a picture actor.

Now the story shifts to George K. Spoor, who was the next man Anderson interested in some of his ideas—one of them being to make Western photoplays.

Spoor was born in Highland Park, Illinois. This takes us back to December 18, 1871, when Highland Park was more of a milk station than anything else.

His attendance at the grammar school at Waukegan, Illinois, was necessitated by his parents buying property there, and it was from this town that he started his commercial career. Like most youths of ambition, school was terrible penalty to him, and it was with a sigh of relief that he started to work for the North-Western Railroad, when he was but sixteen years of age. His rise with this corporation was not a phenomenal one, but before he left he held a fairly good position in the passenger department. It was almost an unheard of thing for a boy of his age to secure a position of any importance at that time. When his duties at the office were finished for the day, Spoor took delight in piloting an engine about the freight yards. Although this amused and interested him greatly, he didn't seem to have the ambition to be an engineer.

Early in the year of 1895, Spoor met a Mr. E. H. Ammet, inventor and builder of the magniscope. Ammet had a good thing—his was an invention to project motion pictures and quite an improvement over the Edison projector of that period—and Spoor, with the money he had saved while railroading, financed the proposition. It was then that Edison was manufacturing short length films running from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet in length, devoted to scenes and the like, though quite a revelation. The Magniscope, as can be noted by its name, was a magnifier of little pictures, and proved quite a success.

Two years later Mr. E. J. Bell invented and patented what was known as the Kinedrome, also a projecting machine and quite an improvement over anything used by picture producers. Again Spoor invested his money in an uncertain thing, but he hit the nail on the head a second time.

Given the exclusive rights on the machine, Spoor established a complete machine and motion picture film service on the Orpheum Circuit, and as many other vaudeville houses as desired, but which did not conflict with his arrangement with the Orpheum houses. This investment proved to be a huge success, the annual profits running into six figures.

Next, Spoor established a film exchange in Chicago, and began to think he had about gobbled up all the avenues of revenue possible until Gilbert M. Anderson came along and urged Spoor to go into the manufacturing business.

"If you'll put up the money I'll do all the work," said Anderson, and they entered into an agreement then and there. Three weeks later Anderson had completed his first picture—a Western drama made in South Chicago. It looked like the real thing, however, and was so good that the two men immediately organized the "S and A. Film Manufacturing Company." Shortly after beginning operations this name was changed so as to read, Essanay. It was agreed that the firm specialize in comedies and Western productions, the latter to be staged in the heart of the West just as soon as producing

conditions demanded. The comedies, it was decided, were to be five hundred feet in length and the dramas of one thousand feet.

From the start the Western subjects, with their atmosphere of the plains and buck-skin, showing the cowboy in all his pristine glory and traversing his native soil with his brusque means of meting out justice, proved popular with the public. Picture patrons came to know the character who always assumed the leading role, regardless of the fact that his name was not flashed on the screen. Boys began to call him "Broncho Billy," and when Anderson heard of this, he didn't object. He just decided it a pretty good name and went on writing, producing and acting, but now as "Broncho Billy."

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

After making Western subjects for almost a year around Chicago, Anderson organized a company of players and left for Montana. He soon found producing conditions so bad there that he tried the Dakotas, and then Wyoming. The weather didn't permit the right sort of work, and photography was very bad.

Then he located in California—the land of perpetual sunshine, and today, the Essanay western organization is located at Niles, California, one of the most beautiful spots in the whole state. Two companies of players work there—the "Broncho Billy" company and a comedy company.

For the past four years Gilbert M. Anderson has written, and produced the majority of all the Essanay Western pictures. Further, he has played the leading role in almost every Western drama produced by the Essanay company since 1907. His drama stands out in a way that makes them peculiarly his own. His plots, while simple, have still dramatic value and are of a higher standard than most of the alleged Western photoplays, which, as a rule, are elemental in character and reveal the outcome of the story almost in the opening scene. Every Anderson-Essanay production is marked by lively action, and plenty of thrills, unless it be a comedy. Incidentally, he is as good a comedy producer as can be found.

To record that a picture player has had many narrow escapes from death sounds like springing a chest-nut. Nevertheless, Anderson, or "Broncho Billy," as you prefer, has undergone some very trying situations, as was instanced during the production of "Broncho Billy's Bible."

The climax of the picture demanded the portraying of a thrilling hand-to-hand conflict between "Broncho Billy" and the villain—Fredrick Church, on the very edge of a precipice. The scene was rehearsed a number of times without mishap, and "Broncho" had stationed the camera operator across the yawning chasm in a splendid position for the filming of the struggle.

The camera began to grind and the two men began their struggle. After the preliminary incident of disarming the villain, "Broncho" grappled with him. The "business" called for a quick break on the very edge of the precipice, in which both men spring back for a breathing spell, then clinch again. "Broncho" called for the break while his back was to the yawning chasm. Both men sprang back, then the villain screamed with horror at seeing "Broncho" stumble, fall heavily, and disappear over the edge of the precipice. Church, the villain, fell flat and peered over into the chasm, then gave a shout for joy, for a large protruding tree-root, some five feet down the side of the cliff had saved "Broncho's" life and he was clinging desperately to it while his body hung suspended in mid-air. The camera-man across the way was so horrified he was unable to say a word. Church yelled to "Broncho" to hold on until a rope could be secured, and finally arousing the camera-man to action, they lowered a noose-rope, fastened it about one leg, twisted it about his body and pulled him to safety. It was the narrowest escape of his life.

The Essanay's big feature productions like "One Wonderful Night" are produced in the mammoth Chicago studio, which is located on the north shore of Lake Michigan. Five direct-

ors are kept constantly at work at the Chicago plant, which is a veritable labyrinth of possibilities in photography production, containing every conceivable article which could possibly be used in the making of picture plays, each one in its place, labeled, and at hand within a minute's notice. There is a complete lighting system which alone costs a small fortune, and which merely requires a few seconds' manipulation, and presto, the director can secure light in any spot in the studio, and have his lamps in any position desired. Only one who has worked 'neath the arcs can appreciate how valuable is this arrangement.

In the contingent of Essanay Chicago players is Francis X. Bushman, who, as a matinee idol of the movies, is close on the heels of "Broncho Billy."

Messrs. Spoor and Anderson learned early in their career as picture producers that there is only one thing that can accomplish the highest possible standard in motion pictures—money. Working on this principle, Essanay has been lavish in its expenditures, letting nothing hinder them in the consummation of their purpose to produce the best there is in the motion picture art. They have set their heart on making the name, Essanay, the supreme word in the world of motion picture manufacturers, and it looks as though they are soon to accomplish their purpose. The spirit which placed George K. Spoor and Gilbert M. Anderson in the foremost ranks as picture producers is still urging them to bigger and better things. It is their claim that they are still pioneering, but on a more advanced scale, with more modern equipment and more improved appliances. Where many have sat back and lolled in comfort in watching the results of their early efforts, these two enterprising individuals, exercising the same foresight they did when entering the business, are striving towards a bigger attainment than that they have already reached.

They are builders—these two picturesque men—builders of the motion picture business as a business and as an art, and they have been raised to fortune and eminence solely through pursuing this policy.

They are constructionists, and they continue to erect. "Broncho Billy" and his pal will bear watching.

Submarine Movies

THE unique work of Carl Gregory of the Thanhouser Company in making movies under the ocean is the subject of a report of the U. S. Consul at Nassau in the Bahamas.

Mr. William F. Doty, our Consul at Nassau, has just reported the successful operation of a submarine motion picture camera recently invented by an American photographer. No machine previously invented has been efficient at a submersion of more than two or three feet, but with this apparatus submarine pictures have been taken in Nassau harbor showing with great clearness the marine gardens, fish of many varieties, old wrecks with divers working among them, anchors at a depth of a hundred feet and the movements of sharks and other submarine dangers.

The apparatus consists of "a flexible metallic tube, twenty inches in diameter composed of a series of units or sections of overlapping hinges set in a vertical position, though the tube may be suspended at any desired angle. The pressure of the water bends the joints inward and causes the hinges to fall downward; thus the weight is increased, the different sections are easily lowered and the tube becomes automatically poised, even when the float or barge above is being rocked by the waves. A strong rubber covering renders the tube impervious to water."

The pictures are taken from a spherical terminal chamber at the lower end of the tube, ordinary atmospheric conditions being maintained by keeping the upper end open. A funnel six feet long (to assure the proper focus for work) in the shape of a truncated cone is attached to the terminal chamber, with a glass port one and one-half inches thick at the larger (outer) end. During ordinary daylight artificial light has not been found necessary to get good pictures.

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

August 1

AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS, who in a number of heroic and character roles has made a name for himself with followers of Edison pictures, as recall some of his recent effective work in such pictures as "Seraphina's Love Affair," "Molly, the Drummer Boy," and "The Two Doctors."



MADAME TRAVESSE, who has lately delighted us all by her work in the Western company of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," preceding which she was seen in "Joseph and His Brethren."

HARRY FENWICK, one of our best-known stock actors, with an enthusiastic following in cities like Cincinnati, St. Louis and Kansas City.

FLORENCE LECLERCQ, who was a shining light in Annie Russell's company last season, playing Lady Snervell in "The School for Scandal," afterward appearing briefly in "The Blindness of Virtue."

S. V. PHILLIPS, one of the fortunate actors who was identified with the New York company of "Within the Law."

GRACE CAMERON, who has a most loyal set of admirers in the field of vaudeville and musical comedy.

STANLEY G. WOOD, who plays juvenile roles in stock and who has figured in numerous special feature films from time to time.

SARAH BROOKE, the popular London actress, lately seen in the British capital in "The Green Cockatoo," at the Vaudeville Theatre.

MORTIMER M. THEISE, the theatrical producer, whose name will ever be associated with that burlesque success of yesterday, "Wine, Woman and Song."

WINIFRED EMERY, wife of the successful London actor, Cyril Maude, and whose non-appearance here in her husband's support last season was the cause for general regret.

J. H. GILMOUR, the successful leading man of yesterday, now retired and a member of the dramatic staff of the Chicago Musical College.

EVA WILLIAMS, of the vaudeville team of Williams and Tucker, of the immortal "Skinny's Finish" renown.

August 2

WILLIAM NORTON, who recently concluded the rare feat of appearing in two different plays at one and the same time, these being "Within the Law" and "Under Cover," which were running in Boston, at the Majestic and Plymouth Theatres, respectively.



HELEN F. COHAN, the talented mother of the only George M., and who is always to be seen in the support of her son, most recently appearing in "Broadway Jones."

CLAUDE GILLINGWATER, who has enjoyed great popularity in vaudeville in the sketch "Wives of the Rich," in which he will continue another season.

DELLA PRINGLE, the repertoire star, whose name is a household word with theatregoers in our Western states.

ST. CLAIR BAYFIELD, of the George Arliss alumni, having for four years appeared with that actor in "Disraeli."

MARGARET LAWRENCE, the pretty ingenue actress, well remembered in the original production of "Over Night," but who married and left the stage about three years ago.

FORREST ROBINSON, never to be forgotten for his telling acting in "The Fortune Hunter," since when he has appeared in "The Master of the House" and "The Smouldering Flame."

CLARA REYNOLDS SMITH, who does highly efficient work in various character and grand dame roles.

WILSON S. ROSS, who was for some time a member of David Belasco's forces.

August 3

HELEN FREEMAN, the young David Belasco protege who, after an apprenticeship in various Belasco dramas, as understudy, made something of a hit last season as the heroine in "The Man Inside."

LYDIA YAVORSKA, the Russian actress, who last season leased the Ambassadors Theatre, London, where she produced "Mile. Fif," "I Love You," "A Daughter of France," and "Anna Karenina."

FRANCIS BYRNE, whose name is to be found upon a Broadway program regularly each season, his most notable recent work being in "The Conspiracy" and "The Rule of Three."

ANNIE A. ADAMS, whose immortal fame will rest upon the fact that she is the mother of Maude Adams, and who now lives in semi-retirement in Salt Lake City, only appearing very rarely nowadays behind the footlights.

LILA RHODES, the nimble-footed wife of the clever Charles King, and who is generally to be found in the same cast as her husband, notably in "The Little Millionaire."

BILLY V. VAN, who, with the Beaumont Sisters, makes merry in our various vaudeville theatres.

LILLIAN DIX, the character actress, whose most recent work has been in the cast of "Little Women."

CHRISTINE NILSSON, the famous grand opera singer, who retired these many years ago and who now resides in Germany.

JAC TUCKER, the male end of the variety team of Williams and Tucker, and who is one of our greatest low comedy funmakers.

MAY HOPKINS, the pulchritudinous show girl beauty, who has adorned many a Broadway musical production in her time.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN, author of the popular tale, "Felicity," which has many times been reported as being in process of dramatization.

ALAN J. HOLBURN, of California stock training, and who has appeared in the East in various traveling companies, notably "Everywoman."

August 4

WALTER HALE, the well-known legitimate actor whose features are familiar to screen patrons through his portrayal of Black Michael in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and as Tallyrand in "The Lightning Conductor."

ROSETTA BRICE, who has played leads in countless Lubin releases, being to the fore in both "Michael Strogoff" and "The Greater Treasure."

HARRY LAUDER, the world-famous Scotch singer and whose visage is not unknown to the screen, as recall the "Harry Lauder Talking Pictures," which are now high in favor.

ETHYLE COOK, whose versatility has been put to the test times without number in Thanhouser films, with which company she has been identified for the past three years.

WALTER THOMAS, who has appeared in various special releases at different times and who, no matter what else he may ever do behind the footlights, will always be best remembered in "Secret Service."

LOIS FRANCES CLARK, the inimitably clever character actress, who was vastly amusing last season in the support of Elsie Ferguson in "The Strange Woman."

BERNARD DICKERSON, lately seen in vaudeville, and most agreeably recalled in the original production of "The Midnight Sons."

MAY MACKENZIE, the sprightly soubrette, of happy Weber and Fields memory, but who has now retired from the stage, devoting herself to newspaper work.

BILLY NORTON, who also seems to have left



the stage, she, too, having been a conspicuous figure in numerous musical plays in times gone by.

ROSINA ZALENSKA, who has appeared in numerous traveling and stock companies and who also has a following in vaudeville, where she played a dramatic sketch for several seasons.

August 5

FLORENCE BURNSMORE, late in stock in Philadelphia and Cincinnati, and now playing in vaudeville, presenting the sketch, "Telling Father," in which she has Walter Lewis as co-star.

H. B. IRVING, the distinguished son of a famous sire, known to audiences upon both sides of the Atlantic, one of his recent successes being "the Grand Seigneur."

DELIA DE WOLFE, the radiant stage beauty of yesterday, who remains steadfast in her determination to abandon the stage, making her home these days in Spain.

WALTER JONES, of happy "Baby Mine" fame, and more recently seen in Chicago in "The Third Party."

MARIE ILLINGTON, who recently concluded two seasons in the role of Mrs. Beamish in the melodrama, "The Whip."

E. Y. BACKUS, last season stage manager of Margaret Anglin's company in her Shakespearean revivals.

JOSEPH BRENNAN, who is now in the midst of a very happy engagement in "The Dummy," at the Hudson Theatre.

REGINALD OWEN, who plays juvenile roles in various London theatres, seen there recently in "A Place in the Sun," "Where the Rainbow Ends" and "A Social Success."

August 6

JANET DUNBAR, who is now looked upon as the luckiest of actresses, having been selected by Selwyn & Co., to play the title role in "The Salamander."

JULIAN L'ESTRANGE, seen most recently in "The Yellow Ticket," and who is to appear this season in "Innocent."

VIRGINIA EARL, the musical comedy star of great popularity, but whom we do not see behind the footlights as often as we used to.

ALFRED KENDRICK, whom we recall in the support of Julia Marlowe, and last here, the season of 1910-11, with Julia Neilson and Fred Terry.

HAZEL MILLER, of stock company renown, for some time a member of the Poli forces, playing ingenue roles.

August 7

BILLIE BURKE, who is to continue under Charles Frohman's management, offering "Jerry," after which she is to have a new play, before the season's end.

LEW DOCKSTADER, the minstrel king, whom we are soon to see in the pictures in the Civil War play, "Dan," as offered by the All-Star Feature Corporation.

THEODORE MARSTON, whose name needs no introduction to devotees of Vitagraph films, with which company he has been identified for some time.

FREDERICK A. THOMSON, late with Vitagraph, and now one of the star producers for the Famous Players Company.

ETTA BRYAN, who, along with Edith Storey, was one of the youngsters in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and who now plays sketches in vaudeville.

GEORGE T. MEECH, who lately concluded his season in the support of Donald Brian in "The Marriage Market."

JOHN W. RANSONSE, who is to fare forth again in his inimitable creation of Hans Wagner in "The Prince of Pilsen."



WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

THE motion picture manufacturers are all happy and the artists in their element, for the weather is simply perfect, bright sunny days without being too hot. They can ask nothing better. I paid a brief visit to the Selig Zoo the other day, and I imagine that August will about see the wonderful new buildings, animal houses and the surrounding wall completed, and in all my travels I have never seen a more complete or beautiful zoo. Arthur Benton, who designed the Mission Inn at Riverside, is the architect for the mission walls which will enclose this huge space, and I learn that the well-known circus man, John C. Robinson, will be in charge of Messrs. Lion, Tiger and Company.

Billy Garwood was down from Santa Barbara with some news. William was over to have a look at his onion farm and gave good reports of it and of the father and mother who live there. Garwood is one of the many good sons in the movie world. He says that Henry Otto has arrived to take over one of the American companies, whilst Thomas Ricketts produces the American's first big special feature—he told me the particulars and the name, but I gave my word not to mention it just yet, so must keep faith. Sydney Ayres is preparing some special photoplays to feature Garwood, for which we will all be glad, and Harry Pollard with Margarita Fischer has just completed a charming comedy, "A Midsummer's Love Tangle," with little Kathie Fischer figuring largely in it. Kathie is going to a convent school and is growing in height, cleverness and sweetness. He, moreover, told me that George Field and Winifred Greenwood were really very badly shaken up in their motorcycle accident, and that George was out, but that his clever wife would be confined to the house for some days yet.

Little Mae Marsh was in my office today, and she is such an unspoiled, delightful girl—no affectation at all. She speaks so nicely of her companions at the Reliance studios, and says that Lillian Gish, and indeed her sister Dorothy, too, are sweet girls. It is quite a treat to hear her speak of all her "rivals," and she does not do it for effect, either. Mae Marsh is taking the part of a fourteen-year-old girl in "The Clansman," which is being produced by that genius, David W. Griffith, and Henry Walthall, Robert Harron, Lillian Gish and Mary Alden all have big parts in this fine photoplay.

They are conscientious artists at the Mutual, for Harron has reduced his weight, Donald Crisp has shaved his head and Mary Alden is wearing pads in her nostrils to help the realism of "The Clansman." They all do it so cheerfully, too, and without its being suggested to them.

The Oz studios are very interesting to visit at this time, and one can almost imagine that one is in fairyland. At present they are busy on the "Patchwork Girl." Fred Woodward, who was for so long with Frank Baum in his productions, is one of the most interesting actors there, and it is up to him to prove that he can "get his actions over," even if he is completely covered up with some animal skin. He appears to be doing it, too. Little Marie Wayne, who is the "Ginger" in the "Patchwork Girl," takes naturally to the movies, and actually cancelled contracts in London to go with Mr. Baum. She says it is awfully good to be able to have her evenings to herself.

I hear that Hobart Bosworth is busy upon a three-reeler, one of his own stories, and that Myrtle Stedman, who was seen here last week in "The Valley of the Moon," takes the female lead.

J. Arthur Nelson of the U. J. Company, operating at San Diego, called as he passed through from the East and on his way back "home" and showed me his distribution contracts. He is full of enthusiasm as regards the future of his company to which he is going to add.

Was out to see the Robbins people. They are hustling in great shape, and since Jesse Robbins returned from the East with a three-a-week contract in his pocket, both he and his right-hand man, Fred Dawes, have been kept busy. Robbins got over a novel stunt in a recent picture. He persuaded the entire chorus of a musical comedy show in town to go to the studio in a number of autos after the show and there, with his special lighting apparatus, he took them all in a big ballroom scene. It was a clever bit of business.

Ray Myers recently returned from the Miller Ranch at Bliss, Oklahoma, and he phoned me that he has again joined the N. Y. M. P. Company and will appear in Domino-Kay-Bee-Bronco films. Ray was with them once before. On Saturday last, Edwin August folded his tent and departed for New York upon some private business. Edwin left some good, staunch friends behind him who hope to see him back again soon, besides that automobile will be catching cold in storage.

It was "Captain Alvarez" night at Woodley's Theatre on the 9th, and William D. Taylor, who is directing with the Balboa Company at Long Beach, and who was the Captain Alvarez in the big Vitaphone picture, was recognized and had to make a speech. Billy was not a bit flustered and gave an excellent little speech. All the Vitaphone bunch were there, as well as many actors and actresses from other studios. Now we are looking forward to seeing Carlyle Blackwell in "The Spitfire."

Reginald Barker of the Kay-Bee has just returned from the Grand Canon, where a number of scenes were taken for the important five-reel feature picture in which W. S. Hart is featured. Hart is the actor who was in the original productions of "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." Charlie French is back with the Kay Bee, and Charles Ray, who I met a while ago, says that his director is putting on a play in which he will play a weak-willed youngster opposite Gladys Brockwell. By the way, Charlie is the recipient of a hand-painted portrait of himself, sent by a young lady in Ambleton, Wisconsin. Name, please?

It is surprising how popular THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is around the studios, when one considers the short time it has been in existence, and as I go from studio to studio the artists stop me and say, "Mind you put in something about me."

By a contract, recently terminated with the Liebler Company, the California Motion Picture Corporation has secured the exclusive motion-picture rights to "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which, through its pathos and humor, has delighted both as a novel and an offering on the legitimate stage. Alice Hegar Rice, who wrote the book and collaborated on the play, is now ranked, through strength of it, as one of the foremost of American writers. Her advice and criticisms have been an invaluable factor in the preparation of the motion-picture scenario.

J. P. McGowan of the Kalem Company has shaved his head. Of course he looks like a convict; they all do when they are thataway. Helen Holmes suggested that they put on a convict story—so a convict story is now in the making.

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The Movies

(Continued from page 7)

upon which crudely framed, ill taken photographs rested and the doorman's only decoration was what is commonly termed a "cauliflower ear."

I visited many of these monstrosities—but enough of the sawdust days.

The Strand Theatre amply overbalances any dozen miserable photoplay houses in Greater New York. What magnificence, what foresight, what giant strides in a few years!

Entering the lobby of the house, one is first impressed by the very dignity of the advertising display. It does justice to the elaborateness of the interior and the beauty of the performance.

I sat three hours in a loge box at the Strand, seventy feet from the screen, and witnessed the entire programme. First came a very funny picture of Ford Sterling in one of his far-fetched characters. It was a fast and funny picture of its kind; possessed no particular dramatic value, but added variety to the bill. Then came the topical review. Events of the previous week, picturized. Actual scenes of interest and universal value from the news standpoint, shown within a few days, then a few operatic singers of no mean ability, and then "The Master Mind," with the excellent actor, Edmund Breese, in his original role in that play.

Truly, the advance of photography from 1909 to 1914 compares favorably with the advance of lighting from the candle to the electric stage.

"The Master Mind" was the third Lasky picture to come under my view. I had been in communication with Mr. Lasky for some time, and so impressed with his products did I become that we finally arranged for the picturization of my plays.

The motion picture needs no sponsor. Advancing at herculean strides, they are creating their own clientele, their own sponsors—the men, women and children who support them—and when a commodity or article is its own sponsor and satisfies, no other mode of exploitation is necessary.

J. R. Walling

(Continued from page 16)

about gout, or—"

"And you'd laugh at this outrage when my money is at stake!" Dolly whimpered, dabbing a square of lace at her bubbling eyes.

"It is tough," Jack agreed—as he gnawed off portions of the special delivery envelope and assayed to look very serious. "At any rate," he added, "Elbert Foote had one of his Foote feet in the financial grave. He was dying by inches—and had the toughest time keeping the three Feet, or Footes—namely his wife, himself and infant—in one yard—"

Dolly's patience had reached the snapping point, but she still had hopes.

"It's funny, too, Walling continued, as he masticated the remnants of the envelope. "Just yesterday, I took an option on Foote's theatre—and if that option isn't taken up, slow starvation faces him. They have Foote on the run—and I'll bet a tan Oxford against a high heel that he settles this out of court—only, Dolly, we must be careful about our press agents henceforth. If the corn in Smithers' hide had only been on Foote's foot—"

"We!" Dolly squealed. "What have I to do with it, anyway?"

"Nothing more than you have to do with your Stern, Jr."

"Oh," the girl replied, with smiles conquering the welling anger. "I forgot to tell you that the young gentleman is a member of our troupe. I think that is why I have been censored—and censured—so much of late. And he has the loveliest little wife—a perfect type of brunette—and secretly he hates blondes—and red hair."

"Say," Walling interrupted, as his chest began to inflate, "I know how to make Foote stub his toe. I will publish an apology, buy his theatre—with seven-eighths of your money—and present him with two judgment notes I bought from his creditors. He has a horror of bankruptcy—but even at that, the whole Foote family have bad dispositions. They are always kicking!"

(The next Walling story will appear in the August 15 issue.)

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A new craze is sweeping the country. It is the collecting of "postage stamps" bearing the latest portraits of American motion picture actors and actresses. Of course, these stamps are not actually good for postage, but otherwise they represent postage stamps. The stamps are most pleasing in design and printed in beautiful colors. They are really objects of artistic value, and therefore their possession is eagerly sought by the thousands of motion picture players. A collection of these stamps will soon be of undoubted cash value, as new designs are constantly being made and the first ones will in time grow very scarce. All those who have collected postage stamps know that some series which are no longer used bring fabulous prices, as high as a thousand dollars having often been paid for an old, cancelled postage stamp by some enthusiastic collector who needed it to complete his collection and who had neglected to secure it in the days when it could have been had for the asking.



These are only four out of the one hundred portrait stamps that form the complete collection. It is impossible to reproduce in the above illustrations the clearness, beauty, rich color, and artistic value of the actual stamp. Each stamp is three times as large as an ordinary stamp.

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EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN-AND-AROUND NEW YORK

WHEN Flo La Badie went to a theatre on upper Broadway, the other night, it was with an intention of getting a good seat on the main floor and an equally good view of the screen side of the second episode of "The Million Dollar Mystery," of which series she is the heroine in the role of Florence Gray, the millionaire's daughter. Miss La Badie, however, had not made allowance for others, whose intentions were the same and their departure from home somewhat earlier; for, on her arrival at the theatre, she had the choice between standing on the main floor and sitting in the gallery. Had Flo revealed her identity to the manager he would probably have found a place for her on the main floor, but not being of the "I" type she contented herself with a long-distance view from the gallery.

Dorothy Phillips has signed with the Universal to play leads in the Imp company under the direction of Frank Crane. Miss Phillips was formerly leading woman in Essanay releases, and will be remembered best for her portrayal of Modesty in "Everywoman" and for her work with Henry E. Dixey in "Mary Jane's Pa."

Joseph W. Smiley had a birthday on June 18, and was busy from early morning till late at night receiving gifts, guests, and congratulations. In the evening a regular party was held, Lloyd B. Carleton acting as toastmaster, and, judging from the number and enthusiasm of the toasts, Smiley still has a long, happy life before him. The delicious delicacies served were personally prepared by his bride of a few weeks, Lillie Leslie.

Viola Dana, who played the lead in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," made her photoplay debut in Edison's "Molly, the Drummer Boy," and is much enthused about motion pictures and the pleasant environment in which the players work. When she is not needed at the studio she does not have to report for work—a novel experience after the long siege of work in the Broadway success in which she starred.

James Lackaye, a brother of Wilton Lackaye, and one of the big comedy men at the Vitagraph studio, has handed in his resignation to that firm. As an irate father, Lackaye has no equal. His role in comedy was generally that of the man at whose expense the laughs were created.

Matty Roubert is to be featured in the new "Universal Boy" series, which will have a release every other week under the Imp brand. Though only seven years old, Matty has been in pictures for over four years. Not only is he one of the cleverest child players on the screen, but also one of the liveliest. When it is time for a scene, though, his mischievous inclinations disappear and he is as much interested in the success of the picture as the grown-ups.

Boyd Marshall's only fault, according to one of the Thanhouser directors, is that he slumps considerably on the self-advertising "stuff." At first there was a little hesitancy about giving Boyd athletic roles in which he said he could perform "some" or "a little," but experience taught the directors that when Boyd casually said he could swim "some" or ride "a little," he meant that that was the thing he did best.

Mary Pickford anxiously sat through the first night of "The Eagle's Mate" at the Strand, in which film she plays the lead, and, for relaxation after the performance, went up to the New York Roof with a party which included Owen Moore and other screen people.

John E. Ince, the Lubin actor-director, has severed all allegiance with railroads as a means of travel—he classes them as a means of trouble after a delightful experience of the other day. While on his way to Betwood, Ince's car broke down and he started on a wild rush to catch the train which was leaving in three minutes. In the uncontrollable speed of a record-breaking spurt he ran into and upset a fruit stand, for which he was taken to court, thrown into a dingy cell in a police station, and laughed at for having tried to "put over" a story about losing his purse in his hurry to catch a train. Nevertheless, the purse was gone and Ince had to wait until aid was secured late in the afternoon. His first act on being released was to phone the repair shop to hurry with his car, as he wouldn't trust himself to try to catch a train again.

Charles Ogle, now with the Universal Company, was educated for the ministry, practiced law, and later went on the stage. The opposites which have harmonized in his life may account for his strong personality and the versatility shown in his characterizations.

Barbara Tennant, when a child, once severely snubbed English conventionality by attending a picture show in company with her nurse. Thinking back on the incident, she laughingly tells of the scolding she received from her aunt for doing such an undignified thing. The next time she saw a screen play was in New York after she had made a name for herself on the legitimate stage. A friend induced her to go in and see a play in which Mary Pickford was starring. Struck by the interpretation of "Little Mary's" ability and the wonderful opportunities of motion pictures, Miss Tennant shortly afterward signed a contract with the Eclair Film Company, in whose service she has become so well known.

Gordon De Maine, leading man for the Excelsior Company, has a "reel" criminal record which he lately acquired in the production of "The Toll of Mammon." In order to get atmosphere in a prison scene much pressure was brought to bear on a New York official, and consequently De Maine donned a suit of stripes and learned the "lockstep tango." He claims he made several friends among the "regulars."

A company headed by Florence Lawrence and Matt Moore of the Lawrence-Victor Universal Company spent several weeks on the estate of William H. Russell, a millionaire of Anglewood Cliffs, N. J., during the staging of a two-reel romantic melodrama. For beautiful scenery the grounds of these Hudson River mansions have few equals.

Albert C. Froome, a new addition to the Thanhouser forces, and Frank Farrington, one of the "old reliables," put a thrill in one of the "Million Dollar Mystery" scenes lately when they set a racing boat on fire and then jumped out, their clothes all ablaze, just before it exploded. Lifeguards and passing steamers began signaling, and even the American cup defender, "Vanitie," stood ready to give her assistance until Director Hansel passed the word that it wasn't a marine accident, but a prearranged happening. The actors got away safely to the great relief of the spectators.

One would never for a minute associate the Alec B. Francis who plays the role of the old shoemaker in Eclair's "The Greatest of These" with the tall, dignified looking man in full dress who, nevertheless, is Alec B. Francis on dress-up occasions. Mr. Francis is known as being a wonder on make-up in character roles.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

HARRIS P., PORTLAND, ME.—Gladys Kingsbury was Mrs. Warren in the Beauty release, "Her Heritage". We agree with you that this picture is a strong temperance lesson. Statistics prove that the "movies" have done much toward wiping out the saloons.

HARRY O'H., CHICAGO, ILL.—Edward Mortimer played "Duke Boris" in the "Neptune's Daughter" picture, which you saw. Yes, the picture was really taken in Bermuda and the building used as the palace in the film is in reality Government House.

"EDISON FAN," PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Bliss Milford is the heroine of Edison's "A Fugitive From Justice," so you see your friend was right and you were the one who was mistaken.

O. F. D., OMAHA, NEB.—Both the smuggler and the blind brother parts in Kalem's "The Master Rogue" were taken by George Melford.

MARGARET J., DALLAS, TEXAS.—A picture of Miss Louise Fazenda appeared in the March, 1914, issue of Photoplay Magazine and if you will forward 15 cents to the publishers a copy of that issue will be sent you. First try your local newsdealer.

A. B. C., BOSTON, MASS.—Your non-de-plume reminds us of a certain bunch of mediators, but the Dolly Larkin now appearing in Frontier films is the same Dolly Larkin who used to be with Lubin. Florine Garland is the other girl whom you asked about.

GWENDOLINE F., SAN JOSE, CAL.—The role of Henry VIII in the Kleine-Eclipse feature, "Anne Boleyn," was taken by M. Albert Decoeur of the Sarah Bernhardt Theater, Paris.

GLADYS L., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Vera Sisson was Emily Forbes in the Victor drama "The Call Back." Little Billy Jacobs was the boy in the Sterling comedy "Papa's Boy".

FRANCES H., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Dave Wall was the conspirator in the employ of the archduchess in the Famous Players release "The Port of Missing Men." The beautiful backgrounds shown in many of the scenes of this picture were found at Georgian Court, the Lakewood home of George Gould. Permission to use Mr. Gould's vast estate was obtained, it is rumored, through the personal friendship existing between Mr. Gould and Arnold Daly, the production "The Card Sharps."

"SHORTY" C., BUTTE, MONT.—Charles Ray was the Elmer Harris of the two reel Domino star of the photodrama.

AUTHOR, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—W. M. Ritchey is given credit for the picture entitled "Blotted Out," produced by Lubin very recently.

EMIL S., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Irving Cummings, before beginning picture work, was a legitimate actor, appearing as a leading juvenile with several stock companies throughout the United States and we believe he was connected with the Davidson Stock of your city for several weeks at least. Following that he appeared in "Texas," "Way Down East" and "The Man of the Hour" on the road. His last stage engagement was as juvenile leading man with Lillian Russell in "Wildfire."

MINNIE LAG., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Irene Boyle was the doctor's sweetheart in Kalem's "The Hour of Danger" and Miss Harriet Forsythe was her cousin from the city.

AUTHOR, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Warner's Features does not buy photoplay scenarios. It is merely a distributing agency for a number of feature film producers. B. P. Schulberg is scenario editor of the Famous Players Film Company and can be reached by addressing him 213 West 26th St., New York City.

ELMER H., DES MOINES, IOWA.—Donald Crisp was the ranch foreman, and Ralph Lewis the outlaw in Majestic's "The Different Man." Charles Clary was the right man in Selig's "Slipping Fingers." Yes Gerda Holmes and Rapley Holmes are related and have been playing in Essanay pictures for some months.

EXHIBITOR, OTTAWA, ILL.—"The Mystery of the Fast Mail" is a Kleine-Cines release of May 19. Write the nearest branch of the General Film Company regarding it and you can undoubtedly obtain a suitable booking.

THESPIAN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Miss Dot Farley is now leading woman of the Albuquerque Film Manufacturing Company and the films in which she appears are being released through Warner's Features, Inc. Mr. G. P. Hamilton is her director we understand.

PEGGY W., LUDINGTON, MICH.—Muriel Ostriche has been interviewed by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. You must have missed the March number in which the article appeared.

FRIEDA G., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—George Holt was the lawyer in Vitagraph's "The Last Will" and Sir William was Otto Lederer.

PAUL, 16, WINNEBAGO, MINN.—Stella Desmond, the show girl in Kalem's "The Show Girl's Glove," was Alice Hollister. We don't think the Clust Company has counted the votes received in its popularity contest yet. The count starts after the votes are all in. Glad you like the PICTORIAL.

FERN B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Yes, Harold Lockwood was the player who appeared opposite Mary Pickford in the films you mention. Mr. Lockwood has appeared with a number of other companies, but all of his recent work has been done with Famous Players, and the films you mention were taken at the California studios of the Famous Players Company. He and Mary Pickford are now in New York, however.

NELLIE A. K., ASTORIA, ORE.—The complete cast of Domino's "A Relic of Old Japan" is as follows: Katuma, Tsuru Aoki; Annetto Walsh, Miss Brockwell; Koto, Sessue Hayakawa; Jim Wendell, Frank Borzage; Baron Yoshida, Mr. Yoshida.

CHISSIE B., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Yes, Eugene Pallette was "Tom Spangler" in Majestic's "The Horse Wrangler," but the actress who played his wife was Miriam Cooper, and not Francella Billington.

MABEL VAN B., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—The complete cast of the Rex comedy, "Lost by a Hair," is as follows: The rejected suitor, Phillips Smalley; another suitor, Joe King; a summer girl, Lois Weber; other summer girls, Ella Hall, Bettie Schade, and Beatrice Van. The cast sheet does not give the name of the actor who appeared as the celebrated tenor.

RICHARD K. W., FT. WORTH, TEXAS.—Miller Brothers motion pictures are taken at their 161 Ranch near Bliss, Oklahoma. The pictures made there are mostly of the "feature" variety and the best of their releases are marketed through Warner's Features.

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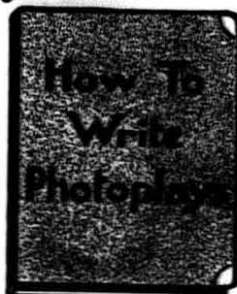
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—Kellogg.

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—Butler, "Internal Medicine."

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—Osler.

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—Prof. Hindhead.

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, AUGUST 8, 1914

NUMBER 14

The Moving Picture Game At Forty I Throw My Hat into the Ring

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY B. VAN NICE

ONE winter evening, about three years ago, I emerged from the subway station at 125th street probably the most discouraged man in New York City. A cold wind whistled down the street bearing a light burden of snow to whip my face and sting it into a glow. But it could bring no glow to my heart, which was like lead in my breast, nor to my leaden feet. I had been out hunting a job. I had made the rounds of every editorial office in Gotham and without success, trying to get a place as a copy reader and headline writer. Not a single managing editor had even held out so much as a hope of obtaining a position. In spite of the fact that I could show a successful record of fifteen years of work as reporter, news editor, dramatic critic, and feature writer, there was not a vacancy of any sort that I could fill. I had been out of employment a month, having been discharged by one of the big dailies because I had rudely abbreviated a decidedly wooden story written by a nephew of the night editor. I had, of course, not known of the relationship when I had blue pencilled the fine writing and cut the stuff down to actual news. The nephew had complained to his uncle that I had dealt most cruelly with his literary effort, and the azure envelope had come promptly into my hands.

At the door of the place I called home—three rooms in a Harlem apartment house—my wife and daughter, the latter a girl of fifteen, rushed to meet me, with eager questioning faces. One glance at my face was enough to convince them that I had been unsuccessful, but when I told them, quite cheerfully, that "Old Man" Worcester, copy boss on the biggest morning sheet, had told me that he was sure to make changes soon, and would give me the first chance, they did their share nobly, and pretended to believe that "something would turn up." Anna, my wife, smiled and patted my shoulder encouragingly. She had heard me say something like that every night for a month, but still she smiled and encouraged me. And Stella ran off quite gaily to get our frugal supper on the table.

But during the meal our false high

spirits left us, and we finished in silence. All but Stella. She was young, and did not realize the seriousness of our position, so when her mother told her to hurry with the clearing up so that we could all go out to a picture show, she sang and whistled at her work. Anna and I looked at each other rather desperately, and made a mute promise to each other. After all, there was our daughter, and we must keep her light hearted and gay while her girlhood lasted.

Arm in arm, walking three abreast, we walked down the snow filled street a little later and entered a garish, much lithographed theatre near the center of Harlem. The place was badly ventilated, the air smelly, and an atrocious melodeon ground out alleged music at the door. Anna and I found it impossible to forget our troubles, as we sat there hand in hand, but Stella was aquiver with delight, entirely unconscious of the shortcomings of which we two were so acutely aware.

When it was over and we were out on the sidewalk again, Anna looked at me and began: "The worst I ever saw anywhere—" then she stopped.

"Let's not talk about it now," I replied soothingly. "Let's go home. Stella ought to be in bed at nine o'clock every night. Such hours for

a child of her age!"

"Father," Stella began protestingly, "it isn't fair for you to call me a child, now that I'm nearly fifteen. Is it, mother?"

"Very well, then, I won't call you a child," I answered. "But it is certainly time for a young lady to go home and get to bed for her beauty sleep. Is that better?"

"Oh, father, if you would only be serious. Of course, I'm not a young lady, and I don't want to be one for a long time, but I am mother's right-hand man about the house, and that's something, isn't it, mother?"

"Of course it is, sweetheart. I couldn't get along without you at all, I know that," her mother answered gently.

"Just for that," I said, "you may get up and get the breakfast in the morning. How will you like that, young lady?"

"Nothing better, mister," Stella answered gaily, dancing on ahead.

After Stella had gone to sleep that night on a couch in our small dining-room, Anna and I went into the living room and closed the door softly so as not to disturb her. Anna sat down opposite me at the big reading table and I saw at once that she had something very serious to say. This had come many times during our sixteen years of married life, a sort of frank and forthright casting up of accounts to find out just where we stood.

"I have an idea," she began gravely, "and please be a good listener and don't interrupt with objections until I'm all through. First of all, I've just seven dollars left of the money you gave me last week to run the house with. If we don't do something soon, all our savings will be gone, and we will be just where we've been so many times before. The last time was three years ago when you were so ill. But we're older now. This can't go on. It may happen again when you're done for. You're still young, but—will the kind of work you've been doing ever since we've been married ever get you anywhere? I don't believe that it will."

"Keep it up," I said, grimly. "Make a real speech while you're about it. I couldn't feel much worse than I do, and you may have a stimulating effect."



Anna Sat Down Opposite Me at the Big Reading Table, and I Saw at Once That She Had Something Serious to Say

"Dear, don't be bitter," Anna said softly. "I don't blame you. You know that. And I shouldn't have said anything if I didn't have an idea, an inspiration. That awful moving picture show gave it to me. It's this. Why don't you write motion picture plays? I know you can do better stuff than that we saw tonight. I know you can do better things than you've been doing all these years. You've been a drudge, nothing better, all this time, and you've got to do something better now."

"You've always been a great reader, and you've much of the philosopher and dreamer and poet in you. Those are qualities which ought to help you in your work, not hinder you. And in newspaper work they have been a real handicap, and you know it. Why don't you visit some of the film companies and ask for a job as a student in the scenario department?"

"How much money have we got in the bank?" I asked, thoughtfully.

She went to a drawer and took out the deposit book.

"We have just \$387, and I guess we might as well give up all hope of ever buying that lot on Long Island, but if we get something better—"

"We will," I assured her confidently. "Anna, I have an idea, too. The big place for motion pictures, the big chance, isn't to be found here in New York. There are too many writers looking for jobs. I've had chance enough to find that out. But—there's the west! There's California! And there's the big chance. Let's take it. If I can't get work in a studio out there I can get something else, I am confident of that. Let's dare all, and go!"

But Anna demurred. "Why not at least try some of the studios here in the east before we start out?" she said.

"They are doing very little at this time of the year. I know, for I've talked with moving picture actors who come to the editorial rooms from time to time. In the winter nearly all of the companies work in the west, where the sun shines. Think of it, Anna, where the sun shines. I feel as though I hadn't seen the sun for a year. Let's draw the money out, get on a train, and strike out into new country. I'll get a job out there and learn the game from A to Z. And then, if we want to, we can come back."

Well, if I hadn't the sort of wife that Anna is, I suppose that that talk at midnight would have come to nothing. But Anna is a brick. She made up her mind that night, and she never changed. Everything went with a rush, and a week later, miraculous as it may seem to you and miraculous as it seemed to us, we were almost settled—and were already feeling at home—in a furnished cottage in Los Angeles.

I made inquiries as to the location of the largest motion picture plants, and when this information had been acquired I sallied forth in quest of work as a student in the gen-

Thoughtless Censorship

"TO THOSE who would act heedlessly or under the spur of some local repressive agitation on the subject I would suggest that they think through the question, with all of the good and the bad, the immediate and the ultimate, for they are dealing with a force almost as potential as the daily press."

"Moreover, no one can be sure of the moral effects of any book, drama, or portrayal of fact or fiction that is not obviously vulgar, suggestive or alluring."

"The general conscience of the country believes in free speech on religious and political matters; in the right of the people to live and enjoy themselves as they see fit, so long as fundamental morality is not injured; to insure a certain amount of freedom both to speech, to art, and to conduct is a part of the conscience of the country, as much as to forbid obscene or demoralizing speech and art and to prevent destructive actions."—Frederic C. Howe, Chairman of the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures, in the Outlook.

tle art of composing photodramas. At the office of two big concerns I was told that no positions were open. The third general manager I spoke to sized me up with a doubtful air and asked me what my qualifications were. When I replied, with some boldness of tone, that I had made my living for fifteen years by writing news and editorials, the manager—his name was Rannedy—said:

"What salary would you expect me to pay you if I put you to work as a student in our scenario department?"

I studied a few moments, looked at him rather appealingly, and replied: "I have always managed during the last seven or eight years to get thirty dollars a week in the newspaper business. The cost of living is high. I want to go to work pretty bad and I'll leave it to you what salary I am to get."

Rannedy gave me a sharp glance and snapped out: "Well, you wouldn't expect me to give you that amount, would you? That's what you got in a business you had worked at for years and you can't figure on getting thirty a week for learning something you don't know anything about. I'll start you on \$25 a week, if you want the job. Do you?"

"Yes, I'll take it," I answered quickly. "When can I start in?"

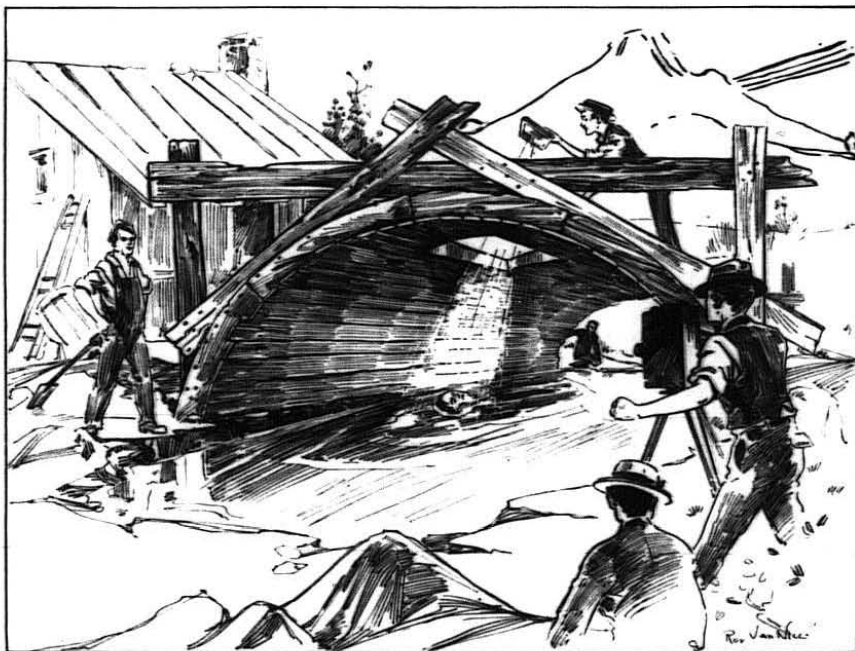
"Show up here tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock and hunt me up; I'll show you where you

staging the settings, indoors and out, obtaining extra players, and in handling the thousand and one difficulties that cropped up every day in the score of departments connected with the great industry.

When I arrived at the plant the next morning I saw Rannedy near the front door of the executive offices. He was talking with one of the dozen studio and outdoor scene directors. The two men finally ended their talk and I walked briskly forward and accosted the general manager. He looked at me searchingly, remembered me as the man he had hired the day before and said brusquely: "Get into that auto over there and go out to the ranch. Tell Hazelton, head of the scenario department, that I told you to go to work as a beginner. He'll show you around."

Obediently I climbed into the motor car; several actors, men and women, climbed in, and the chauffeur started the machine with a rush and whirled us swiftly over the country roads for four miles and then through a mountain ravine, and halted the auto at last in a beautiful valley, which was disfigured by a dozen unpainted, frame structures. I alighted and looked at the buildings, great barnlike affairs that seemed entirely at variance with my hopeful dream of the fairy edifices I would gaze upon in the land of make-believe. In the distance on both sides of the valley the tower-

ing mountains wore mantles of green foliage, and to the north the valley widened out into a charming landscape. Only a few players and stage employees had arrived, and when I asked to be shown the scenario department one of the actresses pointed to a small dwelling house perched upon a hill at one side of the valley. I went up and knocked on the door. There was a shuffling of feet inside, the door was opened and I was met by one of the oddest looking little old men I had ever seen anywhere. He was about fifty years of age, wore his silvery hair long, had a gray, somewhat bristling mustache, and his four and a half feet of stature were made actually imposing because of his magnificent head. "Are you the gentleman in charge of the



I Watched the Performance Eagerly, for it Was the First Time I Had Ever Seen a Scene "Taken"



In Silence We Sat Down, and in Silence We Gazed at the Magnificent View Before Us

scenario department?" I asked with a bow.

"I am," he replied; "are you the new man of whom Manager Rannedy spoke to me last night, the newspaper writer?"

"I believe so," I said. "Mr. Rannedy told me you would show me around."

Hazelton smiled, offered me a chair and drew out a grimy cornucob pipe, which he filled with some plug cut and lighted it with great deliberation. Then he seated himself near me and asked me to tell him where I had come from, what newspapers I had worked on, and what my tastes and ambitions were like. He listened attentively, but showed no more than ordinary interest until I told him of my great fondness for poetry, for the history of lives of poets and all my yearnings toward that particular form of expression. He nodded approvingly from time to time, and when I stopped he leaned back and talked steadily to me for over an hour. Among the many things he said in the way of advice, the following will always be remembered:

"You are now in the realms of imaginative, creative art. Here we manufacture every day the miles and miles of motion picture films that delight and instruct the young and old in nearly all the large towns and cities of the world. What we produce here is seen by millions of eyes. I say this to impress upon your mind the vast audience which we reach throughout the world. Work hard, study this business night and day until you have mastered it fully, and then when your photodramas are produced you can lean back in your chair and truthfully say to yourself, 'Ten millions of people, perhaps twenty, or even thirty millions, are being entertained with the products of my imagination.' Think of it. Isn't it marvelous to contemplate?"

"Yes, yes," I answered quickly, charmed by his ready flow of speech. He relit his pipe, took a few whiffs, and went on:

"Your study of poetry helps to fit you for just such work as writing scenarios. What the world needs, and what we particularly demand here is a genuinely imaginative mind. Now, the question is, Have you got it? From the fact that you have written poetry, I would guess

that you had. However, time will tell—time will tell."

We were interrupted by the entrance of two women, office stenographers, who came to begin their day's work. Hazelton bade them good morning pleasantly, then nodded to me to follow him, and he led the way from the office and up to the top of a nearby hill. In silence we sat down, and in silence we gazed at the magnificent view before us. Finally Hazelton spoke.

"Look," he said in a slow, almost reverent tone, "at the color. There is well-nigh every hue, shown in the mountains, air and sky. For white there are the snowclad steepes, for red there are the glow of morning and the rock of the uplands. Green is the carpet of the earth, the tree blossoms are yellow, blue are the ethereal regions above, and between and around these elements I have named are all the minor colors needed for pictorial masterpieces." The master scenario writer's eyes glowed with happiness. He seemed fairly to drink in the sparkling air about us. He waited for fully ten minutes before resuming his talk and then, in a tone apparently half of embarrassment and half of dismay over the flow of his words, he turned to me courteously and said:

"Let us get back to the sordid workaday world again, the realm of earning one's bread by concocting the elusive photodrama. The actors are arriving. See that omnibus load of people coming into the yard. Among that crowd are men and women who delight in their work and try to make it as intellectually artistic as possible, and there are yet others who are of such a nature that they never see much further than their noses. They have little or no genius

or talent; they are mere human machines. Don't be a machine man; be a distinctively individual being, one who, by his work alone, creates things that bear the artistic imprint of his own ideals. I love to see—but I fear that I have already tired you by talking too much of my hobby."

"Not at all; go ahead; I like to hear you tell me of your ambitions, for they also are mine. And now please inform me how best to go about my work here in learning the technique of composing motion picture dramas."

Hazelton studied a few minutes, and replied: "For the first week or ten days you had better put in your time as a

looker-on. Study everything you see—the players, the scenery, stagecraft and general work of everybody. You can start in right now and—" here he paused and let his voice sink to a confidential whisper—"I feel certain that you will discern many things that are not artistic in any way. But don't blame me; remember that I am only a scenario writer, not one of the stage directors."

We walked back to the house. He went into it and I strolled down the hill—into the Land of Make-Believe. Stretched out before me in the valley was a group of frame buildings, some of them shaped in the form of immense stages, or platforms. On one a company of players was busily at work enacting a scene for a Civil War photodrama. I could not help but notice that one of the roles, that of an old gray-haired woman, had been entrusted to a maiden apparently not more than eighteen years of age. Her youthful face was but poorly transformed by the aging marks of a pencil and an ill-fitting white wig, and I said to myself, "There is something wrong here; the stage director should have employed a woman of at least forty years; that youthful face destroys all the illusion the character calls for."

On the open ground some distance from the platform stage a gang of stage carpenters and laborers were completing an odd-looking structure and I walked over to examine it more closely. Two of the workers were digging a grave-like pit in the ground, and over this a circular arch was built. The under side of the arch was painted to resemble bricks and stone, and at the center of the arch was a box-like opening. The pit under the curving upper structure was quickly filled with water, a moving picture camera operator located his machine near one end of the arch, with the front of the camera pointing into the water. I saw an idler near me, a player evidently waiting his cue, and I asked, quite timidly:

"What is this affair to be used for?"

The man smiled amusedly and said: "That represents a sewer in a great city. I am to play the part of a drowned man and float in that dirty muck, and if it were not that I need the money, I certainly would choose another bath. I—I—"

His speech was cut short by a shout from the studio director, a demand as to what had be-

(Continued on page 29)



The Actress, Impersonating a Homeless Wif, Slowly Staggered Up the Steps and Fell Exhausted.

"Cutey" at Close Range

How Wally Van Does Hate that Name!

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

for I am very happy in picture work, far happier, I am sure, than I would be upon the stage. You see, the man behind the footlights, in the very nature of things, appeals to only a limited few, those before whom he plays at each performance, while the man before the camera is to be seen by motion picture lovers every day in the year in every part of the civilized globe. Thus, it would have been impossible for me to

have made a stage reputation in as short a time as I have done in pictures.

"One of the most interesting things that I find in my work is that you see yourself as others see you—although not always in the same way! For instance, in watching a picture in which I have taken part, it has been of the greatest interest to discover that the points which have given me the most pleasure in making, and which have been splendid fun in rehearsing, have

There is Scarcely
Name in Film
Better Known than
That of Wally Van.

His Interpretation
of the Widow in
"The Widow of
Redrock" Com-
pares Favorably
with the Interpre-
tation of Julian Eltinge.

He
was the
Holmes
of the Baby
Belle in "The
Love, Luck,
and Gasoline."

IT SEEMS hard to believe that Wally Van has been appearing in pictures for only twenty months, for there is scarcely a name in filmdom better known than his. Certainly no one has made a name and reputation in less time. To come down to specific facts, the very first picture in which he ever appeared was "Cutey and the Twins," which was released as recently as February 3, 1913, and from that day to this the title of "Cutey" has been sort of a trade mark with him. Indeed, in almost all the pictures in which he has appeared he has figured under that name, "Van" and "Cutey" having become synonymous. And, as one might expect of such a virile, energetic, healthy-minded young man, he hates the title.

"I have never acted for any company save the Vitagraph, and I haven't the least desire to appear with any other," is the way he puts it. "The other companies may be all right, I'm not saying they are not, but as for little Wally Van, well, he's quite satisfied where he is."

He is so entirely at ease, so thoroughly at home before the camera that it is interesting to discover he has never appeared upon the legitimate stage.

"No, I have never acted upon the stage, speaking in a strictly professional sense, although I have had a good deal of amateur experience, especially during my college days."

"Do you think you would care to venture an appearance behind the footlights?" seemed a logical question.

"Why, yes," he replied, "I sometimes think I should like it very much, just as an experience, just to see what I could do. At that, I don't know that I should care to stick it up permanently,



John Bunny, Lillian Walker, and Wally Van are Co-Stars in "Love, Luck, and Gasoline."

been passed by absolutely unnoticed, while the little things, like a movement of the head or a trick in walking, that I had considered trivial, have been greeted with roars of laughter."

As a matter of fact it is in the little things, the artistic, infinitesimal details that Mr. Van excels. He seems to know just how far to go in getting funny effects before the camera.

"How did you happen to become a picture actor?"

"It was really quite simple. For several years I had been private secretary of J. Stuart Blackton, vice-president of the Vitagraph Company, and it was at his suggestion that I took up acting. You see, my talents lie in several directions, for I started in life as a civil engineer, being a graduate of the School of Sciences, New York. I was employed for a time as construction engineer with the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, and was directly connected with the building of the subway under the East River.

date and understand the extent of his accomplishments, the varied scope of his work. Why, during only the past few months he has figured in no less than twelve different pictures and, merely as indicative of the variety of this work, look at this list of titles and recall for yourself his inimitable comedy work in each of them: "The Street Singers," "Timing Cupid," "Cutey's Vacation," "Doctor

The Picture "Which" Gave Him a Chance to Do One of His Well-known Scotch Impressions.

Wally Van and Lillian Walker are generally seen together in pictures. They had delightful parts in "The Street Singer."



Polly," "The Speeders' Regatta," "Art for a Heart," "The Chicken Inspector," "Fanny's Melodrama," "Cutey's Wife," "The Boys of the I O U," "The Widow of Red Rock," and "The Persistent Mr. Prince." An actor has to be more than a mere picture puppet to portray successfully the different characters in a screen repertoire as rich as this.

Mr. Van proved an interesting subject for a chat. He

has a quick, decisive, rather electric way of speaking and moving about, characteristics easily discernible upon the screen. True, he was somewhat in a hurry as we chatted—the inevitable "appointment" was waiting around the corner—but it is highly probable that he does everything in an alert, active fashion. He seems fairly to radiate health, vitality and strenuous energy. And all this is packed within a frame measuring five feet five and one-half inches in height. Yet he tips the scales at one hundred and fifty-four pounds, this without a vestige of superfluous flesh.

"The strenuousness of my work and a long course of athletic training keeps me in trim," is the way he explains it. That Mr. Van takes himself seriously, very seriously (and did you ever know a man who did not?) one need only quote him in reference to one phase of his work; he says:

"The camera is a very difficult audience to perform before, not alone because it is absolutely unresponsive but it detects the slightest faults in gesture or make-up and even the most fleeting facial expression is registered, whether good or bad, as a permanent and lasting characterization. I have heard a lot about actors 'guying a part' on the stage, but let him beware who attempts to 'guy' before the critical camera."

Besides his various talents along mechanical lines, and his expert knowledge of civil engineering, Mr. Van both sings and dances inimitably well, he is an expert upon the violin, and he can tell Scotch stories with an accent which would do credit to Harry Lauder. Besides these accomplishments he also writes and produces many of the pictures in which he appears. And, what is more, boys and girls, in the bosom of his own private family circle, and to his friends he is known as Charles Wallace Van Nostrand.

Mr. Blackton, as you probably know, is commodore of the Atlantic Yacht Club and owner of the famous "Baby Reliance" motor boats. During my college days I also made a special study of modern gas engines and gas motors, so that I was appointed engineer-in-chief for all the important races in which the "Baby Reliance" figured. You can see how invaluable this training was for me when we came to produce "Love, Luck and Gasoline," which, by the way, I enjoyed more in the making than any picture in which I have appeared."

Incidentally, this busy, energetic young player can certainly boast of a distinguished picture record, for his has been a success such as few players ever achieve without years of training and experience. Only recall some of his work in recent Vitagraph releases and you will better appre-



There is no Role That Wally Van Enjoys More Than That of a Cowboy.

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF SIXTH EPISODE: Failing to secure the box, Braine returned to Olga, saying that, for the first time in his life, one of the "boys" had seen Braine's face, and he feared blackmail. Braine explained how difficult it would be to recover the box, and he admitted that the plot was probably only a blind on Jones' part. Olga called to Braine to look out of the window, and notice a man who had been watching the apartment nightly. The Countess planned a coaching party, the destination to be an old mansion in the country, and the object being the kidnapping of Florence. While these plans were in progress, Norton was at a Chamber of Commerce banquet, covering the gathering for his paper. At one in the morning, as Norton left the office, a man approached him, and Norton evidently knew him. This part is not shown in the films. The party was ready to start for the old Chilton Manor, and Jones and Norton hastened thither in advance, due to their suspicions, and also because "Old Meg," the housekeeper, had been Norton's nurse. Reaching the mansion, Norton made himself known, and Meg showed him over the premises, disclosing a secret passage from a cavern to the Egyptian room. Shortly afterward, the party arrived, and it was not long before a spurious nobleman (one of the Black Hundred in disguise) lured Florence into the Egyptian room on the pretext of showing her the paintings. Olga was near at hand, but as soon as the "count" got Florence into the room, he hastened out and locked the doors. Norton entered through the secret passageway, and he and Florence soon joined Jones, who secured three saddle-horses, after failing to get a motor-car. After a spirited chase, Florence, Jones and Norton escaped, and another kidnapping plot was frustrated.

WHEN I agreed to write my views on The Million Dollar Mystery for THE MOVIE PICTORIAL, it was with only one viewpoint: To help you trace the things that are so often seen but unheeded—to use my skill for you in finding clues, and thereby assist you in your pursuit of the coveted ten thousand dollars. This time I have some very important matters to suggest to you—and I find, in following the thread of this story, just as in searching for the solution of some felony in life, that very often—after events have transpired—we begin to get the connections, and what was once obscure becomes clear.

In the main, this sixth episode throws very little new light on so dark a subject as this mystery. It is well presented, and entertaining, but it is equally misleading, just because of its other qualities. It takes our minds

off the vital points, and unless future episodes and chapters of the story force us to return to the Chilton Manor, I feel that the ancient mansion holds but fleeting concern for us.

The rigid attention of Jones is by far its most important feature—Jones the strangest of all servants, who still watches over Florence with the utmost tenderness. I am going to ask you, who is Jones?

I am just as sincere to give you the benefit of my trained ability in detection, as though I were actually directing some case of international importance. And I am going to take you back and forth along the trail of the first six episodes, so that perhaps you may be more on the alert to look through the screen that seems to keep the true character of Jones from one's understanding, and that hides other things you may never have noticed.

Can photographs tell falsehoods? They can! I recall, for example, back in the beginning of the story, that something occurred on the screen I have not seen happen since. It was

an interior scene in the Hargreave library. You recall that peculiar boat-shaped chair in which Jones was bound after the Black Hundred members rushed in just too late to capture Hargreave? I saw that

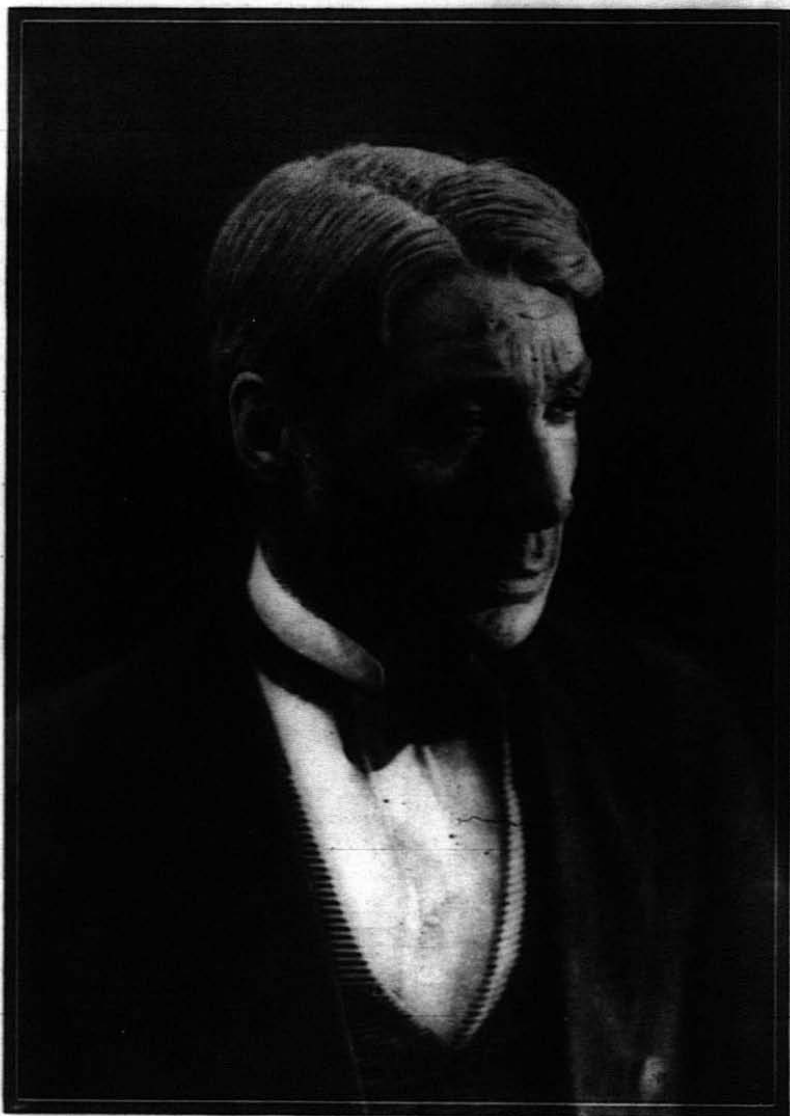
chair—with nobody in it or very near it—jump—two or three inches. It changed spots on the floor—and was just a trifle nearer the table than it had been previously; yet no one laid hands upon it.

We were not viewing the exhibition of a magician. It was no spirit seance. It was all in the regular course of events. But—there is no question about it; that chair jumped! Was it possible that in the scene we viewed, there was a lapse of time not indicated? Did either Jones or Hargreave (or somebody else) move across the floor when we did not see, and could not see? Or—was the movement of that chair due to some internal mechanism of the plot that we have not fathomed? Did the pictures actually deceive us?

We saw Hargreave ready to shave; we did not see him shaving. Hargreave never looked squarely at us after that moment. He kept his face averted. It was a side view, or no view at all, that he granted us thereafter. It was this way when he climbed to the roof and touched his lighted cigar to the sky-rocket. It was that way when he clambered into the basket of the balloon.

Once, at least, we had a square look into Hargreave's face. That was when he came out of the bank with the money. He gazed almost into our eyes. You likely recall those eyes—and his nose. Have you not observed Jones' face under similar circumstances? What did you see? How about the eyes—and the nose? Think it over. Now, you are going to say, "Jones and Hargreave are one." Truly, it looks that way—but while Hargreave was still sailing along with the aeronaut, the Black Hundred broke into the residence and overpowered and bound Jones. Hargreave might have been a fast runner or a good walker, but he could not come back on wing in those few seconds. He could not have even landed in that time, and one of the gang, on the roof, shot the balloon at the moment Jones was being trussed, and rushed down the stairs and into the presence of the other conspirators and Jones. After Jones was bound, the balloon likely kept on sailing. In some manner, it found its way far out to sea! For all that, look into the eyes of Jones, analyze his nose and forehead, and see if his features are not similar to some other person's!

Still, we are not absolutely certain that Hargreave climbed into that balloon. It may have been some one else. We did not get a direct view of the man's face. He did not permit us to do



Who is This Man Jones?

so—and if he proved to be somebody else, then the look in Jones' features, as he walks toward us, is more startling than ever!

I can see that Jones has suspected Olga from the first. Did Hargreave take Jones, at some time or other, to view the Countess in secret? Or is it merely intuition on Jones' part? Apparently, she has not known him from the start. She did not know Hargreave either, though his wife was her first cousin—or why would Braine have found it so essential to keep pointing out the similarity of features as indicated by the small (cabinet) photograph of Hargreave taken at the time he joined the Black Hundred in Russia?

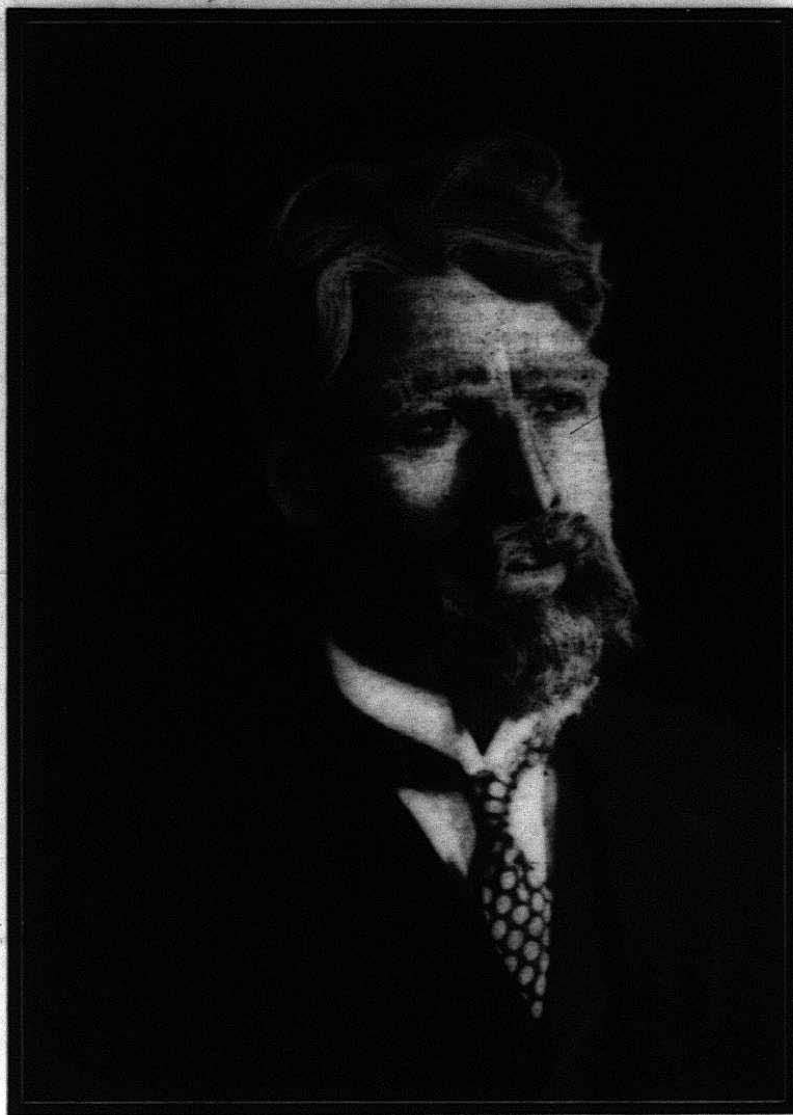
We have seen Jones in action. We have watched him planning and plotting, as well as carrying out his schemes. We have seen him resourceful and alert—and we know that there is a directing influence that comes from the Hargreave mansion. We see no one other than Jones who could furnish the thought that is ever watchful, ever ready to cope with whatever condition arises—an intellect of no ordinary calibre, but broad and deep, and whetted to a razor-edge through long diligence.

Jones is a tremendous factor in *The Million Dollar Mystery*—a masterful character that could get along quite nicely without Hargreave, so far as we have been able to determine.

Norton, the reporter, is meeting some one whom he knows. Your first impulse will be to say this mysterious person is Hargreave—but do not be too hasty. Whoever he may be, he is connected with the Hargreave interests. He may be the aeronaut, or a character who has not dealt with us openly. It is evident, without respect to his destiny, that he is part of the Hargreave machinery—on the lookout at all times for plots and counterplots of the Black Hundred—watching the Countess' apartments, or having them spied upon; dealing through Norton as a third party; probably seeking to find some disgruntled member of the felonious band, and secure information first hand through some traitor to the Black Hundred's cause.

The Black Hundred must be done for—wiped out—broken up beyond hope of reorganization. Only then will this vigilance in the Hargreave camp relax; only then will Hargreave himself come out of hiding—for we still deal with Hargreave as an entity, and must so continue, until we are sure that he is a myth.

To what length would a servant, such as Jones, go to protect his employer's daughter? Would he leave the place where the million dollars is hidden (and probably with the understanding that he is to have his reward out of it if he protects Florence and the money), or would he stay in the home? What kind of contract covers his service? If the Black Hundred make away with Florence, will Jones be entitled to anything, or is he the real master? Is Florence his daughter? Is Hargreave a friend of the mind? Or—are there twin brothers in this story, known respectively as Hargreave



You Likely Recall Hargreave's Eyes and Nose. Have You Not Observed Jones' Face under Similar Circumstances?

and Jones?

One is as vitally interested in success as the other—and both seem to have the same objects in view, and equal affections for Florence. Can two men be so constituted as to bear out this resemblance—this identity—of purpose? Can two men have had so much in common that they will act alike—and think alike? Twins might do it—and especially if Jones is Florence's father. One man might do it—presenting himself to the world at one time as Hargreave, and at another time as Jones.

I am going to watch diligently to see if the Black Hundred succeed in capturing Florence. Should they take her out of the city, would Jones follow just as he did in the Countess' Coaching Party? Would he desert the mansion in which we believe the million is hidden, and risk the money for the sake of the girl's protection? If Jones is the father, and therefore owns the money, he has the other fortune at his back—the three or four millions in securities to which reference was made in the fifth chapter. And considering the heavy expense of financing this campaign and keeping up the house, how can Jones feel at ease with not over twelve thousand dollars in the suburban bank, at his command? One move might cost much more than this, for when either side strikes, it strikes with telling force—and action piles up cost. We might readily believe that the object of withdrawing that million from the banks was to provide ready money to bring about the total disorganization of the gang. Hargreave may have long suspected that the

Black Hundred were about to strike, and thought less of flight than he did of funds that could be used at any moment—paper money that could be transported easily, and be on hand to supply the sinews of war, without the cumbersome necessity of converting securities into cash. Who knows where Hargreave, Jones, Norton or Florence may be obliged to travel? They may have to journey far, at heavy expense.

Assuming the probability of these deductions, we can see that the purpose in hiding the million is less for the sake of that million than for the possession of ready funds to destroy the Black Hundred. If it were the mere arrest of Braine, Olga, Vroon and the others that Hargreave sought, he never needed to draw that money from the banks. He could have employed detectives, secured the assistance of the police, and brought the organization to justice. But in the end their prison terms would be served, and they would be fresh on his trail, relentless and determined to stop at nothing.

You can see, with this explanation, why Florence may be more essential than the million—why the million is a vehicle to bring about her permanent protection. And if Jones has vital interests beyond those of a faithful, loyal servant, then let the girl and the million be placed in the balance and see if he does not hasten to the girl, and let the million shift for itself!

In the fifth episode, we saw that Jones made

the most elaborate preparations to permit Felton to see him take that box from a panel-compartment back of the Hargreave portrait. How well he has succeeded will be known if the Black Hundred begin to attempt to recover the box; and also if the Hargreave camp does not try to recover it—but to continue to use it as a decoy. If Jones has succeeded in throwing his enemies off the scent of the million (which I still feel may be hidden in the Hargreave portrait), then he is more free to watch over Florence and at the same time weave the plot to make away with the leaders of the Black Hundred.

I believe from all the evidence that Hargreave (real or fictitious) is alive. But where is he? Why has he refused to show his face? How long will he continue to remain in the background? Why does Jones answer every purpose of Hargreave? Why should the directing thought seem to come unerringly from Jones?

Many incidents in the past have helped us fashion our opinions regarding this mystery, and so will future events either add to or detract from our deductions, thus formulated. We must now begin to look ahead. We can not see what is going to happen, but we do know that future occurrences will aid us in getting a little nearer that million and Hargreave.

If Hargreave continues to remain unseen, then Jones will become more and more important than Hargreave—or take the place of

(Continued on Page 32)

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT: Vera Hayes, a clerk in a New York department store, is discharged at the instance of a floorwalker whose attentions she had repulsed, because of a complaint by Beatrice Brewster, leading woman of the Syntax Film Company. Harry Forster, her director, struck by the girl's prettiness, tries to persuade Beatrice not to press her complaint, and, when he fails, meets the girl at the employees' entrance, with a vague idea of offering to help her—on the usual terms. He becomes interested in her, however, when she shows that she knows both him and Beatrice by virtue of being a movie fan, and, when she criticizes Beatrice's acting, offers her a try out as an actress with the Syntax company. The next day she goes to the Syntax studio, up the Hudson.

II

THERE was a mysterious virtue in that automobile. Once in a while the newspapers make news of the fact that some old person, isolated in life, has ridden for the first time in an automobile. But there are thousands of people, men and women, who, like Vera, have never ridden in an automobile—not for lack of the will to do so, but for the sheer absence of opportunity. Thousands? There are millions! But that isn't news. It's too ordinary.

Yet, though there was certainly no news value in what that ride did to and for Vera, there is plenty to interest one already interested in the girl. We don't make enough of trifles, as a rule. We don't consider for an instant the momentous effect that some trivial incident may have on our lives, or the lives of other people. Sometimes of course, that is because we judge the experience of others by our own standards, and do not realize that what may be a trifle to us may be a thing of deep moment and concern to some one else.

So it was with Vera and the automobile. That mysterious virtue seemed to begin its emanation as she sank into the soft cushions of the tonneau. The chauffeur had saluted her respectfully; now, as he shifted his gears and threw in the clutch he turned to her.

"The train was on time, Miss," he said. "If you like there's plenty of time for me to take you to the studio around the long way and show you a little of the country?"

The mysterious thing then was Vera's mental attitude to the chauffeur. He wouldn't have spoken that way to a clerk in the department store of Bartlett and Gudge—not he! Out joy riding, he might have been attracted by Vera's pretty face; might have tossed her a laughing invitation to take a ride—which she would scornfully and indignantly have rejected. But now she felt herself mysteriously superior to him.

"Very well," she said, languidly haughty.

The car shot forward, with throbbing engine; she leaned back, luxuriously, and drank in the fresh beauty of the country road. It was lined hereabout by fine estates; the country places of rich people, who went to New York, when the occasion arose, in their motors, or on the trim white steam yachts that dotted the broad river, standing out against the dark bulk of the Palisades. Back in New York the asphalt

had rubbed against them too long, in their meanest, smallest, pettiest aspects. For too long had she been regarded as fair prey by a prowling type of beast, that had hovered always in her offing, waiting for the moment when she should be helpless, forlorn, and so ready to succumb.

Forster she understood—or thought she understood. He was like the rest; only his lure was different. Not quite like the rest, either, she thought; he seemed disposed to play a fairer game than they. She had dared to accept what he offered, sure in her heart that he would demand the price of her, but sure, also, that she could baffle him, as she might not have dared to try to baffle some who had come rushing into her mind the night before. Old Hazzard, for instance, with his beak-like nose, his lustful, pig's eyes. . . . His constant insinuations. . . . She had shuddered at the memory of him.

But now, somehow, lolling back in the car, the sweet, clean air striking her face, and tinting it with the delicate hues of the rose and the bloom of the peach, she felt that the world and her share of it had changed overnight. Now the adventure that that encounter with Forster had precipitated took on the aspect of something serious, something that might change everything. After all—why shouldn't she succeed? Her mirror had long confirmed the snirking compliments that dubious men had paid her; she knew herself to be good looking. And now there welled up in her a new, strange feeling that was yet not altogether new—the consciousness of a strange power to please others, to interpret things.

That is the inheritance of the artist. It comes to a peasant, sometimes; witness the rough Scottish peasant, Burns, never even a master of his tongue, and yet a poet

by the grace and gift of God. It comes to all sorts and conditions of men and women; it makes painters, poets, actors, singers, writers out of those who, in the eyes of those who know them, are least fitted, by nature and inheritance, for the work they are to do. It is something that is born in the soul. Often, too tragically often, it remains latent; it is never nursed. Often pure accident brings it to the fore in a character. But the artist is born, not made. There is much to be done; the mere birth of that artistic power is necessary, but it must be developed, trained, cultured. In the beginning it must be there. And it was in this girl.

She had had her dreams, vague, unrealizable, almost incoherent. And now, for the first time, she seized those dreams.

"Why shouldn't I?" she said.

And in that moment the chauffeur turned to her, respectfully.

"There's the place, now, Miss," he said. "It's the old Croumbe place that the company's



She Leaned Back, Luxuriously, and Drank in the Fresh Beauty of the Country Road.

pavement in front of the store was beginning to bubble, now, with the heat. She closed her eyes, and imagined herself back at her counter, in the stifling heat, waiting on women with nerves worn as sharp as her own. . . . And then she opened them, and saw the white ribbon of road, lined with great shade trees. Everywhere her eyes came to rest on masses of cooling, cheerful green; here and there a patch of color blazed—flowers, growing in what seemed to her a wild and extraordinary profusion. It was good to be alive—when one could really live!

For the first time since Forster had spoken to her, the day before, Vera's adventure took on a touch of reality in her own mind. Up to that moment she had regarded it as a dream, a blessed joke. It had seemed incredible to her that anything could come of it. A day in the country, perhaps; a red letter day, that she would be able to look back upon. And, at its end, a short, sharp conflict with Forster. . . . Vera had no illusions about men. She

bought, you know, Miss. Runs right down to the river—and they can make 'most any sort of a picture right on the grounds."

She devoured it with her eyes . . . dreaming . . . wondering.

The day had dawned for Forster, bringing with it the vague feeling of discontentment, of self disgust that a man has when he realizes, in the sober light of morning, that he has done a foolish thing. It was all so unnecessary. The girl had been defiant; had amused him, plied him, with her reception of his offer. She had touched his sense of humor, always his most dangerous possession, with her audacious criticism of Beatrice Brewster; had touched his male vanity with her naive tribute to his own acting. He was not an inspired actor, and knew it excellently well. But he was a good one, technically and intellectually so well equipped that he could make a great deal of such small natural powers as he possessed. And it had pleased and flattered him that this girl had seen that. It had led him, he felt now, as he thought it over, to overestimate her.

He knew what was to come. She would appear, presently; he felt sure of that. And she would be gawky, awkward, impossible. He would be embarrassed by her coming. Beatrice would recognize her; there would be a scene.

There was another factor in his discomfort. He realized now that it had been in large measure his irritation at Beatrice's treatment of the girl that had led him into the trap. Beatrice had angered him, as she so often did; he had seized, unthinkingly, a chance to strike back at her. And his blow had been delivered with a boomerang; that he could see plainly now. He had laid himself open to ridicule; a weapon that, as Beatrice wielded it, clumsily but effectively, he dreaded almost unreasonably. His whole relation with Beatrice was complex and peculiar; this affair was sure to complicate it further. She had assumed an air of proprietorship toward him, and he had been drawn, not exactly against his will, but certainly without direct desire on his part, into a relation with her that was almost equivalent to an engagement. He was by no means sure that he did not want to marry her; what he did know was that he wanted to be a free agent, to make his choice, man fashion. And he was in danger of being subordinated to her. Already a note had been struck in their relationship that made her dominant. It was that that he resented, half unconsciously.

The Croumbe house was an old fashioned mansion, spacious, dignified. The Syntax Company had left it as it was; it was too valuable a background for pictures to spoil or disfigure in any way. And so the old, wide porch still stood, with a porte cochere, to which the winding driveway from the main road led. Inside the house had been altered, of course, beyond the recognition of its former owners. Offices occupied the whole first floor; above were store rooms, costume rooms. Some little distance away, in the grounds, were the studios themselves, two great glass affairs, with their lights and all the paraphernalia of the movie studio. There the actors and the extra people assembled, coming to the house only to be paid or when Forster summoned them to his own office, at the right of the door.

It was in this office that he sat now, tapping his desk nervously, and trying to look over a scenario just submitted to him to see whether he cared to produce it. But most of his time he spent looking from his window for the approach of the car. He had ordered the chauffeur to bring Vera to his office instead of to the studio itself.

And then, suddenly, when, for the moment he was not looking, he heard the roar of the motor, and jumped to his feet, nervously. He went to the door, and stood on the porch, peering in the half light at the girl who rose gracefully in her seat. Something lifted him down the steps; he pulled the door of the tonneau open, and helped her to descend.

"So—you came, did you?" he said.

He looked at her curiously. His first impression was that she was prettier even than he had thought; his second that this wasn't the girl of the store, the girl of the brave, tear filled eyes, the girl of the side street at all! The automobile, the ride, the open air, had worked their little miracle, you see. She held out her hand frankly.

"Yes—I've come," she said. "You thought I wouldn't?"

"I—didn't know," he said, slightly confused, and infuriated by his confusion. Good Heavens! He was surprised! He had expected her to put on her war paint. Instead, she was dressed with the utmost simplicity in a plain, white dress. Her hat was simple. Somehow she had caught a trick of style that the American girl of her sort, condemned to hard labor, shares with only one other girl in the world—the *ouvrière* of Paris. She was smart! Undeniably so. It was part of Forster's business to know the styles; to be able so to stage his pictures that the women who saw them on the screen should never be able to utter words of criticism as to the way the women looked; should never be able to sniff and comment on the fact that they were behind the fashion. This girl, now—her dress had cost, at a liberal estimate, perhaps one twentieth of what Beatrice Brewster spent on a simple, summer gown. And yet she had an air, and owed it to her clothes, that Beatrice, with her costly dressmaker and her opulent, stunning figure, never quite achieved.

"I'm glad you've come," he said, after a moment's pause, in which he had appraised her in her new incarnation. "I thought perhaps you'd get cold feet."

Vera had been thinking, too. She had come

far closer to analyzing the impulse on which he had acted the day before than he had been able to do—even though she had done it only in the last few minutes of that wonderful ride. She had realized that it was her criticism of Beatrice, her pertness, and her smiling courage, that had moved him. And she had determined to adopt a line and stick to it—for the time, at least. In fact, she had begun to act already—for his benefit. Who was it said that a great actress always does her finest, her most inspired acting, for an audience of one—and that one a man? No matter.

"Cold feet? I guess—nix!" she said. "Listen, Mr. Forster—I've been thinking about this deal! And—I'm going to make good. You do your part—give me the chance. Then it'll be up to me—and I'm going to do my share, all right, all right."

Strangely, she re-established then, in that one sentence, the mood that had held him the day before. He looked at her admiringly; once more appraisingly.

"By Gad—I shouldn't wonder if you would!" he said. "Well—I'll try you with a small part in this picture we're starting this morning. You're to be a servant—see? And your employer—the man—tries to get fresh. Your mistress gets suspicious and blames you, instead of him. And in the end you get a chance to put it over both of them—you needn't know about that now, though."

"Who's my mistress—Brewster?"

He stared at her.

"Miss Brewster—yes," he said, a trifle stiffly.

She caught the tone, but she only laughed at him.

"All right," she said. "Well—I'm ready."

"Very well, then—come over to the studio," he said. "You won't be needed right away—sit down, out of the way, and keep your eyes and ears open. You can pick up more that way, if you're as clever as I think you are, than if I spent a week explaining to you. You'll have to learn what I mean when I give orders—how to register different things—fear, hatred, amusement, disgust—"

"I get you," she interrupted. "Say—I've read some of the movie magazines, you know—I ain't altogether empty headed."

He shrugged his shoulders, and led the way to the studio. There he introduced her to the actors already assembled. The picture to be made was a comedy, with a small cast. There

were no extra people about; Forster was using only regular members of his stock company. They looked at her, as she was introduced, with mild curiosity. But they said little, and seemed to expect little from her. In a stock company like the Syntax new faces mean little unless there is some assurance that they are to be permanent additions to the company. In almost every picture extra players are required, and are engaged for its making. And Beatrice Brewster had not yet arrived.

Despite her self assurance, Vera was glad of that. Her confident, defiant mood was really largely a result of will power. It was a relief to her to be able to adjust herself to the studio before encountering Beatrice. In a way, she would meet the enemy, when she came, on ground she held. She would be defending a position, not attacking it.

And then Beatrice



"I Explained that, Beatrice," said Forster, patiently, "She's going to be in This Picture."

came in. She greeted the other members of the company languidly; evidently she did not consider them in her class. Her eyes fell on Vera; rested there a moment, puzzled. Vera looked straight through her; was rather glad, on the whole, that Beatrice had not instantly recognized her. Then Beatrice turned to Forster and spoke to him, in a low tone, for a moment, looking at Vera. He answered her; she shrugged her shoulder.

"And now we'll get to work," he said. "We're late already."

Vera, watching and listening, slipped into a mood of utter absorption. She saw the scene, already set. Then Forster, scenario in hand, sat on a chair, and called those who were involved in the action for the first scene. He explained exactly what they were to do; they ran through the action quietly, efficiently. He made comments and suggestions in a low tone. Two or three times more they rehearsed the scene. And while they did it Sorg, the camera

man, made ready. At last, Forster was satisfied.

"All ready?" he said. "Picture! . . . Camera!"

Sorg began to turn his crank; swiftly, with a mechanical precision that delighted Vera, the actors went through the scene.

"Break!" came from Forster.

The scene had been made! How easy! And—how delightful—to think that what she had seen would be flashing, so soon, before hundreds of thousands of people.

She sat there, absorbed, watching. Until there came a break, in which, for several scenes, Beatrice Brewster was out of the picture. She wandered about the studio; finally she came over and stood before Vera.

"I've seen you before, I think, Miss Hayes," she said, in a purring tone. "Haven't I?"

Vera's own claws were out on the instant. Recognition, if it had not already come, was coming. Forster, glancing over, looked anxious.

"Sure—unless your eyes are going to the bad," said Vera. "I used to work in Bartlett and Gudge's."

A slow, angry flush stained Miss Brewster's alabaster cheeks.

"Harry!" she called, sharply. Sorg had just "broken." Forster came to her. "Is this your idea of a joke? What is this—person—doing here?"

"I explained that, Beatrice," said Forster, patiently. "She's going to be in this picture."

"You bet your life I am!" said Vera. "Unless some folks is so jealous that they crab my chance!"

True genius, that! It altered Beatrice's whole plan. After that she could not do as she had meant to do—demand Vera's instant eviction. She had to beat her openly—prove her incompetence. Her eyes left Forster's and settled on Vera's face.

"We will see," she said, very quietly.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

The Making of a Prima Donna

By Walter Anthony

THE ubiquitous eye of the motion picture camera has fixed a baleful gaze upon the legitimate theatre, has lured a large part of its public from orchestra and balcony reservations and has emptied its galleries. It has searched out the strange corners of the world and has presented them to a stay-at-home people. It has fascinated with its steady light many of the greatest players who a few years ago would have scorned the thought—Sarah Bernhardt, for one—and an army of lesser lights of the stage. Not content with giving the theatre the greatest fight for existence since the Covenanters killed a Stuart king, the motion picture gallery is stealing the theatre's talent as well as its public and the greatest producers who five years ago were busy, like Charles Frohman, placing drama and comedy in flesh and blood upon the stage are rushing into motion picture enterprises, anxious to grasp some of the profits of an erstwhile ignored or despised art. With Charles B. Hartford, whose *Petrucio* and whose *Brutus* are lasting portraits of heroic stature, associated with motion picture productions, as player and lecturer, with Blanche Walsh, J. K. Hackett and a host of other artists of first and second importance on the American stage heeding the hypnotic eye of the versatile lens, the public's approval of motion pictures as a high form of dramatic art is justified and the last stand of prejudice born of ignorance of superciliously-feigned superiority, has vanished.

Perhaps the most unusual proselyte to the art-claims of the motion picture studio is Miss Beatriz Michelena, daughter of Fernando Michelena.

Among the first to be recruited by motion picture producers, from the legitimate stage, were actors and actresses who had lost their voices and who found in the retreat of a motion picture studio a veritable gossend and a home. An actress with the eyes of a Madonna, the cheeks of a babe, the form of a Venus, the smile of a nymph and the grace of a gazelle might have the voice of a penguin and "get by" in a motion picture.

And that's what makes the advent of Miss Michelena on the motion picture horizon so extraordinary.

Miss Michelena's father was, two decades ago, one of the greatest tenors on the grand opera stage, and to his daughter he has bequeathed a voice and method which already have placed her creditably before the public in light opera and which, under his continued tuition, were soon, it was believed, to put her



She Has the Eyes of a Madonna, and the Smile of a Nymph

in grand opera where it required no stretch of the imagination to fancy her a superb, black-eyed, vivacious *Carmen*. At sixteen she was the youngest prima donna on the stage and toured America in "Peggy from Paris." With the same vivacity which characterizes her sister's stage manifestations, Miss Beatriz's voice is superior in range, power, expressiveness; yet she has left it to the silence of the motion picture and has signed a contract with the newly organized California Motion Picture Corporation as their leading lady.

Having studied the nice art of vocalism with Fernando so long ago that time runs against the likelihood of proving it, and having had the opportunity of witnessing the development of her unusual voice, I went over to San Rafael—a few miles from San Francisco—where the big

studio has been established, to inquire at first hand the reason of Miss Beatriz's defection from the ranks of the too infrequent candidates for authentic grand opera fame.

"It's a long story," said Miss Michelena, dressed in the garb of the little heroine of the story of one of the famous operas, "but there's always a man with a blue pencil to be found, so I'll tell you how it happened. Besides," she added, as one does when deferring to an established and revered authority, "my father approves."

"You see," she began, "the first productions of the Company are to be devoted to widely separated themes and subjects. There are to be 'Salome' James' of Western romance, pampered belles of extravagant drawing rooms and operatic heroines of ages past. Where could a girl with ambitions to shine on the modern lyrical stage find such a variety of pantomime practice as in these roles? Think of the Bret Harte heroine asking the road agent, 'Say mister, what's your name?' and a Goethe's forlorn little creature, a princess perhaps, or a gipsy, sighing for a chivalrous lover or 'that sweet land where the orange flower grows'! And tell me whether I could find a better place in which to approach what Du Maupassant calls 'the backbone of drama'—pantomime—than in work of this sort where words yield to action?"

"In my father's day acting and opera were not the twin sisters that they have become in modern opera. The singer who would succeed on the lyric stage of today must be an actress or she will find slender salaries and infrequent engagements. The young woman who approaches the grand opera stage and is equipped with voice and acting skill is the young woman who will succeed. You will get what I mean if you recall Mary Garden in 'Louise' or 'Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame' or 'Tosca' or 'Thais.' Her skill for acting keeps her audience with eyes riveted upon her even in 'Le Jongleur's' second act where the monk who is a poet, the monk who is a painter, the monk who is a sculptor and the monk who is a musician are tunelessly quarreling over whose gifts are the most acceptable to their Lady."

"In short," said Miss Michelena, again quoting her father as authority past question, "when I make my debut on the grand opera stage I propose to be an actress as well as a singer and when these pictures are put on the screen I shall sit in front, and, goodness gracious, how I shall criticize myself."

What Are the Censors Doing?

By LUCIAN CARY

WE saw in my first article that official censorship of motion pictures is the proposition of the

few to protect the many, a plan already partly executed by which the "superior" few shall say what the "inferior" many shall or shall not see in the motion picture theatre.

But of course the doctors and ministers and social workers who have thus frankly confessed that they do not trust either the intelligence or the moral fibre of the people of the United States are not, with rare exceptions, the actual censors employed in the daily task of viewing films for the purpose of deciding which shall and which shall not be exhibited. The actual work of censorship — wherever it is official — is done by hired employees. The position of "official censor" is now rapidly becoming a regular civil service job in American cities as well as at the state capitals. But in order to make clear the character of official censorship it is necessary to consider the unofficial censorship.

The censors of the National Board of Censorship of Motion Pictures, which is a voluntary organization with no legal standing whatever, receive no salaries. There are more than a hundred of them. They volunteer to work on certain days of the month in groups of from five to ten so that no single person has very much to do. All of their decisions are subject to revision by the General Committee of the Board, which is composed of representatives of such organizations as the Y. M. C. A., the Charity Organization Society, the Federation of Churches, the Children's Aid Society, the Y. W. C. A., the People's Institute, and the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs. Doesn't it sound as if most of them were professional moralists? It does. But as a matter of fact they have conducted a censorship which is comparatively unobjectionable, a censorship beside which the official censorship in Chicago is incredibly stupid. The reason is to be found in the character of the Chairman of the National Board of Censorship, Mr. Frederic C. Howe.

Mr. Howe understands the dangers of censorship. He has exercised all his persuasiveness to prevent the National Board from using its power with reckless stupidity. And so far he has succeeded to an astounding degree. In January of this year, the Board passed on 532 films (801 reels in all). Of these 532 only 5 were condemned outright. In 83 others eliminations or changes were required. That means that 444 out of 532 films were passed without any question or change. How do you suppose

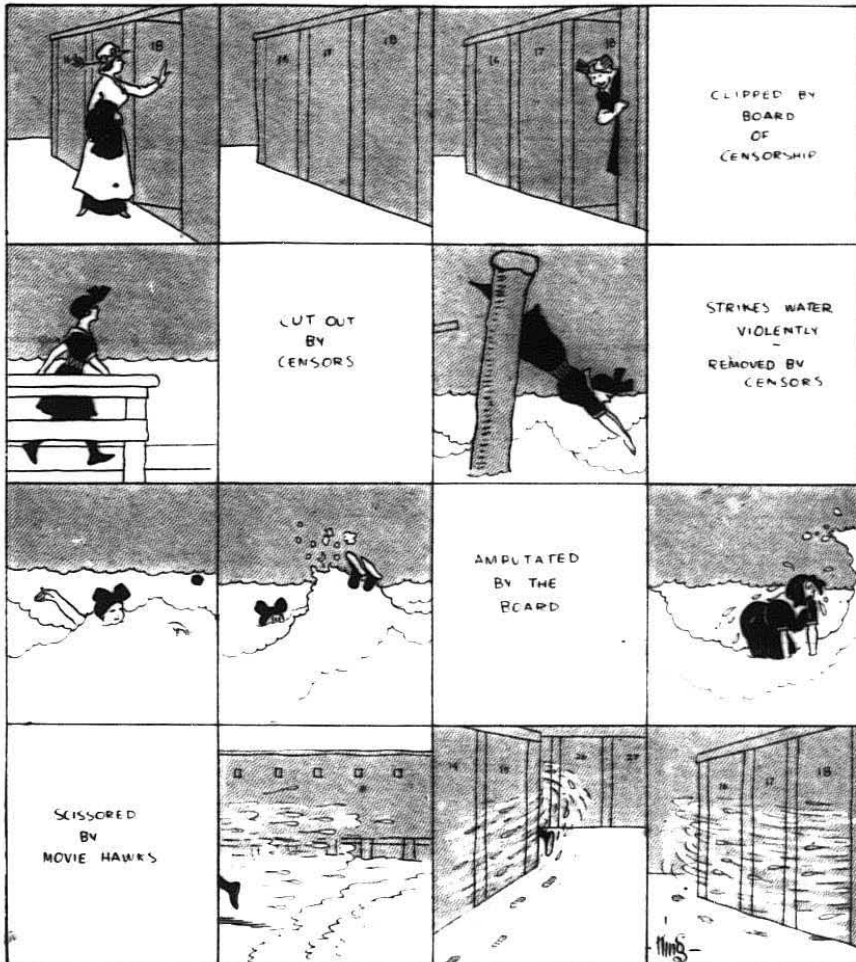
delicate women, of the emotionally morbid, or of any one class of audience. But the Board does take into consideration, as one of the controlling motives governing it, the fact that possibly twenty-five per cent of the total audience is made up of children under sixteen."

Mr. Howe states this point as if it admitted of no argument. But the proposition that motion picture censorship should be conducted in the interests of a small class of possible patrons is so frequently made that perhaps I ought to say that the proposal to do this is a proposal to ruin the motion picture theatre for the great mass of intelligent and decent citizens in order to fit it to the small number of ignorant and morbid citizens. It is seriously suggested on many sides that because a number of men and women are emotionally weak or morbid nothing must be permitted in the motion picture which would be likely to suggest evil to the weakest and most morbid persons in the community. That is like proposing that buildings more than two stories high be prohibited by law because every once in a while some crazy man throws himself from the top story in order to commit suicide!

Indeed, that argument is the one which has produced the present wave of official censorship. The National Board has proceeded on the theory that when in doubt it should withhold its hand. It knows, thanks to Mr. Howe, the real dangers of censorship. It realizes that the risk of a too severe censorship is always and everywhere greater than the risk of a too lenient censorship. As Mr. Howe put it:

"Whatever the accidental judgment of particular films or the errors in opinion as to what should be shown, none of these immediate or temporary evils compare in seriousness with the danger to the art itself from the ascendancy of a point of view which would stifle, or threaten to stifle, the freedom of this industry as a mirror of the every-day life, hopes, and aspirations of the people. For the motion picture show is not only democracy's theatre, it is a great educational agency, and it is likely to become a propagandist agency of immense possibilities."

But to turn from the pronouncements of the National Board guided by a man whose desire it is to see the motion picture theatre as free as the "superior" people in the community will permit, to the pronouncements of official boards guided by a police officer anxious to make a record is like turning from light to dark.



This Cartoon Recently Appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and Illustrates Mr. King's Views on Censorship in a Comical but Never the Less Effective Manner

the record of the Chicago board of censorship under Major Funkhouser would compare with this one? Of late it has often condemned outright as many as three or four films in one day—nearly as many as the National Board condemned in a month. And 98 per cent of the films viewed by the Chicago or any other official board of censorship have already been passed by the National Board of unofficial censors!

The National Board has recently issued a bulletin outlining its theory of censorship and Mr. Howe has supplemented this statement by an article which was published in the "Outlook" on June 20, 1914. Mr. Howe says that the Board prohibits (1) obscenity in all forms; (2) vulgarity when it verges on indecency unless an adequate moral purpose is served; (3) representations of crime in such a detailed way as may teach the methods of committing crime, except when the representation serves as a warning to the whole public; (4) morbid scenes of crime, when the only value of the scene is its morbidity or criminal appeal; (5) the unnecessary elaboration or prolongation of scenes of suffering, brutality, vulgarity, violence or crime; and it decides some other matters not specifically included here according to its judgment of the intent and result of the producer's effort. But Mr. Howe interjects:

"Nevertheless the Board cannot judge films exclusively from the standpoint of children, of

(Continued on page 29)

HELEN HOLMES

The Railroad Girl

By WILLIAM RICHARDS

a famous engine driver, and his stoker and I saw Miss Holmes run along the top of moving trains and was witness to McGowan's famous "pick-up" of Miss Holmes as he leaned forward from a rapidly moving train and caught her as she jumped towards him

I crave. Of course I have been given chances with Mr. McGowan that I would not have had with any other director and he is good enough to say that I am the most capable actress he has ever had because I do everything I am called upon to perform. And then I am interested in helping him write the stories and I have written several myself and I like that too. Some of the incidents of the desert are from actual happenings in my own life you know."

"I did not know but I naturally asked her to tell me something of her desert life and what preceded it.

"I may as well give you the whole thing in sequence," said she, "or else you will keep at me until you get it. Do you know why it is that I take so naturally to railroad stories, and why it is that I get on so well with all the employees of a railroad? I feel sure that it is because I was born in a railroad car. My father was an official on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company and I was born in his private car on a side track. All the railroad people hereabout know this, and have accepted me as one of them."

Her Extreme
Beauty is
Enhanced by a
Wealth of Dark
Browns Hair



Miss Holmes' Part in "The Girl at the Switch" was Full of Such Incidents as Pictured Here

HELEN HOLMES, child of the railroad, daughter of the desert. Doer of daring deeds, idol of Artists. How does that sound for the start of an interview? Well Miss Helen is an interesting young lady. I say young advisedly for she is approaching her twentieth birthday, she is not the youngest leading lady in the business—there are many of them appallingly young, but she is after all, a mere slip of a girl—younger even than her years.

Two years ago J. P. McGowan of the Kalem company was sent west and was told to produce some pictures. He had no company but he found it comparatively easy to get a capable lot of actors together. However, when it came to securing a leading woman who would suit him he found himself stuck. His queries to aspirants were about as follows:

"Are you a good rider, and do you mind falling off your horse now and then—say every day or two? Can you swim and are you willing to be thrown off bridges or boats? Can you board a moving train? Do you object to jumping on to an engine from an automobile? Are you nervous when confronted by lions or tigers, or are you ready to go up to a grizzly and slap him on the nose?"

Now, I do not swear that these are the very questions that McGowan put to Helen Holmes, but I will swear that they are just about what he asked her when she applied to him for the position of what may be termed leading lady-acrobat to Mr. McGowan. She says that she was far more frightened of the camera and of a director than she was of some of the things he asked if she could do. McGowan has told me that the moment he met her that he felt that here was the girl that he had been looking for, so he tried her out in a picture and engaged her.

I got my interview piecemeal, for I accompanied McGowan and his company to a spot some miles out of Los Angeles, near some railroad yards where scenes from a railroad story were to be taken during the day.

We talked during the intervals when Helen Holmes was not acting, and we sat on trestles and in box cars and we ate our lunch with quite

from where she stood. I commented upon the danger and she said:

"Honestly, I don't feel that I run any great risks. I am strong and vigorous, and I have the greatest confidence in Mr. McGowan. It's mostly a question of nerve. He never asks me to do what he would not do himself and his nerve never fails him. He always gives me a chance to refuse to do the thing he wants done, but I have never said no to him yet."

When asked about her early dramatic experiences Miss Holmes was very frank. "Let me advise you not to interview me" she told me. "I am really a most uninteresting person. In the first place I have no dramatic experiences to talk about or to refer to. I was never on the stage and do not expect to go on, in fact I never did a thing in this line until I went into moving pictures with Mr. McGowan, and I was the most surprised girl in the world when he said he would try me out. Here is one thing I want you to say—if you say anything about me at all—and that is that I owe everything to my director. I expected him to be cross and rough, he is so big and strenuous you know; but he is always gentle with women and he was so patient and kind with me that I soon lost my nervousness and my only thought was to do my very best and to be as natural as possible in order to please and repay him for giving me a chance. I was pretty hard up at the time I joined the Kalem company, and it was very necessary that I succeed at a job of some kind." I asked her some time later—many things had happened in between—how she liked motion pictures and whether she was contented as an actress.

"Yes indeed, I love my work. I never did anything half as interesting before. I must have constant change to keep me satisfied and motion picture acting gives me the variety that

selves and we get some wonderful facilities for taking train pictures as you have been able to judge for yourself today. My but I wish I could relate some professional tales but I can't. I lived in Chicago for many years and one day a lady stopped me in the street and said to me: 'You have a wonderful complexion child and turn your head—so—yes, you would be just the model for a picture I am painting.' She gave me her card and asked me to think it over. So I talked it over at home and decided to go to her. She was delighted when I turned up, and said I was a good model and being fond of pictures and painting I adopted it as a profession and I have sat as model for a number of well known paintings and drawings. I was the model for the 'Santa Fe Girl,' the series of paintings issued by the Santa Fe Railroad and still used by them. I used to earn quite a lot of money at this work and met some delightful people, many of whom have followed my career as a motion picture actress and often write to me."

"What about those desert experiences?" I asked her.

Miss Holmes was silent for awhile and finally handed me a portrait of a young man. I could see at once he was her brother and remarked on the likeness.

"Yes," she said, "that was my brother, and he was the cause of our going to the desert and of some of the most delightful moments I ever had and of some of my worst moments too. He got very sick and the doctor advised that he go to the desert where it was dry and there was nobody to go with him except me. We went to Shoshone which is not a great way from Death Valley and were there for two years. During that time, I put aside my woman's clothing and wore overalls and top boots. Rattlers were numerous, and

once I saw a Gila monster—ugh! but he was an ugly looking customer! You can bet I did not wait to argue with him. I was the only woman for many, many miles around when I went there, and I want to tell you that amongst all the miners and prospectors and the few white men and the half breeds and Indians scattered about the hills and the desert, I met with more courtesy and kindness than I have ever experienced in any city.

"We had burros and rode and walked many miles around. Sometimes we crossed Death Valley and stopped at Furnace Creek, that wonderful creek which rises right in Death Valley, flows away and then sinks from view in the dangerous sands. On one journey we saw a burro lying dead on the sands and on our return it was nearly buried. I met and got friendly with a number of Indians and some of the old prospectors used to stop at our camp for visits and we always looked forward to their coming.

"One old man was very well educated but he had the desert fever, and had been there for the best part of his life. Now and again he found some good strike but he never held on, just sold to someone for a song, spent the money in some desert town and then started out again. He had always had the idea that some day he would make the biggest "strike" ever made and that idea will be with him until he dies, if he is still alive. Do you know that I would like to go back to the desert some time and put on overalls and walk the sands and the mountains again? One of these days I will, for at the desert town of Amargosa my mother, grandmother and sister have a ranch which they like as well as I do. I had a trip there recently and went on to Goldfield and Mr. McGowan is going to take the company to that part of the country to make some unique railroad stories and get some real mining scenes, too."

Miss Holmes' brother died despite her unselfish and loving care. He is buried where the setting sun turns the bare

change his desert home for the finest palace in the world. He gave Miss Holmes two baby coyotes and "Tonopah" a cross between a coyote and a collie and these and other animals have comfortable quarters in her Glendale garden where Tonopah and her bulldog quarrel for her attention, and where the coyotes show their gratitude for these same attentions by biting her whenever they have the chance. She has her favourite horse there, too, and he does not go stale for the want of exercise. Miss Holmes is also devoted to her racing automobile and when work is over she likes to doff her overalls and go for a spin along the ways which are more or less deserted and where she can "let her go."

She is tensely interesting to talk to, frank and unaffected, as she is, and many are the stories she can tell of the studios of famous artists and of happenings on the desert or in Death Valley.

She was called the "White Squaw" by some of the Indians while she lived in the valley and others named her Ta-wa-wis-na-me which means "the first rays of sun at dawn." She saw the coming of several new mining camps including the extraordinary rush to Greenwater where the surface strikes of copper aroused the whole mining world and where in a few days' time men were fighting for locations and fabulous prices were paid for mere prospects. Where two towns sprung up in a few days, telephone and telegraph lines were laid and a newspaper started. Where machinery was carted in and a mill built before any real ore was found in commercial quantities and from which men left one by one, broken and disheartened, where two prominent mining men blew their brains out because they could not face the cli-

beauty to spare and is very natural and daring and she puts her whole heart into her work. Really she does not think she is as good as she undoubtedly is, and that is unusual in the leading actress of a company, but McGowan says that he has never had as good an actress in all his experience. She is one of the few actresses who actually do the dangerous stunts assigned to her, and who never allows a "double" to do them for her.

There is a heap of success ahead of Helen Holmes before she carries out that threat to go back to the desert and wear overalls again.

American Films for Europe

MR. SAMUEL GOLDFISH, of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, has returned from Europe with contracts with Walker, of London; Dusseldorf, of Germany, and other European distributors of motion picture films to distribute films of his company and of the Famous Players Film Company and Bosworth, Inc., abroad. The films are not to be sold to the foreign representatives, but leased to them for certain periods.

The products compose the yearly output of the Paramount Pictures Corporation, which was formed several weeks ago.

"Just Helen"
—a Sweet,
Lovable
Girl



In Her Own Little
Racing Car with
One of Her Pets

expanse into a sea of gold and where in the spring time there are more beautiful wild flowers in masses of color than in almost any other place in the world. I know because I, too, have lived on the desert.

"It was after this that I came to Los Angeles where I tried to get work as an artists' model, but there was no demand, and that is why I turned to motion pictures. I have been with the Kalem company for two years now and hope to be with them for a long time to come."

When one looks at Helen Holmes and notes the extreme beauty of her complexion, enhanced by a wealth of dark brown hair and by great hazel eyes one is far more inclined to associate her with artists than with the desert, but when one watches her doing some particularly daring stunt in the pictures or sees her arrayed in overalls, then the understanding comes as to how and why she loves the rough and free outdoor life.

On her recent visit to Death Valley and its vicinity she met an old friend in Pannamint Tom who is fabulously old and who would not

ents that they had induced to put all their money into their prospects with the promise of enormous returns and where finally the towns were left and just one man stayed because he loved the spot—he was there before all the excitement came—Pannamint Tom.

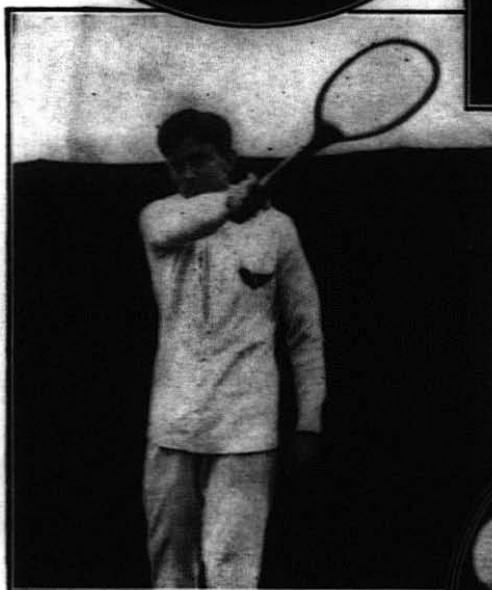
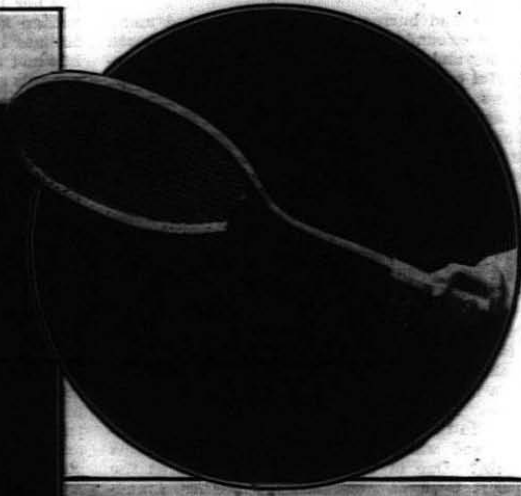
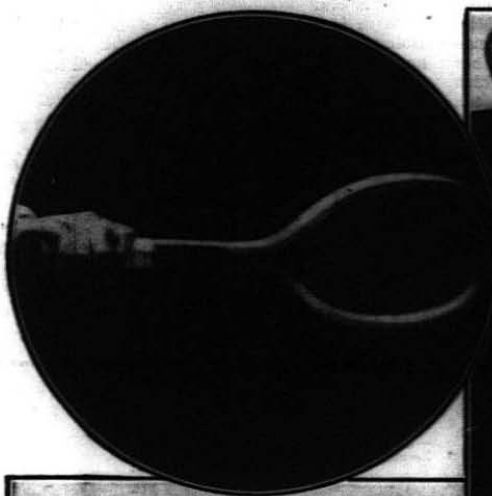
Helen Holmes will not say much about her success on the screen, but her director and the heads of the Kalem company do. She has



Another Incident from
"The Girl at the Switch"

Expert Advice on Tennis

Maurice McLaughlin National Tennis Champion, is here shown illustrating the various strokes used in his whirlwind playing.



The Finish of the Forehand Stroke That Has Won Many a Hard Battle is Shown on the Left

The Upper Left Hand Picture Shows How the Racquet Should Be Properly Held for the Back-Hand Stroke, and the Top One on the Right Illustrates the Grip McLaughlin Uses in His Forehand Stroke

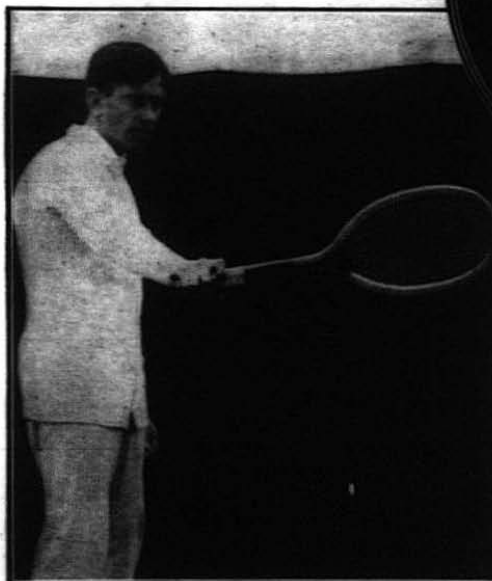
The Center Picture Shows His Position at the End of the Backhand Stroke



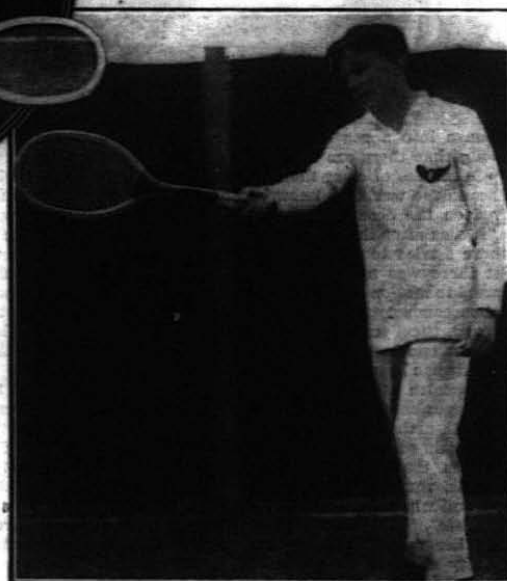
Following through with the Forehand Stroke (Picture on the Right) Gives the Ball the Speed from a Free-and-Easy Hit



The Low Backhand Stroke Here Illustrated is Probably One of the Hardest to Perfect



McLaughlin's Position as He is About to Make a Hard Backhand Stroke, and the Position He Assumes for the Follow-through Forehand Shot

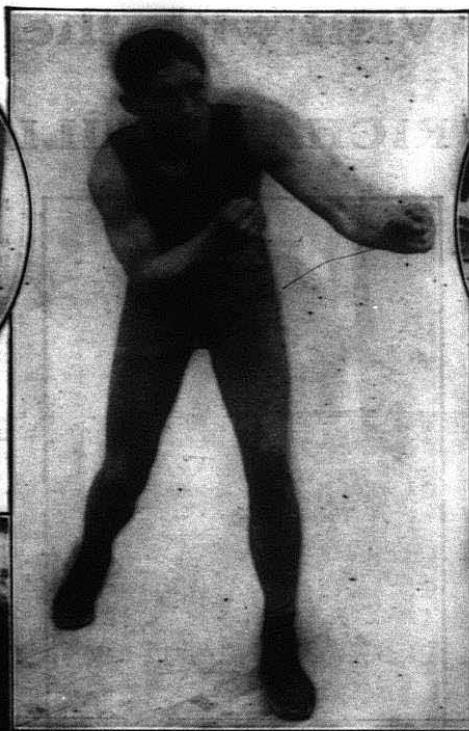


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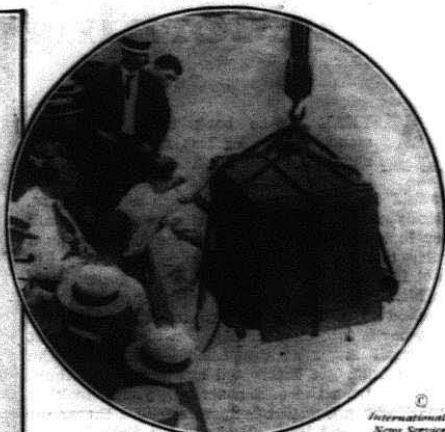


© International News Service
Houdini, the Handcuff King, Just before He was Locked Up, Handcuffed and Shackled in a Heavy Packing Case and Lowered into New York Bay



© International News Service

George Carpentier, the French Pugilist Who Won the Fight from Guscat Smith in London



© International News Service

Showing How the Packing Case was Lowered When Houdini was Lowered into the Water



© International News Service

"Fritz," a Large Saint Bernard Dog, has been Condemned by the Municipal Court of Cincinnati, As an Undesirable Citizen, Because He Recently Bit a Child



© International News Service

Little Baby Kongo, the \$3,000 Infant Hippopotamus of the Central Park Zoo in New York with His Mother Mrs. Murphy



© International News Service

Showing One Incident of the Smith-Carpentier Fight in London

Great Rivalry Exists Between the Society Ladies of New York in the Matter of Walking Chaperons. The Picture Shows Two of the Ladies with Their Newly Acquired Pets

© Underwood & Underwood



Kermit Roosevelt and His Bride, Formerly Bella Willard, and His Sister, Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth, Just before Landing at New York

© International News Service



At the Lasky Studios

A Morning Visit with the Celebrities

A YEAR or so back there stood a more or less ramshackle house and some barns within grounds which

would have been beautiful with a little care. Hollywood is pretty, no matter where you walk or look, and it often struck me that it was a pity that someone with an eye to beauty did not take this particular corner and polish it up a bit. Along came a moving picture man and looked it over, then he rented it and turned the barns into offices and laboratories and built a small stage at the back. Eventually the movie man got interested elsewhere and there arrived from the east a serious, young looking man with a wealth of experience of a theatrical nature behind him. He took his time looking the situation over, for he, too, wanted to get a studio and for quite a reputable concern, too. The young looking man was Cecil B. De Mille and his company was the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. He saw the Hollywood property, made his negotiations and took it. Forthwith rose added stages and buildings and the ramshackle house is now an imposing affair with offices and dressing rooms.

I strolled into the studio recently and during the morning met quite a formidable little gathering of celebrities. Look at the picture and you will find Robert Edson, Stewart Edward White, Dustin Farnum, Max Figman, James Neil, Theodore Roberts and Thomas Ross, whilst seated are Cecil B. De Mille and Oscar Apfel. Reads like a meeting at a New York Dramatic Club, doesn't it? Yet here they were all together in a Hollywood Motion Picture studio, way out in California.

Max Figman had just had his first picture experience in "The Man on the Box" and did not hesitate to say that the work interested him as much as it did his wife, Lolita Robertson. He told me how near he had come to appearing in a motion picture some years back right here in Los Angeles.

It was in 1911, I think, that he was here acting in "The Old Curiosity Shop" when he met Elmer Boggs, then manager for the Selig Polyscope Company at Edendale and Boggs had broached the subject of a motion picture with "The Old Curiosity Shop" as a vehicle in which to exploit Max Figman. The latter thought quite seriously about the matter and arranged to meet Mr. Selig when he arrived from Chicago on a Friday. Finding he could not meet the appointment made at the stipulated hour he telephoned to Boggs to tell him he was on his way out. Mr. Figman distinctly heard some shots fired and a girl said over the wire, "Something dreadful is happening," and dropped the receiver. Max Figman dressed and started for the car when he heard the newsboys calling the tragedy of the murder of Boggs and

By **RICHARD WILLIS**



Robert Edson, Lasky's Leading Man

the shooting of Mr. Selig in the arm and he says that if he had kept his appointment he would have been in that office when the shoot-

ing took place. The happening upset Mr. Figman and he changed his mind and went to New York where he was due later for a new

production.

Mr. Figman is a capital story teller and full of ready good humor and he was a great favorite with everyone in the studio. He believes in the future of the films thoroughly and has watched their progress with great interest.

I was lucky to catch Robert Edson at the completion of the picture "The Call of the North," for the company had been absent for the major part of the time the picture was being produced. He and Stewart Edward White were having a little confab together over the production which was, of course, from Mr. White's book. In the course of the conversation Mr. Edson had a good laugh over a letter he had received from his son in New York. Now Robert Edson is not only a fine actor but he is also a good business man, and he owns a great garage in the metropolis to say nothing of several motor busses and a number of touring cars, and this garage is in charge of his son. The letter informed Edson that two of the mechanics had got married and that another one was engaged. The letter finishes up with, "Now I am not sure what I am running, a garage or a matrimonial bureau." All of which shows that Edson Junior possesses some of the humor of Edson Senior.

Mr. Edson likes the picture game. It gives him full scope for his athletic abilities and lots of fresh air and he is glad that he will return to Los Angeles later on to appear in another of his famous parts—which one is not yet fully decided.

In talking about the Bear Valley trip where many of the scenes in "The Call of the North" were taken, Mr. Edson called attention to the strange pranks altitude will play upon different people and to prove his point recounted the fight he had with Milt Brown. Milt Brown is a huge man and strong withal, and he has been a champion cowboy and has appeared with several

motion picture companies from time to time, including the N. Y. M. P. Company, Seligs, the Universal and Lasky's. "We were up an altitude of 8,000 feet," said Edson "and it was there that Milt and myself had the big fight which figures in the play. Now under ordinary circumstances Brown, who weighs over two hundred pounds and is as big as a steeple, could tie me up in no time, but the altitude affected him badly and it buoyed me up to such an extent that when I finally threw him he lit so hard that he was almost out. When told to start in again he merely groaned 'Good Lord,' and flopped over once more and it was quite a little time before he got his breath again."

Stewart Edward White stood by enjoying Edson's yarns,



Quite a Group of Celebrities. The Man at the Desk is Cecil B. De Mille, and to the Left is Oscar Apfel. From Left to Right Are Thomas W. Ross, Theodore Roberts, James Neil, Max Figman, Dustin Farnum, Stewart Edward White and Robert Edson

but it is hard to get him to say very much himself, he says he is a better listener than a talker. During my visit he was photographed before a motion picture camera and he was mighty nervous about it too, one could see that by the way his hand trembled. He is very delighted with the way that his story, "The Call of the North"—"The Conjuror's House" in book form—had been put on and praised the attention to details that was manifested throughout the progress of the full five thousand feet. One of the requirements of Mr. White, backed up by Robert Edson, was that nothing should be faked in the play and they found De Mille more than agreeable to this. It meant expense but expense pays in matters of this kind. In the course of this picture real Indians manage a canoe the way an Indian would, and the white men use the stroke they use under ordinary circumstances. The canoes are the perfectly real and correct thing as is everything else used in this production.

Mr. White will leave in a few days carrying the precious film with him, he will then proceed to Lake Tahoe for the summer and later on will return and arrange for the visualization of some of his other stories and will help in the productions. He finds the work inspiring and fascinating to a degree and is now a strong screen devotee.

I had a chat with James Neil, another interesting man. Neil was for years stage manager and director for Morosco in Los Angeles, and he knows about everyone in the dramatic dictionary. He has been acting with the Lasky forces for some time now and directed the "Call of the North" with Robert Edson. Neil broke into the film game a year ago and directed a series of comedies for the Universal company before he went to the Lasky studios. A quiet gentlemanly man with a fund of experience and some dry humor, and a great eye for artistic effects, Mr. Neil is a firm believer in the production of artistic plays and thinks that the drama must look to its laurels and get out of the "copying" rut it has fallen into.

Just a hasty good bye to the boyish Dustin Farnum who will never grow old or get too staid. Pictures are one big lark to Farnum although he puts all he knows into them. He says that he intends to take a good vacation before resuming, and will visit England and other European points but "they can't get rid of me, I'll be back with bells on" he added. He received a great send off from his companions and took some valuable film with him on consignment to New York.

I was glad indeed to meet that sterling old actor, Theodore Roberts, fresh from his triumphs in his favourite sketch "The Sheriff of Shasta" which is favourably known to audiences all over the States. He made his first film appearance in "The Call of the North" and although he will

return to his "Sheriff" again in September it is pretty certain that he will make other appearances at Lasky's for they want him, and he wants to come. He is good to listen too, this man, and his remarks upon pictures are worth listening to, for they are "different." Here is about what he said:

"You talk of the benefits to be derived from having one's evenings to one's self. Man—you have got to have your evenings to yourself, up at 6 P. M., made up at nine, do a few minutes' work and then alter your make up and do a little more work, hang around for an hour or so, do a little more, take your make up off, go home satiated with the air, eat and go to bed. In my next picture I am going to get a hammock and hang it up in the shade and lay in a stock of good books, why I have read more in the Movies than I have in months—it makes a fine holiday. I liked that visit to Bear Valley, my, what a gorgeous spot and what exercise. We would walk a couple of miles for a location and then argue it out with the camera man, walk another two miles and ask Mr. Camera man 'how about it?' All serene and a good light and we would take some scenes. Then lunch time—how one can eat in Bear Valley! then, 'That is all for you today' from De Mille and I would tramp back, get my fishing tackle and catch a few trout. I was sorry when the trip was over."

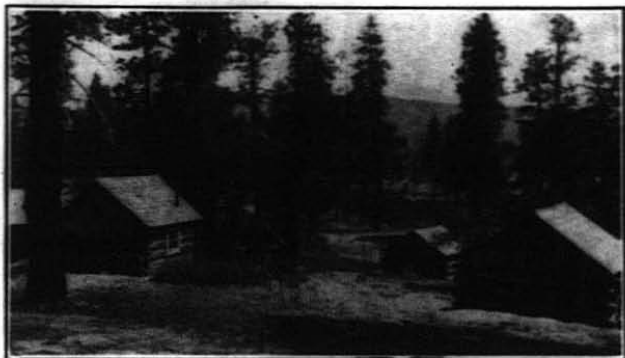
Theodore Roberts expects to return some time to appear in some of the plays with which he has been associated such as "The Barrier" and "The Right of Way." He owns that he misses



Allan Wyckoff, Head of the Lasky Studios

time he spent in Los Angeles. He had much to say regarding his automobile trip from Chicago to Los Angeles, which car was used in "The Only Son" by the way. Ross is another actor who has the gift of perennial youth and who thoroughly likes acting in Motion Pictures. Cecil De Mille and Oscar Apfel were far too busy to talk to interviewers. They were courtesy itself but they had their hands full—I will have a talk with them later for they are two of the best informed and most interesting men in pictures.

I learned that H. B. Warner, clever son of a clever father, would start on the "Ghost Breakers" right away, and that Max Fegman's next vehicle would be "What's His Name," and that Ed. Abeles would probably return for the production of "Ready Money." No wonder that De Mille is a busy man, he has much to watch and to arrange for. Fred Kley, the business manager, and Allan Wyckoff, the superintendent of the laboratories, spend most of their time at the studios, for they also have little spare time. Altogether the Lasky studios are mighty interesting to visit—I'll go again!



The Lasky Camp in Bear Valley

the footlights and the applause and cannot reconcile himself to deserting the legitimate stage altogether. Thomas Ross is another of the Lasky actors who thoroughly enjoyed the

How "The Christian" Was Filmed

NO BETTER example of the recent advance in the matter of details and casting in the production of motion pictures has been shown than in "The Christian," the eight-reel photoplay which is now entering upon the sixth week of a prosperous run at the Olympic Theatre.

It will be recalled that when Hall Caine's wonderful romance of John Storm and Glory Quale was first presented before the footlights Viola Allen and Edward Morgan in these roles created two living, breathing characters—a man and a woman—not easily to be forgotten. Viola Allen's Glory Quale was indelibly stamped on the minds of all those who had read the Caine novel and later witnessed the play, while John Storm was brought to life with all of the simple forcefulness of character and sincerity of the late Mr. Morgan.

Glory Quale came into life possessed of all of the wonderful powers and personality of Miss Allen, and likewise was John Storm possessed of all of the personality of his creator, Mr. Morgan. And as these two characters were presented to the millions of playgoers they were remembered as their creators had presented them.

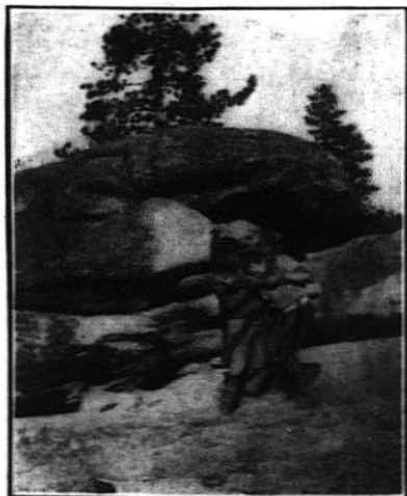
When the Vitagraph people and the Liebler company recently formed a combination and determined upon presenting the Caine story on the motion picture screen the all important fact that the chief characters in the story were well

known to millions was happily not forgotten. The producers had the good presence of mind to know that they must present Viola Allen's Glory Quale and Edward Morgan's John Storm as near as it was possible for human endeavor to accomplish such a task.

In casting about for a suitable Glory Quale the Vitagraph directors selected Edith Storey, already a well-known and accomplished figure on the screen and an actress of depth, personality and genuine histrionic ability, and, strange as it may seem, possessing a remarkable facial resemblance to Viola Allen herself. Physically Miss Storey is slimmer than was Miss Allen when she appeared as Glory Quale, but in face, method and realization of the dramatic worth of the role Miss Storey is a splendid duplicate of the creator.

The resemblance to the creator of the role of John Storm is even more striking. For this part, which will always be linked with the name of the late Edward Morgan, Earle Williams, a well-known Vitagraph player, was selected.

The combination of the Vitagraph and Liebler forces, both representative in their respective fields of production, will mean many motion picture features of unusual worth, and which, if produced with the same care and attention quickly recognized in "The Christian," will bring forth the same popular results and patronage which the camera version of the Caine story is now enjoying.



The Fight Between Edson and Brown in "The Call of the North"



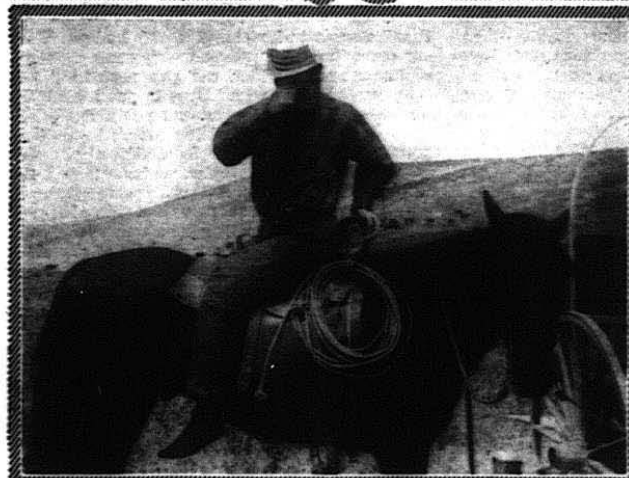
Wheeler Oakman as Willie Clark



When Willie Proposes to Jane Featherly's Father for Her Heart and Hand, Old Man Featherly Simply Laughs at Him



Frank Clark as Jim Rucker



You Can't Blame the Cow Punchers on Jim Rucker's Ranch for Thinking That a Cowboy Who Looks Like This is an Easy Mark



After Jane Has Told Him That She is "Willie" She Has a Hard Time Persuading Willie to Find Out Whether Her Father is "Willie" Also

"Willie"A Chappie in Chap
Two Reel Selig Farce

CAST.

Willie Clark.....Wheeler Oakman
Old Man Clark, Willie's father.....Fred Huntly
Jane Featherly, Willie's fiancée.....Gertrude Ryan
Old Man Featherly, Gertrude's father.....George Hernandez
Jim Rucker.....Frank Clark

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Willie Clark finally plucks up courage enough to ask Old Man Featherly for the heart and hand of his beautiful daughter Jane,—and this with Jane's consent—Mr. Featherly simply laughs at him, telling him bluntly that he wants his daughter to marry a "man" instead of a "Willie boy." Much dejected, Willie goes home. He finds there Jim Rucker, a gruff, hearty, loud voiced Texas cattleman on a visit to his father, who nearly wrings his hand off in token of good will. And then a brilliant idea strikes Willie. He decides to ask Jim Rucker for a job! Both Willie's father and Jim are much taken with this idea; they have visions of making a man of Willie, and Jim starts back home with him in tow. As Willie wears a monocle, fashionable clothes, is very finicky about scent in his bath and carries a supply of toilet articles that would make a leading lady blush, life on the ranch does not prove easy. In fact, the cowboys have such a glorious time that there is no work done at all. Every old trick for torturing the tenderfoot is brought into practice. But there is good stuff in Willie and the cowpunchers wake up one day to the fact that Willie is as brown, and as roughly clad, and as broad shouldered as the best of them—but only after Willie has ducked them to a man in the horse trough. And the telegram that Jim Rucker sends old man Clark reads thus: "The kid is O. K. He has licked ever puncher on the ranch; he has borrowed enough money from me to buy a hundred head of cattle and starts east tomorrow to marry the girl. Don't keep him long; we need him out here."



The Cowboys Put Willie through Every Stunt Ever Devised for Torturing a Tenderfoot



Wheeler Oakman Looks the Part of Willie, But He Had to Have More Hardihood Than the Sturdiest Cowboy to Act It

"Uncle Bill"

And His Nephew and His Cousin and His Niece

Two Reel Vitagraph Farce.

WHEN Uncle Bill arrives in New York City on a visit to his nephew John Mason, he finds that it is too late to go out to the house that night, so he goes to Curray's for a meal instead. Now, this is what has happened before Uncle Bill gets to Curray's. Vivien and Jack Trent, a young married couple, have just had a furious quarrel because Vivien persists in flirting with every man she meets. As a result Jack has left a note saying that he is going to commit suicide and has gone off to Curray's to supper with Mrs. John Mason, the wife of his very dear friend. Vivien is frantic when she reads the note, but John Mason Senior persuades her that it is only one of Jack's jokes and invites her to go to Curray's for a little supper. Uncle Bill sees Mrs. John Mason at Curray's, recognizes her from the picture that he has, and stares at her so rudely that her escort knocks him down. Mrs. John, is in the limelight, as her husband is running for governor, and when she gets home she finds that she has been followed by a horde of reporters. Added to the confusion is that fact that Uncle Bill is announced, and introduces himself as the Masons' Cousin Rudolph; and that a burglar, who is hiding in the fireplace, and has heard everything, comes out and introduces himself as "Uncle Bill." John Mason, the candidate for governor, is nearly frantic over the publicity which he sees no way of escaping, when someone has a bright idea. Mason Senior consents to go to the reporters and tell them that he was at Curray's—but with his daughter-in-law. The reporters leave. The real Uncle Bill calls up the police and they come down, recognize in the fake "Uncle Bill" a notorious thief, and lead him away, handcuffed. Jack Trent appears from behind the screen and Vivien throws herself into his arms. John Mason and his wife offer mutual explanations and forgiveness. And Uncle Bill ends the evening by proposing to Gladys, John's sister-in-law, and clasping her in his arms.



Vivien's Evening Ends Happily in a Reconciliation with Her Jealous Husband



It is Jack's Jealousy of Vivien's Flirtations with All the Men She Meets That Keeps Them at Curray's Points All the Time

Much to Everyone's Surprise, Uncle Bill Proves to be Far from Old



It is with Dark Suspicion That Uncle Bill, Masquerading as Cousin Rudolph, Encounters "Oleky Carley" Masquerading as Uncle Bill

One Can Hardly Blame Jack Trent for Wanting to Keep Anyone as Beautiful as Vivien All to Himself



Complication Successes Complication When All of the Principals of the Curray Restaurant Disaster are Back at the Masons' Home



Vivien Trent and John Mason Senior are Sublimely Unconscious of Their Audience Behind the Japanese Screen

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouse's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE VIII—THE WILES OF A WOMAN

ALL STAR CAST.

Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire... Alfred Norton Jones, Hargreave's butler... Sidney Bracey Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter... Florence LaBadie The Countess Olga... Marguerite Snow Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter... James Cruze Susan, Florence Gray's companion... Lila Chester Braine, one of the conspirators... Frank Farrington

AFTER their repeated failures at abducting Florence Gray, the conspirators begin to awake to the fact that it is Jim Norton, the newspaper reporter, who manages to frustrate them at every turn. Obviously, then the thing to do is to get rid of Norton. Several schemes are concocted, attempted, and all fail. But they finally hit upon the idea of dropping him through a manhole to drown. It is an easy matter for a half dozen of them to track Jim on a dark night, seize him and throw him into the sewer, and it is hard to see how their scheme could miscarry. But Jim Norton is a powerful swimmer and he keeps a clear head, with the result that again the conspirators fail. The countess claims that Jim has a charmed life. She it is who hits upon the idea of making it impossible for Jim to give any further aid to Florence, by estranging the two. Still posing as Florence's dearest friend, the Countess invites her to her apartment together with Jim. But when Florence goes quietly into the Countess' drawing room and sees Jim holding the Countess clasped in his arms, she turns and leaves immediately, all her faith in Jim shaken and feeling utterly alone.



Florence Gray Enters the Countess' Drawingroom Just in Time to See the Countess Clasped in Jim Norton's Arms



It is the Countess Who Persuades Braine to Abandon Force and Adopt Strategy

Marguerite Snow as the Countess Olga



Unfortunately for the Conspirators, Jim Norton is a Powerful Swimmer and His Strength Lasts Until He is Out of the Sewer

The Conspirators, in Secret Meeting, Decide on a Plan for Getting Rid of Jim Norton, One That Seems Certain of Success



It is An Easy Matter for a Half Dozen of the Black Hundred to Capture Jim and Drop Him Down a Manhole



Still Posing as Florence's Best Friend, the Countess Visits Her and Invites Her to Dinner

The Old Army Coat

It Plays an Important Part in Two Lives

"LEROY is in town," said Alice Hampton, and looked, almost fearfully, at Major Robertson, her guardian. "I—thought—I really thought I should tell you, uncle."

Major Robertson shook his head sadly. As he stood up he trembled slightly. He was an old man, and yet, those who knew him could have told you, he was not as old as he looked. But he had led a lonely life. And a life, moreover, that was not only lonely, but sad. Little happiness had come to him. A veteran of the Confederacy, he was one of those who had taken the lost cause of the South most bitterly to heart. He had lived, he often said, when better men had been allowed to pour out their blood for the cause; there were times when that seemed to him only an added cause for repining. His hair was very white; the old erectness of carriage had deserted him.

"Leroy?" he said. "That means trouble, my dear! Yes—I am glad you told me. He will be here, I suppose."

"Poor Leroy," said the girl, with a sigh. "I remember him when he was a little boy, living here with you. I used to play with him, sometimes, even though we weren't supposed to. And he was always so nice."

"You waste your sympathy, my dear," said the major, rather sternly. "Leroy has had every opportunity! God forbid that I should deny anything to my dead brother's son! Sometimes I fear I have done too much—that had I been less indulgent he might have turned out differently! A wastrel—a gambler—a drunkard! And he is the only living man who bears my name—it will die with him!"

"He is young—other young men have been wild," said Alice, gently. "It isn't too late for him to change, uncle—he may be as fine and as true a gentleman yet as you hope."

"I pray that you are right," said the major. But he shook his head again, and sighed. "It is a slim chance, I fear," he went on, musingly. "Wildness I could forgive—but his dissipation is constant. He does not resort to it for relaxation—he does no work to require relaxation. Still—there is a chance, as you say." His eyes flashed with the old fire for a moment; he drew himself up. "So far he has been wild and foolish! But—he has not yet done a dishonorable thing, as men reckon honor in this day. As long as he is free from that reproach there is still the chance you speak

By Vivian Barrington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE KALEM FILM, FEATURING ALICE JOYCE

of—and I shall stand by him, within reason."

The major took a large roll of bills from his pocket then, and handed them to Alice.

"Lock this money in the desk, my dear, if you will be so good," he said, with the old fashioned courtesy that never failed him. "I drew it from the bank for our trip."

"The reunion will be glorious," she said. "Oh, you have no idea of how proud I shall be, in my confederate red and white."

There were tears in the major's eyes.

"There is only one thing that reconciles me to Appomattox," he said. "When I look at you, my dear, I know that the spirit of the Confederacy still lives—that it shall always live!"

Alice put the bills in the desk and turned the key in the lock. Then, still smiling, she left the room, and the major was alone. But only for a moment. Hardly had Alice gone when a young man appeared.

"Uncle!" he said, gaily. "You look like a two year old, sir!"

"How are you, Leroy?" said the major, turning, stiffly. "I do not relish such compliments. How come you to honor us—when the city holds out as many attractions as I understand you have found there?"

Leroy gave a harsh laugh.

"I'm strapped, uncle," he said.

"Not that I wasn't coming anyhow—but the wind is very low. Can you advance me a trifle on my allowance—a few hundred? Debts of

honor, you understand."

"No, sir!" said the major, vehemently. "Leroy—your allowance is drawn and overdrawn for eighteen months to come! I shall continue to do what I promised—every month, on the first, I shall send you a check for half of the allowance I make you, until the overdraft has been repaid."

"But, uncle—"

"Not a word, sir!" thundered the major. "If you need more than I can see my way clear to giving you—earn it!"

"I'm a gentleman," grumbled Leroy. "I'm not supposed to work—"

The major rose to his full height.

"So, sir, am I gentleman, I hope," he declared. "And yet, when I returned from the war, ruined, even this plantation was lost to me—the very house in which my father and my father's fathers had been born and reared for generations. I went to work, sir—I labored with my hands, and by the sweat of my brow I toiled! I am richer now than I was before the war—but I worked for all I have! A gentleman is a gentleman still, sir—whether he works or not. He can forfeit that title more easily, indeed, by sloth than by honest toil!"

Leroy Robertson listened impatiently.

"Then you refuse?" he said.

"I must," said his uncle. "You are staying the night?"

"I—I don't know," said Leroy. "I'll stay for dinner, anyhow, if I may."

"My house is always open to you—you know that," said the major. "I shall see you later, then."

He left him at that. And Leroy, listening, waited until he was sure that he was alone. His eyes fell on the desk. Only a few moments before he had seen Alice put the money in it; he looked at it with hungry eyes. And suddenly temptation overcame him. He looked for some means of opening it. In an instant he had snatched down an old cavalry saber that hung on the wall, relic of the major's army days. And in another he had forced the lock of the old desk and had the money in his hands. He turned to confront the major, who recoiled at the sight of what his nephew had done. A choking cry burst from him; Alice, alarmed, rushed in.

"Take that money, sir—and go!" said the major, at last. "You have dishon-



"Take That Money, Sir—and Go!" Said the Major

ered the name you bear—you would be a thief, did I not give you the money freely. I disown you—I cast you off."

His head hanging, Leroy left the room and the house.

In the brilliant scenes of the reunion Major Robertson had a chance to forget, or, at least, to drive into the background of his mind this new sorrow. Leroy ceased to trouble him; he rejoiced in the meeting with old comrades, even while he mourned, with those who, like him, were left, the passing of those who had seen their last reunion. And he delighted in the homage that was paid on all sides to his ward. In the reunion, women figured largely, as they had done, fifty years before, in the war itself, and the Southerners exalted the sponsors and the maids of honor who played so pretty a part in the ceremonies of the reunion.

Even after the major and Alice returned to the old house he seemed disposed to talk more about past days. She had found him, as a rule, reserved when he spoke of the past; she knew little, indeed, of the relation between them. But now she was emboldened to ask him questions, shyly, uncertain of their reception.

"I've often wondered about the old coat up in the attic," she said. "You keep it there—yet you never see it?"

"Bring it down," he told her. "I have been wrong, I suppose, in keeping things from you that you have a right to know."

"No—no!" she said. "Please don't think that I've ever had such an idea!"

But she obeyed him, as she always did, and went to get the coat. When she returned, he was looking at an old miniature, marred by a furrow.

"Give me the coat," he said.

"And see. Here, hidden among the folds of the cloth, there is a pocket. No one, I think, would know of it unless they were told—I designed it myself, to give secrecy, and to keep what I placed in it safe. From an ordinary pocket things might well be lost. From this it would be very hard. My dear, it was this miniature that I kept in that pocket. You cannot recognize the face now—but that is because a bullet struck it, a bullet that would have killed me, had the miniature not been there."

She took it from him, gently, and looked at it.

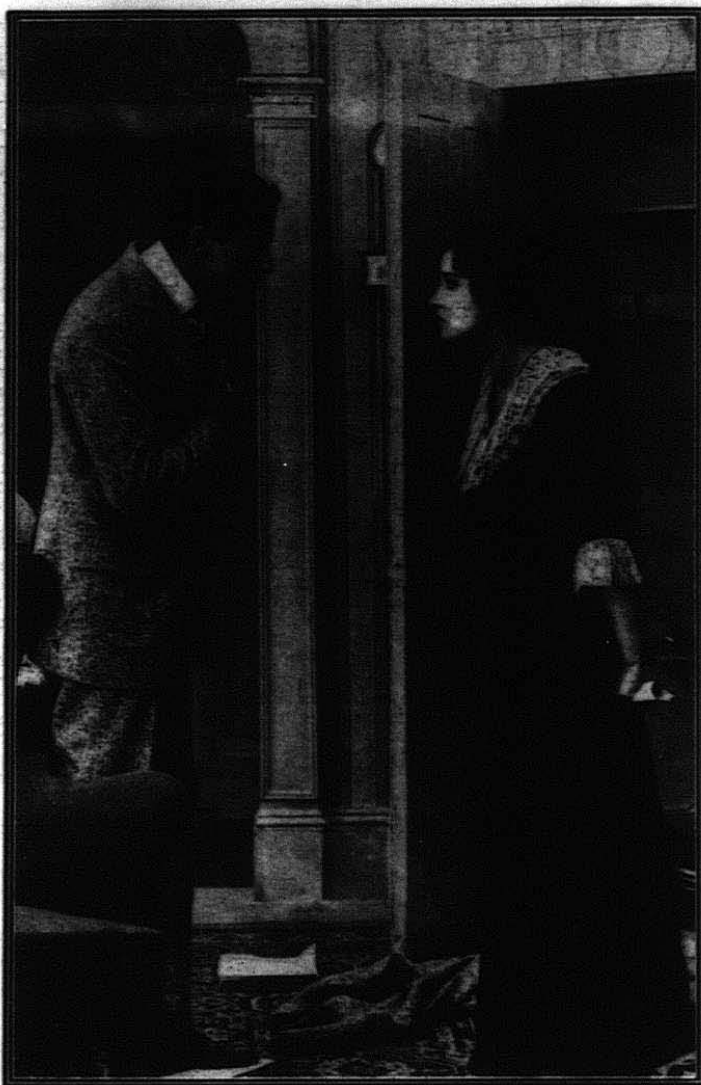
"Some day it will be yours," he said. "It is your mother's picture. She gave it to me before the war." He was silent for a moment, thinking. "In those days we—we were going to be married. But then things came between us. After the war, long after, she married your father—a fine gentleman, my dear, and a gallant soldier. He was worthier of her than I. And then—he had misfortune, and he died. And when your mother was dying she sent for me—and she made up to me for the sorrow she had had to cause me by giving you to me, to care for and to keep, in her stead."

There was silence between them for a time.

"So that is the story of the old coat," he said, quietly. "I think I will leave the rest of the story to your imagination, my dear. I am very tired. I am growing very old—and it may be that I was a little too active at the reunion. I shall rest—and take things very quietly, until the weather grows cooler."

He turned to go; suddenly he stopped.

"Zach tells me Leroy has been here," he said, his face stern. "I will not see him, Alice. I have heard things—to cap what he did before



She Faced Him Defiantly. The Will was in Her Hand But Her Face Did Not Betray Her Secret

we went away. I want to tell you something, my dear. I have changed my will. From the beginning you were to share my fortune with him—now my entire estate is to go to you. The will is here—I sent for it the other day to look it over. In the morning send for Stanton—he had better have it."

Alice protested. But it was in vain. When she was alone she sighed. She did not like Leroy, but, after all, he was the nephew and the blood relative of the major, while she was not related to him in any way. It seemed wrong to her. She thought of him, as he had been in the days of his boyhood, and sighed again. And just then, suddenly, he was with her.

"Where's the major, Alice?" he said, sharply. "I've got to see him—quick! Alice—I'm in no end of a hole! I lost a lot of money at cards—they made me pay right away. I gave a check—it is no good! I've got to get the money to meet it—or I may be arrested—"

"Leroy!" She paled. "Oh, Leroy—you mustn't try to see him. Let me do what I can—I'll help you, somehow! But it would kill him to see you now—"

He swore beneath his breath.

"Look here," he said. "I heard what was said about his will just now! You've got your way, you little sneak—you've accomplished what you've been after! But it won't do you any good—I'll find the will—and I'll—tear it to pieces—"

"Leroy!" she cried again. He brushed by her; she heard him go to his uncle's room. There came to her ears the sound of voices raised in anger. And suddenly she had an

inspiration. She knew Leroy would make good his threat. In a moment she had seized the will. But before she could leave the room Leroy was back.

"By God!" he swore, "I'll not be beaten! Where is that will?"

She faced him defiantly. It was in her hand, but her face did not betray her secret.

"Shame on you!" she cried. "You might have killed him—quarrelling with him—"

He pushed her aside, impatiently. In a moment he was rummaging among the papers in her desk. And then Alice saw a chance. She knew that in his maddened mood Leroy would not hesitate to lay hands on her in his search for the will; while he was not looking she slipped it into the secret pocket of the old coat.

And then a cry sounded through the house. It was Major Robertson. She flew to him; she saw at once that he had suffered a stroke of some sort. There was nothing she could do; she sped from the house, looking toward Doctor Lawson's house. And, even as she did so, her eyes were halted by what they saw at the window of the room in which she had left Leroy. She saw him toss the old grey coat from the window; almost in the same moment she saw a tramp, lying on the ground, seize it. He made off with it at once. But, though she knew that her whole future depended on the will that was in its pocket, she did not hesitate. She flew on, toward the doctor's house. When she returned with him the major was dead.

The major had been dead a year. Summer had come again; Alice on the porch of the farmhouse where she boarded, was talking to John Stanton, the lawyer who had drawn the major's will.

"I've tried everything, Alice," Stanton said, dejectedly. "I even tried to bluff him—offered to compromise. He wouldn't listen—says we can't produce the will, and that he's heir at law. He is, too! I've offered rewards for that tramp and for the return of the coat—it seems to have disappeared forever."

"It doesn't worry me," said Alice. "I'm happy here. I have my work—and I like to teach the children. I don't envy Leroy anything. I am only sorry that the major's wish could not be respected. I feel that I am not selfish."

"Selfish—you!" cried Stanton. "Oh, Alice—I'm going to ask you again! My dear—come to me—marry me! I love you—"

"I won't!" she said. "You have a mother and two sisters to care for. I won't add another burden to those that are already about your neck. If—if I loved you—even—I wouldn't do it—"

"I'm coming back, again and again," said Stanton, grimly. "You'd be no burden—you'd inspire me! But I won't take no—for some time you are going to answer—yes!"

Alice's eyes were wet when he had gone. There had been many such scenes. He had loved her, she thought, even in the days before the major died. He had declared himself as soon as it was certain that the loss of the will meant that she must shift for herself. Before—she might have accepted him. Slowly she rose, and began to walk, aimlessly, along the country road. She wanted to get away from her thoughts, but they pursued her.

She loved Stanton; she did not try to conceal that from herself, though she was determined that he should not know it. And, though

she had told the truth when she had said that for herself she did not mind the loss of her inheritance, it did grieve her to know that the money the old major had worked so hard to accumulate was being dissipated in a way that was far from reflecting credit upon the honored name of the major.

As she walked along she heard the horn of an automobile, and the sound of its engine, coming toward her. She looked up, and, as it passed, got a confused impression of several young men, who waved and shouted insolently to her. She flushed angrily; then, as she heard the car stop, she turned, and saw that it was coming back, toward her. One man, in a striped blazer, was waving to her; with a gasp of indignation she recognized Leroy Robertson. She

knew, perhaps by instinct, that he had been drinking. And she looked around for a refuge. Only one offered itself; quickly she ran from the road into the field at its side, and hid be-



She Crouched There While Leroy Came Nearer

hind a scarecrow that the farmer with whom she boarded had placed there—a rough affair, consisting chiefly of an old coat, with flapping sleeves, and a battered hat.

"I will marry you whenever you like, my dear," she said. "Now—tonight. . . ."

And it was not until she was his wife that she produced the will.

She crouched there while Leroy came nearer, but soon he gave up the search, and, with a drunken laugh, returned to his car. Alice rose, with a sigh of relief. And then, for the first time, her eyes really fell on the scarecrow's coat. Hardly daring to hope, Alice slipped her hand through its folds. They came to the secret pocket; in a moment the lost will was in her hands.

The explanation was simple, after all. The farmer gave it. He had scared a tramp from his barn one night; the man had left the coat behind. It had seemed available for a scarecrow, and so he had saved it.

Alice sent for Stanton at once. And, lest he reject her, now that she was rich, she told him, shyly, before she told him of the finding of the will, that she had changed her mind.

Facing Death with a Camera

HORACE VINTON, movie actor, author, and director, hung over the telegraph instrument that clattered in the lobby of the Hotel Astor. He was anxiously waiting for some word as to the fate of his motion picture camera man. Vinton had staged "The Fall of the Alamo" in Texas for the movies. The trouble in Mexico grew more and more serious. Vinton went to New York City to await developments and his camera men went into Mexico. For a time films of Mexican warfare were received regularly by Vinton. He sold his films to the animated movies that weekly depict the current events of the world, at his own price. He and the camera men prospered. And then came a time when no word and no film came from Mexico. Vinton's telegrams remained unanswered. For days he tried vainly to get into touch with the camera men who had gone into Mexico. It is six months since they crossed the border. "We'll get you some red-hot pictures," they wired Vinton. These camera men have never returned. Undoubtedly they are dead.

Hunting big game with the movie camera is said to be far more exciting than hunting with a rifle. Paul J. Rainey, the Cleveland millionaire, says so. He returned recently after a year's absence in East Africa.

Several years ago Rainey penetrated the African jungle and was accompanied by a camera man. This time he took his own motion pictures. "The most remarkable picture I succeeded in getting was a charging lion," said Rainey. "I caught him on the film the moment he stepped out of a clump of bushes fifty yards in front of the camera, and as he charged me I have a record of his every movement until he was shot down by Harold Hill, my companion, less than fifteen yards in front of the camera. The bullet fired by Hill struck the lion in the neck and caused him to turn a complete somersault. If the shot had missed, the lion would have had me in another moment."

By William Lord Wright

Rainey managed to obtain another set of motion pictures while on his recent expedition. The series show a herd of three hundred buf-

faloes charging. The experience nearly cost Rainey his life.

He was in a clump of grass with his camera when the buffaloes caught sight of him, although they were fully 200 yards away. They thundered toward him until they were within fifteen yards, when they suddenly veered around and charged in another direction. A cloth screen held over the camera probably frightened them off. Had they not veered the party would have been trampled to death. These are said to be the only pictures of a charging herd of wild buffaloes in existence.

You have enjoyed the "jungle melodramas" now so popular on the motion picture screen? Did you know that the great danger in making the picture plays with wild animals as actors is that the cast has to depend on someone else for protection. When the brave heroine is tracked through the jungle by the lion, the life of the actress is frequently dependent upon the experience and the presence of mind of the animal trainer. Occasionally something goes wrong. Capt. Jack Vonivita, acting in an "animal picture," was felled by a wild beast and nearly killed before being rescued.

The actor who "works" in the animal pictures very often takes his life in his hands. He never knows exactly what the lions and the tigers are going to do. He can only trust someone else.

While much has been written and printed about the hairbreadth escapes of actors, actresses, and directors, in motion picture productions, little has been said of the humble camera man. He is an essential part of any motion picture production. Upon his knowledge and skill depend the success of any motion picture play.

All over the world you will find men facing death with the movie camera. They were in Torreon filming Villa and his rebels; they were in Vera Cruz with the American army of occupation; they are everywhere that danger exists.



Horace Vinton, Actor, Author, Director

MOVIE NEWS

A Summary of the Week's Happenings in the Moving Picture World

Shorter Reels

N. A. PEARCE, of Baltimore, Md., was elected president of the National Motion Picture League at its convention at Dayton, Ohio, after M. A. Neff withdrew as a candidate to avert a split among the delegates. Other officers elected were: First vice president, T. P. Finnegan, Dallas, Tex.; second vice president, M. E. Corey, San Francisco; treasurer, E. Jeup, Detroit; secretary, W. R. Wilson, Columbus, O.

President Neff in his address urged shorter films and abolition of five-cent admission charge in favor of ten cents. The next convention will be held at San Francisco.

Increasing Thrift

A NOVEL method of teaching thrift through the medium of moving pictures was decided upon at a meeting of a dozen prominent Los Angeles bankers, representing the leading savings institutions of the city, at a recent meeting presided over by J. F. Sartori in the Security Trust and Savings Bank.

With all their business sagacity, the bankers planned the utilization of the flickering screen as an agency to direct the thought of the man, woman and child who makes up the typical audience of the motion picture theatre toward thrift, and by thus urging upon the people of Los Angeles the idea of saving, thereby increase the savings accounts in their respective banks, hence benefiting their own business and the people as well.

Movie Facts

NEW YORK boasts of 1,200 movie theatres. Rio de Janeiro has a million dollar picture house.

400,000,000 people annually attend the movies in the United States.

"The Squaw Man" was the first movie in the Cannibal Island.

St. Louis spends \$7,500,000 annually seeing the movies.

New York's Strand Theatre played to 70,000 people in one week with "The Only Son."

Cabiria required three years to complete.

Chicago has 678 photoplay theatres.

Fifteen first class New York theatres are now movie houses.

Paramount Pictures Corporation has capital of twenty-one million dollars.

Over \$750,000,000 invested in movies in America.

A movie of the working of a fly's eye was recently shown.

New York's biggest picture house cost \$2,000,000 to construct.

"Brewster's Millions" seen by 12,000,000 in two months.

Seven thousand people employed in New York movie houses.

Churches to Form Movie Circuit

FOLLOWING an exhibition of motion pictures under the direction of the Church Entertainment in the old First Presbyterian Church, Fifth avenue and Twelfth street, New York, a committee, headed by the Rev. Dr. G. H. Johnson, of Brooklyn, was named to consider the establishment of a circuit of church motion picture shows throughout the city. The move-

ment which started in the Washington square neighborhood to provide wholesome amusement for children and keep them off the street, will be continued.

Eighteen hundred persons, mostly children from the Greenwich Village section, attended the exhibition, which was under the patronage of Mrs. John H. Flagler, Mrs. Nelson H. Henry, Mrs. Robert Underwood Johnson, the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, the Rev. Dr. Percy Stickney Grant and Messrs. Paul Johnstone, Paul Pindexter and Cleveland Moffett. Half of the films are comedies which have been approved as suitable for children.

Henry Ford will Show Pictures

TO BOOST Detroit in motion pictures is Henry Ford's latest undertaking, and to this end he has established a large studio in his automobile plant, where views of interesting events in the city will be turned out weekly. Fifty Detroit motion picture theatres have already contracted for the feature, and it is the plan of the automobile manufacturer to send the films to surrounding states.

"It is not Mr. Ford's idea to feature the Ford plant in the pictures," said A. B. Jewett, who is in charge of the film plan. "Of course that industry, as one of the most widely known in the city, has a legitimate news value in the films, but we hope rather to make the films a record of significant events in Detroit, which will make the city so attractive and so desirable that persons in other cities of Michigan and other states will be tempted to come here."

\$15,000 to Make Film

AN ENGINE drawing four coaches at fifty miles an hour recently crashed into an open switch at Milltown, New Jersey, and rolled down a thirty-five foot embankment while six movie operators stood by and turned the cranks of their cameras. No one was hurt, as there was no one on the train but the engineer, who jumped while the train was in motion.

The cars burst into flame when they had tumbled to the bottom of the embankment, the engine blew up and the stunt was such a success generally that the Vitagraph Company considered the expenditure of \$15,000 a good investment.

Grand Operas to be Filmed

GRAND opera in the movies is coming next, according to George Maxwell, American representative of G. Ricordi and Company, commonly known as the Italian opera trust, who arrived in New York a few days ago after a trip abroad.

That the movies are really becoming universal in their appeal and that they will be looked to in the future with far more seriousness than they have been is indicated by Mr. Maxwell's news that several of the operas published by the Ricordis are to be put into the films and performed with their original music.

"Franchetti's 'Germania' will be put on at the Strand Theatre, in New York," said Mr. Maxwell, "and later 'Tosca' and several others. We have made arrangements with the Savio Company in Turin for these films. Of course they are not to be done by opera singers, but by efficient Italian movie actors."

In London Mr. Maxwell attended performances at Covent Garden and had conferences with the English publishers which his firm represents in New York. He gave out the information that the brilliant English composer, Cyril Scott, whose works are rapidly becoming known in this country, will visit America next season, confining his appearance, however, largely to drawing-room work.

Oscar in the Movies

ACCORDING to present plans, August 8 will see an important addition to the large motion picture theatres of New York. That is the date set by Oscar Hammerstein for the opening of his new opera house in Lexington avenue, between 50th and 51st streets. Motion pictures will be the principal attraction for an indefinite period in this latest large theatre.

Mr. Hammerstein's original intentions, as he announced them at the time, were to present grand opera in English at the new house. The Metropolitan Opera Company brought suit to prevent this and were sustained by the court because of a contract signed by the impresario in 1910, in which he agreed not to produce grand opera in any of the large cities of this country for ten years. The suit has been appealed.

Meantime, the entertainment will consist of motion pictures interspersed with scenes and excerpts from grand operas. The type of films that will be shown has not been definitely decided yet, but they will probably be of the feature variety, to be shown for a week or more at a time.

No Business Depression

ACCORDING to William L. Sherry of New York there is no depression in the film business, either "psychological," as President Wilson terms it, or real, as the Republican calamity howlers, for political purposes, would have us believe. Mr. Sherry is making a trip through the state and he says that he finds signs of prosperity on every hand. This is evidenced by the fact that the exhibitor is willing to pay more money for his films in order to get a better quality and also by the increase in prices which is gradually becoming effective all over the state.

Mr. Sherry controls the productions of the Famous Players Company in New York state and has recently allied himself with the Paramount Company, a new corporation formed by a combination of three of the biggest feature film companies in the world, the Famous Players, Jesse L. Lasky and Bosworth companies. It is only a year and a half since Mr. Sherry became interested in the film business, but during that time he has established himself as one of the big men in the industry.

Mr. Sherry says the production of features will be the big end of the film business from now on. The adaptation of books and popular stage successes into screen plays has hit the public fancy, and people are willing to pay more to see them than the single and double reel releases. The Paramount Company, says Mr. Sherry, will release two features each week, using the best material and the highest priced stars in the world. One theatre in each town, preferably the biggest and best, he says, will have this service exclusively although it will cost a fancy price. A quarter of a million dollars, he says, will be spent in advertising the new company. The first release will be H. B. Warner in "The Lost Paradise" to be seen September 1st.

What Are the Censors Doing?

(Continued from page 15)

The police officer, dull-witted as he usually is, is not altogether to blame. He has been put at the task of censoring motion pictures because those people in his community whose chief pleasure in life is to restrict other people's pleasures have insisted on it. It is up to him to censor more pictures than the National Board does; that is his job. The more pictures condemned or cut under his supervision the greater his reputation for protecting the community from the evil of the motion picture theatre. Every time he lets a picture go through to which some more than usually fussy man or woman objects to he gets called down! Is it any wonder that when he doubts he condemns?

That is a partial explanation of the astounding things that have been done in Chicago, beginning with Major Funkhouser's decision that a moving picture play made from Nathaniel Hawthorne's novel, "The Scarlet Letter," was dangerous to the community. Major Funkhouser probably did not object to "The Scarlet Letter." At least until I hear otherwise I shall give him credit for viewing it without any real alarm. But it was up to him to do something. "The Scarlet Letter" was being presented, and he acted. Of course when all the newspapers made fun of him and he found out that "The Scarlet Letter" was the work of an American writer whose respectability had never before been questioned he modified his decision.

But what if the author of "The Scarlet Letter" had been a new and unknown writer? No one would have protested, because no one would have known the real circumstances. The newspapers would not have been moved to ridicule. The decision would have stood.

One of the chief menaces of the censorship lies in this very possibility of secrecy. As the

censorship is now conducted in Chicago nobody but the manufacturer and the censors themselves has a chance to see a film if it is condemned or to see any parts to which exception is taken. The community has no means of knowing what the censors are doing except through the daily list of rejections and cutouts published by the CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

This list, printed without any comment whatever, is calculated to rouse the anger of any American citizen whose belief in a free republic is not wholly atrophied. Here is a list chosen at random—I happen to be writing this on July 23 and to have the CHICAGO TRIBUNE of that day in front of me—just as it was printed:

The following rejections and cutouts were ordered by the municipal censorship board yesterday at the city hall:

REJECTIONS.

"The Convict Hero" (Sawyer). Permit refused because picture portrays several murders, an attack on prison guards by convicts, an escape from prison, and mistreatment of prisoners.

"The Saving of Young Anderson" (Reliance-Mutual). Permit refused because picture portrays police officers in league with a gang of crooks, with whom they plan to commit crimes and also assist them in the commitment.

"Search, the Scientific Detective" (Biograph). Permit refused because it shows a police officer disguised as a bloodhound with uniform on, men drilling safe, and several other objectionable scenes.

CUTOUTS.

"For Massa's Sake" (Biograph). Lashing slave.

"The Great Stroke" (World Film). Shorten both gambling scenes to flashes;

man stealing money from cabinet; man prying cabinet drawer; man stealing letter; man steaming letter open; boring hole in car floor; opening car door and stealing jewel case; burglar entering house; subtitle demanding \$1,500; putting detective into basement cell; man entering basement cell with gun; gang stealing police auto.

Note the second on the list of rejections: "Permit refused because picture portrays police officers in league with a gang of crooks. . . ." Does anybody suppose that this decision was made on behalf of the young of our land? Doesn't everybody know it was made out of a desire to save the dignity of a police force that has very little dignity to save? It is not an isolated instance. Time and again the TRIBUNE records the fact that a rejection or a cutout was ordered because "it reflected on constituted authority." As if it were not the business of the motion picture theatre—like the newspaper, and the drama, and the novel—to "reflect on constituted authority" whenever and wherever it sees an opening.

Why did the founders of this country write into the constitution of these United States that clause which guarantees free speech? Did they mean that speech should be free except when it "reflects on constituted authority?" Precisely not. It was their especial purpose to protect just that sort of speech, which they saw to be essential to the very life of the republic. Democracy cannot continue to exist without the freest sort of criticism of officials and officialdom. And yet the official censors of moving pictures—not merely in Chicago, but in other cities and already in four states—continue to reject whatever they choose to reject.

Not even the "superior" people who want the official censorship would defend the sort of censorship we are actually getting if they took the trouble to inquire into it. What are the rest of us—who never asked nor desired official censorship—going to do about it?

The Moving Picture Game

(Continued from page 7)

come of Carruthers. My informant made his way through the group of people near the structure, and modestly answered the director's call. "Get in there, Carruthers," the director advised, "and let us see how much you can look like a 'floater'." Carruthers crawled into the water, lay on his back, closed his eyes and was quite rigid, silent and motionless. A stage mechanic mounted a ladder alongside the "sewer" opening at the top of the arch and flashed sunlight down through the hole with a wall mirror, casting the illuminative reflection full on the "dead" man's face.

"Camera," shouted the director—his name was McRane—and the operator began turning the crank of his machine. I watched the performance eagerly, for it was the first time I had ever seen a moving picture made. The "dead" man stuck his heels into the mud, shoved his body slowly along in the water and gave a most realistic effect of a corpse floating on its back in the causeway beneath some metropolitan city. When the man had floated forward several feet, Director McRane said: "Stop; that's a bully picture." Carruthers crawled out of the pit and ran to a dressing room. I stood for several minutes, gazing with admiration at the artistry and cleverness of the men who had created such a realistic effect with so little expense to the company's strong boxes. As I walked away from the scene I thought to myself that here was a scene that would entertain millions in New York, Chicago, London, and other world centers. And I realized that many thousands of people would believe that the picture was actually taken in some big city sewer and would wonder at the supposed toilsome work of the men in going down into a street canal to get the film.

I met McRane many times afterward. He was short and stout, had a brisk, engaging air and was gifted with a considerable amount of gray matter beneath his big straw hat. He had been the manager of a theatrical company ten years before he entered the silent drama world, and for several years had been director

for a "movie" corporation which specialized on wild animal dramas. I mention all this at this point in my narrative to sort of establish a foundation for further comment on McRane. He gave me a big boost later on and when I come to that episode the reader will understand this digressive paragraph.

One bright sunny afternoon, several days after I began work as a photoplay student, Hazelton, the master scenario writer, said to me, "Let us take a walk around the plant and watch the directors make some scenes."

We strolled along the road from the scenario house to the campus of the ranch and Hazelton called my attention to the work of one of the directors, Brent, in staging a scene representing the front of Old Trinity Church in New York on a Christmas night. Brent was rehearsing a girl, a waif of the streets, in a scene where she was to seek shelter from the blizzard on the steps of the famous edifice.

"I wrote this scenario myself," said Hazelton, "and this action at Old Trinity is designed to take place at midnight, hence the positive copies of the film, after being printed, will be immersed in a tank of pale amber fluid to color them to represent the glare of street lights near the church."

The steps and walk in front of the church had been partly covered with salt, to represent snow. Near the scene a stage mechanic mounted a stepladder with a gunny-sack half-full of white confetti, and began throwing handfuls of the paper bits into the sunlit air. A breeze was blowing and carried the confetti "snowflakes" into action between the camera and the background. "One, two three, go!" shouted Brent; the actress impersonating the homeless waif slowly staggered up to the steps and fell exhausted, the confetti meanwhile whitening her form. When the camera man had reeled off enough film to suit Brent the latter shouted, "That's out," the actress arose and the scene was over.

"When that action is shown on theater screens it will be wonderfully realistic and

make a big appeal to all beholders," said Hazelton. "Although made, as you see, in sunlit air, it will appear exactly as if filmed at midnight. I sometimes think that people generally do not give film producers full credit for the marvelous results attained in this industry. Come, let's go over there in that grove of trees and have a chat. How are you getting along in your study of this game?"

"Fairly well," I replied, "but if you would tell me of your methods in writing big picture plays I would take your remarks down in shorthand and use them as guiding precepts."

Apparently Hazelton was willing—I had hardly expected it—to give away all his scenario secrets, so, when we had seated ourselves under a gigantic oak, I got out some sheets of paper, sharpened my pencil and wrote as he talked.

Well, that was a great talk! If I were to count up the big things that have been responsible for my success, I should put that afternoon in the first rank. And when it was over, I drew a long breath, shoved my notebook into my pocket, and laughed.

"Mr. Hazelton," I said, "it's no use trying to say 'thank you.' But I can say this: I am going to succeed. You've shown me the way. And when I'm at the top of the ladder, you can point to me and say, 'I made that man,' and you'll be telling the literal truth."

When I got home that evening—and what a different homecoming from those I remembered in New York—Anna and Stella met me at the door.

When I returned to the studio next morning, Hazelton greeted me cordially and said: "You have told me that you once studied poetry and the art of versification a year and a half. Here is a copy of Longfellow's 'Evangeline,' which I wish you would study for two or three days and then make a photoplay out of the poem. Here also is a model scenario which will show how the scenes and subtitles are numbered. Get out in the grove, rest under the trees and visualize the entire poem. Then, after several days' study of this masterpiece, come to the scenario house here and write out a three-reel play, 'Evangeline.'"

(To be continued next week)

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

August 8



BEATRICE NOYES, the attractive ingenue actress on tour last season, playing Aggie Lynch in "Within the Law," in the special company headed by Helen Ware.

JAMES MCINTYRE, of the black-face team of McIntyre and Heath, than whom we have no better known artists in their particular line.

CARL STALL, the musical comedy favorite, seen last season in "Sari," in which he will continue for another year.

EDWARD ABRAHAM, recalled in various musical pieces produced by Lew Fields, and who looks to the business directorship of the vaudeville affairs of his wife, the golden-voiced Lillian Horlein.

HELENA HEAD, who has appeared on Broadway in numerous productions, being specially remembered in the support of E. H. Sothern.

DAVID GRAY, who should turn his talents to playwriting more often, his early effort, "Gallops," being a very happy memory.

August 9



LYDIA DICKSON, who has played many ingenue roles in her time, her most recent appearance being in the star-cast of "Fine Feathers," and who will not soon be forgotten for her effective work in "Checkers" and "A Texas Steer."

ALICE FLEMING, who ranks with the best of our stock company leading women and who recently concluded a lengthy term with the Baker Theatre forces, Portland, Ore.

BENJAMIN CHAPIN, who might, indeed, be called "The Ralph Ince of the stage and platform," for he, too, is specially famous for his impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, which he has done for many years as a lyceum entertainer.

ABBOTT ADAMS, whose name has adorned the program of many a musical play, especially those for which Richard Carle has stood sponsor.

FRANK E. JAMISON, the character actor, seen lately in "The Country Boy" and "Within the Law."

PAUL KELLY, the talented boy actor, who has appeared in numerous Broadway productions.

August 10



E. K. WALKER, who plays juvenile roles exceptionally well, being to the fore in several recent Belasco productions, notably "The Woman" and "The Governor's Lady."

SALLIE FISHER, the musical comedy favorite, who for the past year or so has devoted her talents exclusively to vaudeville.

EDWARD PEPLE, the fortunate dramatist, author of "The Price Chap" and "The Littlest Rebel," and who will now make a small-sized fortune from the proceeds of his latest work, "A Pair of Sixes."

T. K. HEATH, the other half of the team of McIntyre and Heath, who will continue to star this season under John Cort's direction.

FLORENCE HOLBROOK, who has a loyal and devoted following with musical comedy patrons, especially out Chicago way, but who has of late been playing in vaudeville.

AL. LA MAR, who these many years has been a partner with the only Master Gabriel, appearing with him in various musical plays and vaudeville skits.

August 11



ASHLEY MILLER, whose name we all know as one of the best of the Edison picture producers, only recall his recent effective work in films like "Back to the Simple Life" and "The Ever Gallant Marquis," and who has lately revealed a new side to his talents, play-writing, being author of the play, "Ambition," already produced on tour and which Broadway will see shortly.

JOSEPH M. WEBER, the German comedian of immortal Weber and Fields fame, and who recently announced that he was through for all time with the acting end of his profession, devoting himself hereafter to producing only.

CONNIE EDISS, the London Gaiety Theatre favorite, remembered on Broadway for her work in "The Shop Girl," "The Girl Behind the Counter," "The Arcadians," and "The Girl on the Film."

WALTER SHANNON, who lately returned from an extensive tour of the British music halls, where he and Beatrice MacKenzie offered various musical sketches.

August 12



ARTHUR AYLESWORTH, who was more than passing successful in "Over Night" and "Kiss Me Quick," and who this season was announced to appear in the production of "Apartment K-12," but who was missing from the cast upon the New York premier.

PAULINE FREDERICK, of "Joseph and His Brethren" fame, and who this season has the lead in A. H. Woods' production of "Innocent."

Cecil DE MILLE, who used to be an actor himself, but who nowadays has caught the lure of filmdom, being producer for many of the star features made by the Jesse Lasky company.

VIVIAN TORIN, the talented child actress, who was seen to excellent advantage in "The Rule of Three."

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, the author, whose story, "Seven Days," has been found highly acceptable as a screen production, fathered by the Biograph-Klaw-Erlanger combination.

PHILIP CUNNINGHAM, who appeared last season at the Globe Theatre, London, in both "Years of Discretion" and "People Like Ourselves."

MARION LOENE, whom we saw briefly last season, at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in "Don't Weaken," which had a "run" of less than a week.

August 13



JEAN MURDOCH, the young actress who created quite some stir a few seasons ago by stepping directly from the amateur stage into Laurette Taylor's shoes in "Seven Sisters," since when she has been chiefly identified with various stock companies.

EMMA EAMES, the grand opera prima donna, who now devotes all her time exclusively to the concert stage.

BERYL MERCER, recalled here in "The Shulamite," and now appearing in London, at the Royalty Theatre, in "My Lady's Dress."

FRANCES JORDAN, who has played juvenile roles in the support of stars like Margaret Anglin and Edith Wynne Matthison.

JANE CORCORAN, who is generally cast in one of William A. Brady's attractions, like "Mother" or Grace George's support.

GEORGE A. SCHILLER, the musical comedy favorite, late with "Madam Sherry," "The Wife Hunters" and "All for the Ladies."

August 14



DONALD HALL, who, after a long stage experience in musical comedy, upon both sides of the Atlantic, is now a shining light in the Vitaphone films, being specially happily placed in the two big features, "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Uncle Bill," in which he played the title role.

ELSIE LESLIE, who has not been especially active of late, last appearing with George Arliss in "Disraeli."

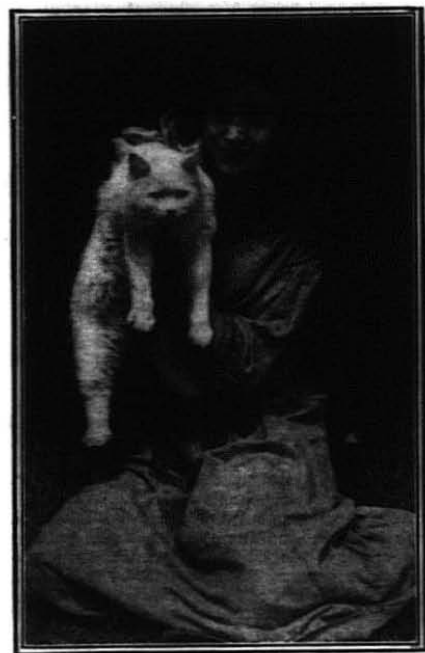
FLORENCE MORRISON, recalled in "The Siren" and "The Sunshine Girl," and who is to tour this season in "The Candy Shop."

JOHN GALSWORTHY, the distinguished dramatist, two of whose plays, "The Fugitive" and "The Mob," will probably be produced here this season.

EDITH DECKER, the prima donna, of agreeable memory in "Havana" and "The Rose Maid."

Versatile Miss Billington

FRANCELLA BILLINGTON, who plays leads in the Reliance Mutual Movies, has attained considerable versatility in her nineteen years. In addition to her ability to portray comedy as well as emotional roles, she can take her place at the camera, focus it and turn



Francesella and Her Pet

the crank with the skill and precision of an old operator.

Her interest in photography, which takes up most of her spare time and considerable of her money, was responsible for her learning to operate a motion picture camera. She not only handles the camera, but she has a dark-room in her home where she develops her negatives and makes her own prints. It was a natural step from the still camera to the motion picture machine.

Miss Billington began her career as a movie actress as the result of a joke. She appeared in minor roles with a small concern in California where she chanced to be seen by a representative of the Thanhouser Company, who caused her to be engaged. After a stay with the Thanhouser she was transferred to the Majestic and later to the Reliance.

Nature was kind to Miss Billington and she was apparently intended to play romantic roles. She is tall and lithe and is known as "The Beauty of the Screen."

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

GORGEOUS weather and everybody busy and feeling happy.

I paid a visit to the Robbins studios this week and found Donald Macdonald busy on comedies with Wm. C. Ehfe and Glen Lashus in the leads. Ehfe was with the Melles and Kay Bee companies. Donald Macdonald had quite a long holiday and is glad to be back at work again. Hal Clements is also directing at Robbins and in his company are such well known people as Jack L. Phipps, Emory Johnson (late of Essanay) and Violet Neitz. Clements is putting on three reel features. By the way, Hal is now the proud possessor of a 1914 Buick.

Just received a letter from Harold Lockwood, who, by the way, is a good correspondent. He tells me that he is to take the part of Jack Adrain in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which features Henrietta Crossman.

I record with regret the death of Sydney Diamond on July the ninth. He was assisting Mack Sennett at the time he was taken to the hospital suffering with cancer of the stomach. Poor Sydney was with the Majestic and Universal before joining the Keystone and was well known on the coast as a stock actor.

They tell me that Joseph Swickard of the Keystone company was recently approached by friends to run for the city council. Joe thanked them and remarked that he was so busy running in the Keystone comedies that he did not have any time to run for anything else.

Kathlyn Williams has deserted the Selig animal farm and is appearing with Charles Clary and Wheeler Oakman at the Edendale studios in a fantastic three-reeler, "The Blood Red Rose," by Oliver Curwood. Colin Campbell is the producer. At the same studio Edward J. LeSaint is featuring clever Stella Razeto in a capital series of detective stories, number one of which has been completed. Out at the farm Adele Lane is doing a fine bit of emotional acting in a domestic drama.

I am really glad to hear that Pauline Bush is to star with her own company at the big U. Joe King and Lon Chaney will be in the cast and artistic Joe De Grasse will direct. Pauline Bush has earned this right by her conscientious and clever work. At the same studios I learned that pretty little Louise Glaum has been quite ill but was back at work again. Comedy work is after all the hardest work.

Bess Meredith still continues her double work of taking leads in the comedies she has her name to and of putting the "Trey of Hearts" stories into scenario form. Bess is happy because her favorite doggie is now out of danger.

Stella Razeto tells me that she put one over on her director and hubby LeSaint when they were married. She whispered to the minister with the result that the word "obey" was left out of the ceremony.

J. Arthur Nelson made me a call from San Diego, where he says the U. S. company is coming along finely. Larry Peyton is being featured in one of Nelson's own stories, "The Sheepherder," which will be released by Warner's Features, as all of this company's productions will be. The U. S. company has made great strides within a short three months. Daisy Smith, the scenario editor, is turning out some bully stories, according to said Nelson.

I found Henry Walthall back at the Mutual. Poor Wally has been laid up in the hospital and had quite a hard time. He is thin and none too strong yet, but means to get through his part in "The Clansman." David Griffith's great feature play. After that Walthall will probably go east. I joshed Eddie Dillon regarding his evident liking for girls in bathing costumes. A short time ago he was one of the judges at Ocean Park for a young ladies' bathing costume competition and now he has just completed "Ethere's Aunt," in which Fay Tincher and

others wear some natty swimming togs. At the same studio Donald Crisp is putting on a singularly pathetic story called "The Idiot," which shows the sacrifices that a young fellow makes to save his mother. Bobby Harron and F. A. Turner both have great parts in this. The story is by Elmer Harris, the well known playwright.

Burton King is back from New York after a hurry-up visit. He says it is good to be back in the land of sunshine and cool evenings. The visit did him lots of good. He had a big reception at the Usona studios, where Ed. Brady has been directing during his absence.

At a dog show held at Venice there were two entries from motion picture people. Hobart Bosworth put Snookums on show and Snookums is some bowwow, having appeared in several of the Jack London stories. Lucius Henderson won two prizes for two Maltese terriers, Dido and Pico, and Richard Bennett of "Damaged Goods" fame bought one of them, but I am not clear whether Dido or Pico was the lucky dog.

Out Balboa way there are two companies running, one under Bert Bracken and the other with William D. Taylor at the head. The latter is featuring Jackie Saunders in a three-reel adventure story which is said to be good. E. D. Horkheimer of the Balboa is in Europe at the present time.

I often run across Albert Hale with his Santa Monica Kalem company with comical John Brennan as chief fun-maker. They always have a big crowd following them around and the visitors seem to think that they are putting on plays for their especial amusement and often interfere with the scenes being taken.

I saw Robert Thornby and his company of juveniles at Venice the other day, and as Bob was using a miniature railroad in his play the babes were having the best of times. Thornby knows how to handle children and can make them do just what he wants them to. Those who think it is easy to put on kid comedies had better try it; they will alter their minds quickly.

Bessie Wynne of the Orpheum paid a visit to a Los Angeles studio and had her picture "took" with another Bess, Meredith, to-wit. Miss Wynne was warned not to look at the camera and to help her the other Bess told her to look at various things around and finally she said quickly, "Now look at the camera," and Miss Wynne did so, and when she realized the trick she threatened to maul Miss Meredith, who is a terrible cut-up, anyhow.

Here is news! Carlyle Blackwell will be back in Los Angeles with a big contract in his pocket by the time this is in print. He is bringing on an eastern actress to play leads, but the name has not yet come out. Carlyle will be very welcome.

Frank Montgomery has been under the weather, but is around once more. Mona Darkfeather has been improving the occasion by making some more Indian costumes to add to her already large wardrobe.

A friend in Colorado Springs sends word that Romaine Fielding is creating lots of excitement at that pleasant resort with his big western productions in one of which he used six hundred people. Huh, he must have inveigled some of the tourists.

Yep, girls, Ford Sterling is married and recently at that. The lady's name was Teddy Samson and she acts at the Mutual studios. Dave Kirkland is doing some fine directing with Sterling and has made good with the Sterling Comedy company, which is good news, for Dave is one of the nicest men in the business.

Dot Farley of the Albuquerque company was quite badly hurt when she was washed from a rock into the sea at Catalina last week. Her director, G. P. Hamilton, promptly went in after her and assisted her to shore when it was found that she had some very bad cuts and bruises from the sharp rocks.

The September
Issue ofPHOTOPLAY
MAGAZINEThe cover consists of
a beautifully colored
reproduction of

Mary Pickford

The novelette in this issue
is "The Man on the Box"
and the other stories are
all taken from the newest
and most popular films.Interviews with the following
movie stars

Miriam Nesbit

Harry Northrup

Mary Pickford

William Garwood

Helen Lindroth

George Holt

James Cruze

Dorothy Farley

The Second Installment of

Confessions of a
Scenario Editor

and

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Solution of Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 17)

him entirely. If Hargreave begins to manifest himself somewhere in the background, then he is real—but others may fit into the plot and aid the Hargreave causes without disclosing themselves to us. We saw Stevens walk up to the Hargreave door and talk to Jones. Is not Stevens the man who has spied on Braine and Olga, and who meets Norton at odd intervals? If this character is Stevens, then it is likely he will go to the old hangar occasionally—both for sentiment's sake, and for convenience. He will still continue his interest in his aerial affairs. The man who paints pictures, will keep on painting them, even at odd intervals—and the inventor will continue to invent. The aeronaut will not wholly desert his calling.

The Black Hundred have taken full recognition of Jones' ability. He is set down by them as dangerous. He is being watched and studied. A portion of their warfare is directed against him. Whatever part he plays in the mystery is soon to be revealed to them. He must act with precision and speed, because each day adds to his danger, and once he is removed from active participation in these episodes, his and Hargreave's interests will suffer.

Jones' fealty to Florence will be manifested with some strength if he learns that Florence and Norton are in love. He is sure to suspect it before long, and let us see how he acts if he knows the truth. That will give us one more link in the chain of the butler's importance.

With all these attempts to gain possession of Florence, it is reasonable to suppose that, soon or late, the Black Hundred will meet with some degree of success, and then we can study Jones from a new angle—we can see how much Jones inclines to servility. Without Hargreave before us—with not so much as a tangible suggestion as to his location—Jones becomes far more important to us from one episode to the next. We get along quite nicely without Hargreave. Nothing thus far has occurred to indicate where he might be—and if he is alive, would he not be directing operations? Would not some evidence be displayed to show that a cablegram is received, or that paternal love draws Hargreave toward the mansion to get a glimpse of Florence, the daughter whom he has shielded through all these years of suffering? Why does not some work, or deed, or word, show us that Hargreave's mind is the counselling intellect back of all this action?

There is something else to watch for, and that is what becomes of the box that Jones dropped into the sea. Will the Black Hundred go after it? If they believe it is valuable, they certainly will. Shall we see Jones or Norton or Stevens, or somebody else connected with Hargreave and Jones, attempt to regain possession of it? If they do so, would it not be purely to mislead their enemies further?

Will Jones still permit Olga to call on Florence? As a faithful servant, he should seek to let Florence know that Olga is dangerous. As the *master mind*, he will not voice those suspicions, but will encourage Olga to walk into a trap. Each act, therefore, hinges on the location of the money and the identity of Jones—Jones the mysterious—Jones the resourceful—Jones the man who holds the key to every secret you would secure relative to The Million Dollar Mystery.

I want to give you the benefit of my experience, when I tell you to *watch Jones*. Study him in every way. Look intently into his face when he moves toward you on the screen. Look to see what he does as new emergencies arise. See if he depends on Hargreave, or on any one else, when it comes to *originating* ideas and carrying them to conclusions. And then you will be in less danger of being deceived by the pretty display of coaching parties and similar side-plays, that may bear on the solution in the most minor particulars, or in no manner at all.

Watch Jones!

Mr. Burn's next article will appear in the issue of August 15.

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

VIVIAN PRESCOTT, the vivacious comedienne in Crystal Films, was very much surprised when she saw what was purported to be a photograph of herself on a recent cover of *THE MOVIE PICTORIAL*. In a letter to the editor, she declared that it was not a photograph of herself. It is believed that some admirer sent the picture to *THE MOVIE PICTORIAL*, believing it resembled Miss Prescott. The latter, however, challenges any comparison, and to prove her assertion, has sent a genuine photograph of herself to the *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE* for reproduction in its Art Section.

Mary Pickford, off the screen, is the same sincere, unaffected, lovable girl that her character roles generally portray her. When Mary goes to see one of her own pictures at a Broadway theatre she likes to pay her way in and see and criticize the film from an outsider's point of view. No outsider, however, would criticize or try to find fault with Mary's work in as severe a manner as she does herself.

Katherine La Salle, who played one of the principal parts in the Life Photo company's film, "The Greyhound," has left for Europe to spend several weeks studying the foreign mannerisms and modes of living and dress in order to put local color into her portrayal of "Dorothy Vernon of Hadden Hall," in which film she will appear in September.

Octavia Handworth's spare time, evenings, is spent playing accompaniments for the Excelsior quartet at the company's summer home at Lake Placid, N. Y. When the weather at this beautiful resort does not permit the usual pastimes of swimming, boating, and fishing, the company is entertained by a program composed entirely of the players, the principal numbers on which are the selections by the quartet. A complete orchestra has also been mustered, but this is reserved for state occasions.

Prior to Daniel Makenenko's appearance in pictures with the Lubin players he toured all over Russia in "Mazeppa," and has the distinction of having appeared many times before the Czar in that play which has been long known as the Russian Emperor's favorite. Makenenko's twenty years experience on the Russian stage have helped considerably to bring him into the motion picture limelight in his portrayal of Russian characters.

Ruth Donnelly, the lately acquired Imp leading lady, is personally described as "a graceful beauty with flashing eyes, dimpling cheeks, rosy mouth, and a wealth of blonde hair." Personally, this is so, but on the screen Miss Donnelly looks like anything from a "stay-out-nights" to a shrinking Quaker girl, according to Ruth's wishes and role. Though having appeared as yet in only a few Imp releases, Miss Donnelly has shown that she has the ability to play good parts and the personality to make herself popular with the screen-fans.

James Kirkwood's fiery red hair and temper were a source of never-ending trouble to him when a boy, as he fistfully resented any remarks cast at either. Now, both his hair's color and his resentment have mellowed considerably and he tells funny stories of the way he used to defend his hair against all-comers. At present Mr. Kirkwood is working in "Behind the Scenes" with Mary Pickford. When this picture is completed his time will be given entirely to directing instead of acting and directing as he has been doing.

Helen Costello, Maurice's little daughter and Vitagraph juvenile, has voiced her six year old ambition to become a dancer when she grows up; not a follower but one who originates her own steps. Often little Helen is discovered out on the front porch waving a few veils and practicing her terpsichorean creations, much to the amusement of the neighbors.

Barry O'Moore, the infallible *Octavius* in the detective series of that name, has finished his contract with the Edison Company and is going to take a vacation at his home in Shandakin, New York. His plans for the future are not yet announced, but he will undoubtedly be back in the ranks in September occupying a prominent place among the funmakers.

Gertrude McCoy, of the Edison forces, had a thrilling ride lately when she raced with a train in a scene in "The President's Special." The machine she used was her own. Many jokes have been thrown Miss McCoy's way at the studio about driving up on the sidewalk when crowded for room in the street, but she proved that these were without foundation when she raced at headlong speed along a narrow country road which offered her the choice, had she wanted to leave it, of running into the trees on one side or into the ditch on the other.

"Gentleman Jim" Corbett's part in the underground scene in "The Burglar and the Lady," which is being made at the Blache studio, consists of nothing but battering his way through a brick wall, and nearly getting knocked down by the force of the water which pours out through the opening. Jim exhibited some of his old-time speed and endurance during the battering, but after the floodgates were opened he very emphatically stated that he wasn't anxious for a "retake."

Some time ago Governor Walsh, of Massachusetts, walked into a schoolroom in the Prince School in Boston and thought to test the children's knowledge of public affairs and people by asking if any of the children recognized him. One boy bounced up and down on his seat and churned the air with his hand until it came his turn to guess, when he yelled, "King Baggot." The ownership of the compliment is about a draw, as they are both at the top of the ladder.

Ben Wilson is a practical business man, as well as a successful actor and director. As the holder of 500 shares of stock he was recently made a director of the Atlas Theatre Corporation, a firm which will construct and operate a hundred picture theatres throughout the United States.

Albert Roccardi, of the Vitagraph players, underwent a serious operation lately for an injury received twenty-six years ago while an acrobatic pantomimist. The wound reopened while he was working in a scene at the studio, but he gamely stayed at work until the scene was completed. Mr. Roccardi is the owner of the most enticing pair of sidewalkers in motion pictures, and has earned the name of "Tony" because of their prominence.

Fan Bourke, Thanhouser comedienne and character woman, explains her reason for entering the theatrical world is that she has the wanderlust. It is not any particular liking for the footlights. Her one ambition after leaving boarding school was to travel, and, to accomplish it, she joined a theatrical company. Motion picture work she likes, but Miss Bourke complains that because she is thin, directors don't give her a chance in drama, and while she is yearning to do a "Juliette" she is forced to be content with a "Sis Hopkins."

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

C. H. J., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Marc MacDermott has been featured in all of "The Man Who Disappeared" pictures, and we know you must be mistaken in thinking that the Edison Company has substituted some other player for Marc in one or two pictures of the series. The report that Mary Fuller has left Edison is true. She has gone over to Universal.

A. J. L., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Thanhouse Film Corporation has twice produced "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," and several incidents of a similar kind have been used in productions by other companies. The story you suggest of the Allen gang who operated in your part of the country would never do for use in pictures. Censors' boards would forbid its being shown, and we really doubt whether any manufacturer would buy such a scenario if it were offered to him. The subscription price of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL is \$4 per year, in advance.

MISS L. E. S., ELIZABETH, N. J.—We fear you have been misinformed as to the lady you mention being Arthur Johnson's wife.

"CHESTER," CHICAGO, ILL.—We can't tell you just where little Runa Hodges is appearing now. We last heard of her with Reliance, but she has not been seen in any of the recent Reliance dramas. Can anybody tell "Chester" what he wants to know? Yes, there was an Historical Film Company in Chicago, but it has not released any films to our knowledge. It is a new concern and probably still in the process of formation.

CLARA F. E., BURLINGTON, VT.—Blanche Sweet was *Judith* in Biograph's "Judith of Bethulia," and Henry Wathall played *Holofernes*. Probably an interview with Miss Storey will appear in an early issue, and it is not at all unlikely that some of these days this popular star's picture will be used as a cover of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL. Awfully glad you liked the Bunny cover. Others have told us they enjoyed it, too.

I. W. F., LAMANDA PARK.—We don't quite understand what you mean by your query, "What brand are Keystone's released under?" Keystone is the name of a brand. If you mean through what program are released, we will answer Mutual. We never heard of that Cascade film you mention—for that matter, we don't know anything about the Cascade Film Company, so it must indeed be a "new one." Where did you see a Cascade film exhibited? The Apollo Company used to release one film a week in which Fred Mace was featured, but no longer is releasing. Cameras vary somewhat as to price, but you can be sure it will cost several hundred dollars.

MARY J., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—We greatly fear you will never be successful in selling your photoplays until you have a good deal more experience than we should judge you possessed, that is, if we can tell anything at all from your letter. Scenarios contain a synopsis of action alone, and dialogue won't help you any in selling them. Folks go to picture shows to see action, not to read long bits of conversation thrown on the screen. Write us for a copy of THE PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO, and then let Mr. Thomas criticize some of your scripts. You'll soon learn what you need to know, and then you can try your stuff on some scenario editor.

GRACE C., OMAHA, NEB.—The *Netta* of Powers' "The Mystery of Wickham Hall" is Beatrice Van. Mrs. Hicks in the Joker comedy entitled "Willie Walrus, Detective," is Martha Mattox.

PHILO H. H., HINSDALE, ILL.—Up to today (June 30th) there have been eight episodes of "The Perils of Pauline" released. Don't believe the Answer Man can tell you exactly how many parts there will be of this serial. Thanhouse's "Million Dollar Mystery" is to be in twenty-six

parts and each part consists of two reels, making 52 reels in all. It's pretty hard to tell you just where to look for "plot germs." They ought to be all around you. See if you can't catch one. Burns' articles in each week's issue should be of considerable aid and we have gone to quite some expense to secure his services.

KERRIGAN CLUB, CHICAGO.—The firms marketing their product through the General Film Company include Biograph, Edison, Essanay, Kalem, Lubin, Melies, Pathe, Selig, Vitagraph, and Kleine-Cines. George Kleine is an individual, a film importer, a resident of Chicago. Cines is a film manufacturing company of Italy. When Mr. Kleine buys a Cines film he calls it a Kleine-Cines one. Does that help you to understand? The Ambrosio Company does not release through the General Film Company. See our PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for a Kerrigan chat. He was interviewed there several times, the latest interview being in the May issue.

DOROTHY A., BUFFALO, N. Y.—No, the lady you ask about has never appeared in pictures. "Crowne," in Broncho's "Shorty Escapes Matrimony," was Thomas Chatterton.

TECLA M., WILKES BARRE, PA.—Your contention is decidedly unfair, for we have never advised anybody to stay out of the picture game through jealousy. We have, time and again, advised young people who were anxious to become motion picture actors or actresses to give up their plans, for the reason that practically every studio in the country always has a waiting list of hundreds and the chance that one totally without experience would be taken on, even for a trial, is less than one in a hundred. There are thousands of people with lots of experience on the waiting lists already, so what possible hope could we give one like yourself who is without experience.

T. A. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The address of the London Film Company, Limited, is 15 Gerard Street W., London, England. We are sorry, but we cannot give you the names of the players in "The House of Temperley," having no cast sheet of that production. Would suggest your writing to the London Film Company for that information.

E. B. G., SPOKANE, WASH.—Charles Chaplin is the Keystone comedian to whom you refer. He's mighty good, isn't he? The girl opposite Lamar Johnstone in that Majestic was Francelia Billington. Sorry, but we haven't a cast sheet on Keystone's "A Bathing Beauty," so can't say who the girl was you ask about.

ANXIOUS, GREENSBORO, N. C.—Ethel Grandin and her husband are to head the Smallwood Film Corporation and, of course, Ethel will be featured in the releases of the new concern. Whether they will want scenarios or not is something we can't tell you just at this time. Watch Mr. Thomas' department in THE PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO, and he will doubtless tell you as soon as they announce their desire to receive scripts on approval.

PERSONAL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Really, we don't believe Anita Stewart, Lillian Walker or Vivian Rich would care to have us tell right out loud whether they are married or not. Just go along imagining them all single. It'll be a lot nicer.

H. G. U., EVANSTON, ILL.—See answer to Mary N. above. A cameraman, in particular, must have had years of experience before he can go to work with a film manufacturer. Just think how costly it would be to produce a big and expensive production, only to discover when the film was developed that the man behind the camera was unskilled, and that all of the negative was ruined. The whole picture would then have to be retaken and "retakes" cost money.

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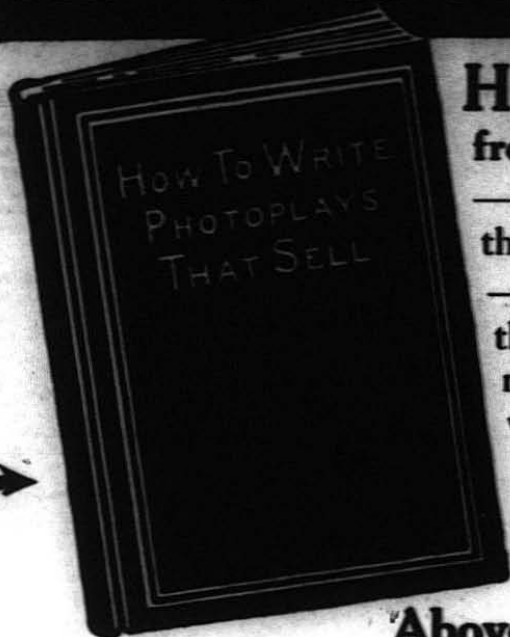
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—Kallgren.

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—Butler, “Internal Medicine.”

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—“Massage in Trauma,” by Ferd. Engelbrechtson.

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August 15, 1914

7 MOVIE PICTORIAL



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Chicago and New York



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"The Making of an Actress" By William Curry

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By Harold MacGrath

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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Beatrice Van

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"Youthful Experiences" By Mary Fuller

The Duties of a Wardrobe Lady in a Studio

And

"The Making of An Actress", Fourth Installment

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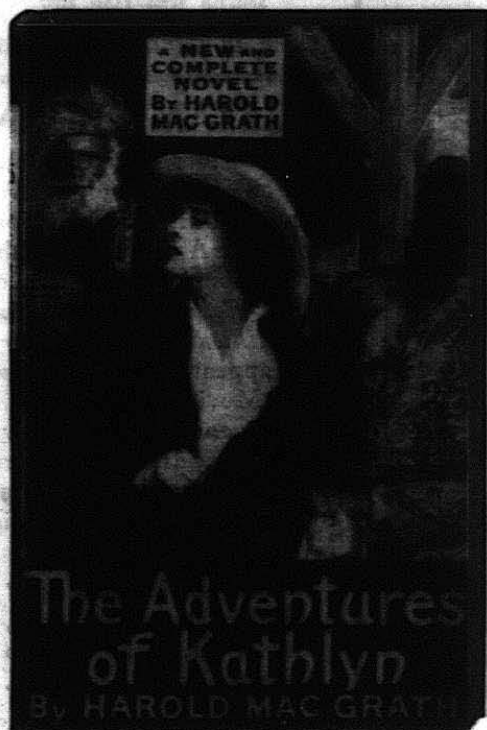
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, AUGUST 15, 1914

NUMBER 15

JOHN E. BRENNAN

Humorous Descendent of "Bold Brennan of the Moor"

By RICHARD WILLIS

WHY is it that ambitious parents so invariably select for a boy a job in life for which he has no liking? And why is it that sons always want to do something that their parents don't approve of?

John Brennan was one of those sons and his parents . . . well, his parents were an example of those parents. They wanted him to be a minister! Imagine John Brennan in the pulpit, announcing his text from something or other Corinthians, and proceeding earnestly to preach to a congregation about the state of its soul! Could even a churchful of those always solemn Puritans to whom Jonathan Edwards delivered his terrific sermons maintain their gravity? I doubt it. I doubt if the stern stuff of which they were made was stern enough to resist John Brennan's smile-compelling gesture.

But John's parents had no such notion. They did not see their son producing smiles on the faces of thousands and they did see him as the father of a flock who looked to him

stage much sooner than I did," he told me. "I ran away three times and each time I was caught just when I thought I was safe and taken home again. After the third time they decided that such perseverance should be rewarded and thus it was that the pulpit lost a shining light—"

"And the stage found a star," I interjected—just like that.

"Think so?" Brennan said.

"We lived in Springfield, Massachusetts—where I was born, by the way. My folks need not have objected to my going on the stage, for one of my uncles was a stage dancer and my grandmother danced in Ireland, and it was she who taught me the Irish reels and jigs which gave me my

Brennan's Work in Split Reed Gaudies for Eden. Has Gained Him a Reputation All Over the Civilized World

He Took the Part of a Jelly Fat Boy in "Sweet-Heart Days"



The Relentless Realism of this Impersonation Makes It a Little Difficult to Realize That John Brennan is a Descendant of the Dauntless "Bold Brennan of the Moor" Heralded in Song and Story

for spiritual guidance. The result was that John ran away—more than once.

"If I had had my own way I would have been doing something on the

start. Mother was a fine singer, but she confined her efforts to the church choir. I cannot remember the time that I did not dance, and even now, when I hear one of the old familiar dance tunes my feet itch to be up and at 'em again. By the time I was in my teens I was an accomplished dancer and was often called upon at entertainments held for the church and



The Tartan and Flaid are Genuine Scotch, but Brennan Himself—well He Himself Says That the Part was "Not Exactly Scotch."

I was playing baseball in the summer I entered clog dancing contests in the winter months—they were all the rage at that time—and I won all my contests handily. At last came the time when I entered for the championship against Johnny Williams, the Lancashire Lad. Dancing contests were serious matters then, I can tell you. We did not go on and do one dance and then have the judges hand in their decision. This contest lasted for a week at the Howard Athenaeum Theatre in Boston, and consisted of twenty steps. Also, it carried more glory than money. I won it, and it was the proudest moment of my life when I drew down my little old twenty-five dollars and the championship belt. My, but that twenty-five did look big, I can tell you.

"After that I went around the country defending my title, successfully, and meeting all comers. Incidentally I made a lot of money, for those days, for the title of champion drew the audiences. Next I tried my hand at professional running, and as I could do the hun-

He is Dark Skinned and Dark Haired and His Brown Eyes Are Always Full of Fun

The Parrot Post Has Had Many Pleasant Experiences, Including a Play "Parrot Post" in Which John Brennan was Unbelievably Funny



clowning is easy, I found that the reverse is the case. Think how few clowns in the big circuses are really funny. But when a man has the real comic spirit in him he always stands out and is heard of afterwards."

"Minstrels, athletics, vaudeville, dancing contests, circus—you have covered quite some part of the field," I said. "Now tell me something of the stage and the drama."

For Two and a Half Years He Has Played With Ruth Roland, and He Says That All of His Recollections are Pleasant Ones. Such a Picture, However, Rather Belies This Statement

"That came after the circus. I joined a repertoire company—it was known as the Ethel Tucker Company—and we did some tall traveling and played a big variety of plays. We went through the middle states and Canada. I had to get up in thirty-five plays and also did a comedy act with dancing in between the acts. Yes, we surely did earn our money in those days. Dustin Farnum was a member of the company, and when I heard he was entering motion pictures I said to myself, 'Ah, that man has had some real experience.'"

In the course of conversation I learned that Brennan's mother was descended from Daniel O'Connell, and he tells a good story regarding his father's ancestors. His father is descended from "Brennan of the Moor," a famous highwayman, and when John E. asked his daddy what they sprung from, his father said:

"My son, the Brennans never sprung from anybody; they always sprung out of them. The family tree came in for hanging purposes."

John E. Brennan is a good man to know; he is such a jolly, straightforward fellow all through, fond of his family and faithful and clever at his work. He is justly proud of his experiences, and if one wants a good evening's entertainment, he can get more knowledge and more fun by spending an evening at John's comfortable apartments than by spending two dollars at the theatre any time.

I didn't get a chance to ask if I could call again. He invited me, and I am going, you bet.

In "Hiram's Hotel" Brennan's Decided Rotundity was Enhanced by Flared Trousers and a Coat That was Decidedly Tight

other social gatherings. The last time I attempted to run away I was to have gone with Baker and Farren 'round the world, and they were going to match me against all the best dancers of the day."

"How did the actual start come?"

"I made my entry in good company, for I went with the Haverly Masterdoon Minstrel Show and traveled with them all over the country doing a clog dance and reels. This engagement established me, although I was but a boy, and I went into variety, they call it vaudeville now (there was a trace of superciliousness in John's tone), and we traveled through the New England states. Jerry and Helen Cohan of the four Cohans were with the show, I remember, as well as other people who made names on the stage later. Then I got the baseball fever and played baseball during the summer season. I was shortstop for Holyoke and played the same position for Springfield, and I hold a good record, too.

"Am I a baseball fan? Ha, ha—(see Brennan's photo and you will get an idea of how he laughed). Am I a baseball fan? Why, I would not miss a game unless I had to. I am partial to a good fight, too, and we get some good ones around Los Angeles, I am glad to say. Whilst

dred in ten and a half seconds, I again met all comers and cleared up some more nice money. I got tired of athletics, though, and looked around for another chance to go on the stage in some capacity. I was in Pennsylvania at the time, and was wondering just what to do when the Primrose and West Minstrels came into the town, and I got an engagement with them. I showed Primrose what I could do in the way of spinning a tambourine and rattling the bones and was made one of their end men. Minstrels were hard worked, too, those days, what with the constant traveling, processions and shows."

"What then? The stage proper?"

"No. I found I had never been in a circus and I liked changes, so I traveled for three summers with Main's Circus as their principal clown. Bickle of Bickle and Watson was one of the clowns at the time. I played the snare drum and he played the cornet in the orchestra, too. We did lots of doubling in those days, and every man had to do more than one thing to hold his job. It is different now. Specializing is the thing today.

"Do you know that I got more real experience acting as clown than I did at anything else I ever did? It's a fact. I had to be funny and to think up new comedy stunts all the time, and although the general impression is that

J. R. Walling Movie Magnate

VIII—The Disappearance of Dolly

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

EVERY newspaper veteran knows that the only kind of "woman story" that will "take" is one about a beautiful woman. This fine chivalry-of-circulation has caused many a deluded female to aid in boosting the mirror market. Hence, when a genuine, sure-enough diminutive queen, such as Dolly Ewing, comes into the beating rays of front-page publicity, even the old-timer, who pens obituaries over in the dark-corner, sits upright and observes.

With Jack Walling's unwilling consent, it was agreed that Dolly was to disappear. Even the Chief promised not to regard the plan as a misdemeanor, because he felt just the least bit sorry for "pinching" Dolly over that airship advertising venture. Walling had misgivings, because when Dolly was absent, his appetite lagged. Men get mooney that way about girls now and then, and there are instances where it continues without abatement for years—or until the afflicted pair become stockholders, directors and officials in the matrimonial corporation.

Dolly was both lovely and lovable, and she thrived on the admiration and flattery which came so freely to her. It did sound more sincere the way Jack voiced it, but again, men who are too sincere forget the funny side of things, and girls like to laugh. If they can't laugh with a fellow, they laugh at him. The little yellow devil of coquetry was riding high in Dolly's mind. It manifested itself in the disappearance plot.

"Of course, Dolly, I must know where you go when you vanish," Walling insisted.

"Oh, no!" Miss Ewing replied, as she regarded him seriously. "I can't do that—indeed I can't! You see, Jack, you must be just as mystified as any one. Then it will make a perfectly lovely story."

The movie marvel growled. Every time his little pal didn't count him in on secrets, something at the pit of his stomach became leaden. It may have been his solar plexus, and it may have been indigestion, but it was something. He was certainly not himself.

"I may send you picture postals," Dolly agreed, as she surveyed the drooping corners of Jack's mouth.

"Oh, so you're going out of town, are you?" "Most certainly, dear boy. Did you think I would disappear right here in Chicago?"

"But my scheme was to have people try to find you," Walling began. Dolly, however, silenced his views.

"Now, tomorrow morning," she cautioned, "you must get excited, and look for me. Call up the police stations and hospitals. Also remember that mother dear will help do the screaming. No, she isn't to know. You see, I am to be exactly like a little ghost—seeing but remaining unseen; knowing, but being unknown."

"Fine!" he responded with a false show of enthusiasm.

And then, with a wave of her hand and a laugh, Dolly was gone. It was a very well-laid plot, but Jack wished his tongue had frozen the day he proposed it. He did not know just why Dolly was willing to disappear. She knew. She had a purpose other than advertising—something far from affairs commercial—something that even her mother did not suspect.

Walling busied himself with the syndicate theatres that night, and when he viewed Dolly's smiling features on the screen of the Trojan—

the good old Trojan to which he always turned for consolation when sadness overtook him—he began to dab at his eyes and sank wearily into a seat beside a wan, white faced little widow whose eyes were full of sympathy for him.

The next morning Jack 'phoned to Mrs. Ewing, but the mother had learned her part well. No, Dolly was not there—had not been home all night. Strange as it may seem, Walling's voice began to tremble, although his own mind had conceived this selfsame scheme, and he



And then with a Wave of Her Hand and a Laugh Dolly was Gone.

had acclaimed it as a master stroke. Whenever a manager wishes to use a woman for similar plans, he would better borrow a girl, and not take his own, because he might be as unhappy as Jack Walling found himself.

The unfolding of the mystery involved the calling up by 'phone of the police and the hospitals, but Walling's heart wasn't in it. His voice was weak and racked by supplications. It was not strong and assertive. The fire was out of it and the gray ash of fear was in it. None had heard even the remotest rumor about Dolly, and apprehension a mile long, a mile wide and forty yards deep sunk in pon Walling and smothered him in its humid folds.

"Maybe she's eloped!" he moaned. "It isn't regular for a girl to do anything of this nature. I'm sure even Mrs. Ewing isn't so certain about the girl. What a blithering ass I am!"

There was only a short second-page story in one of the evening papers. The editor had regarded it askance. He scented press-agency work, and ever since a dimpled darling in the "Frisolous Follies" had spurned him, this editor wavered between love and disdain of the stage.

The next morning *The Herald* had it and there were numerous details in the yarn that even Jack had not foreseen. The particular paragraph that gave him pain was this:

Miss Ewing has been seen much of late in the company of young Lord Strangeleigh, the prodigal heir of Lord Beaconsberry, and friends of the actress are looking forward to new developments in a matrimonial romance of international interest.

The titled foreigner appears in the second episode of "Dolly Dailies with Cupid," to be released today.

"I never heard of him!" Walling whistled. "I'll ask Mrs. Ewing." But Dolly's mother hinted at sinister things—hemmed, hawed, stalled, dissembled, and the fear in Walling's heart grew. It was then he decided to appeal to the Chief. That worthy smiled benignly, refused to take Jack seriously, and slapped him on the back in such a friendly "I'm-on" manner that Walling's bicuspid and fourteen-carat bridges rattled. But Walling came out of the Chief's sanctum with a firm resolve. He would learn what this Lord Strangeleigh looked like, and then he'd hunt him down if he must travel to Bagdad or Delhi.

There was not a more intensely interested spectator at the friendly old Trojan that evening than Walling. The second episode of Dolly's most recent triumph was on—and the scheme of it was to guess what became of Dolly. Eventually the installment of the feature was announced, and a lone little widow directly back of Walling sighed when she saw the brave fellow mop his brow and draw his kerchief across his eyes. There was Dolly filmed to perfection, and beside her a fop with a monocle. The leader proclaimed:

"Lord Strangeleigh Is Smitten with Dolly's Beauty and Proposes Marriage."

Everybody knows that a clever movie actress can shrug her shoulders and look very little and helpless in a crisis. Many a marriage license had been negotiated on less tenable ground. But Jack fancied Dolly was too naturally coy to be acting. And then!—

then—the titled hypocrite embraced her and kissed her. Walling moaned. The little widow back of him sighed contentedly. Maybe she was thinking of days of yore. No matter how mediocre a man a woman may marry, she is likely to put a halo around his miserable head and call him her hero. Walling thought of this and looked around. "Lucky devil!" he hissed in resentment, thinking no doubt about the late lamented. Despite himself, this Strangeleigh person appealed to Walling as quite good-looking—but much older than Dolly. A man can sneer at a homely rival—but not at a handsome one. That truth chilled Walling's spine.

Just before the end of the second reel Lord Strangeleigh and Dolly jumped into the basket of a balloon and sailed somewhere—maybe to Mars. At any rate, that was the disappearance scene, around which the plot hung. And there was no end of the guesses of the audience. Some scented the adept abroad as a press agent; others were equally inclined to believe that Dolly must have eloped with the Britisher. Walling knew one thing beyond dispute: If Dolly ever came back, he would watch every move she made in the film plant. She couldn't suit herself so entirely about putting on adventures, and engaging strange leading men about whom the world knew nothing, and Walling less.

For weeks Jack had looked forward gleefully to interviews by poor dupes of reporters, but now he would sooner have seen horned demons on his trail. In the vernacular, they had his "alley." They beat him in a walk, sprint or marathon. They told the world all about the way in which Walling had met Dolly—about the rise and fall of the magnate in New York—about his innermost thoughts—and how he was now beside himself with jealous rage to learn that Dolly was safely out of his reach, free from his patronizing scrutiny. That is, all but Fox of The Journal did this. He wrinkled his brows and appeared worried.

Next to being famous, the best thing is to be notorious. It is purely a matter of choice. When one is famous, then well-dressed, fairly prosperous humans embrace and laud one. Let notoriety come along, and the mob is interested, and the others risk a glance for the sake of morbid curiosity. This boomerang of a disappearance plot had come back and struck Walling bang in the eye. Everything foolish he had done from boyhood up was published. He would "put one over" on the newspapers, would he? What did they say about him down in Ford, Ky.? Jim Caruthers, the haberdasher, spoke to the newspaper correspondent thus: "Sure, I know Jack Walling. He still owes me three dollars and eighty-five cents for a fancy vest. I should say I do know him!" And what did Parson Ames say? He said, "Jack was always a bit heady, but he was about ordinary, as boys go; nothing exceptional." That hurt worse than the lavish waistcoat story.



"I'll Make Good on that Thousand, I will."

Yes, the scheme was "pulling." The crowds came to view Dolly, and to laugh at Walling. That explains why Jack kept close to his room, and affected disguises in order to escape the jibes. If there was one rag to his past they hadn't frayed, he couldn't name it. Yet—the plan was bully. It got the crowds. So will a murder. People love to gaze at dried blood, be it splattered on wainscoting or aslant the family 'scutcheon.

What made it worse was that some female person had moved into the apartment directly above Walling's, and whoever she was, she was deluded with the idea that she was musically inclined. Walling agreed she was—inclined so far, in fact, it was a wonder she didn't tumble.

Wherever Dolly had gone, it was evident that she was safe. The hunt was on in earnest. The newspapers were lacking in sensation. Dolly was popular—and beautiful. Walling was a first-class "goat." What better combination could any group of pirates find? They were picking Walling's bones till they were bleached. All except Fox did this. He was rummaging



The Stranger was Before Him and Looked Around Furtively with a Show of Unmistakable Quiet

in his memory-channels for something he knew back in the old police reporting days in New York.

"It doesn't pay to monkey with the press," Walling, the martyr, admitted to himself one evening. "It is dangerous. They can't take a joke. I grant it is packing my houses. But why pack them at the cost of my heart's blood? Advertising is a buzz-saw. It is treacherous as well as useful. Let a man become reckless with it and—ah, what a tangle results."

There were voices above him. The new tenant had company—male company. That morning Walling had seen her. It was the widow who had sighed whenever Dolly appeared with the hero. She was little—about Dolly's size—and pale, and unusually heavily veiled. Walling cogitated these facts with a show of interest. Suppose—just supposing! Still, he must be mistaken. She was older than Dolly. She had suffered more. Only recently had this widow become possessed of money, or even comforts. Were this not true, why should she stumble so over the keys of the piano? Why had she started so late in life to satisfy her passion for music? Instinctively Walling connected that little, shrinking widow with his own misery. His impulse was to rush upstairs and demand an explanation. The more he analyzed his impulse, the less he thought of it, because he was grasping at straws, and when a man does that, his judgment is not trustworthy.

The visitor was preparing to leave. Jack could hear him walking toward the door. He would get a look at the chap anyway. Turning out the lights, he tip-toed to his own door and held it ajar. In the hallway above there were many hoarse whispers.

"I tell you, I can't," the man was saying. "It's risky enough as it is. If he suspects, he's that incensed he might murder us. Coming right into his own zone, this way!"

"But you ought to!" the woman replied, coaxingly. "It's a shame. The poor fellow's sick over it now, and the way the newspapers have treated him is terrible."

Then the voices died down to whispers again, and Walling knew he was the target for these startling remarks. Fear was in his heart. It was incapacitating him. It was making a coward of him. But the commercial instinct still lingered. The plan had paid. Never had a feature gone over with such a snap and bang. Nor had there ever been a show-house in movie-mad Chicago that had profited more than the syndicate's strif of theatres. Up to the final fall

of the curtain the houses were packed.

The man was coming downstairs now. He was walking softly, too. Only the slightest crack in the door was visible. The man was near at hand. Walling had his good right eye focused through the beam of light. The stranger was before him and looked around furtively, with a show of unmistakable quiet. It was Lord Strangeleigh himself! So the widow was . . . ! He stood there for five minutes—long after the footfalls had died down along the cement walk. The 'phone bell began to clatter, and Walling hastened to silence its racket that was floating through the opening into the hall.

"Hello!" he called huskily. "What's that? I know where Miss Ewing is? Oh, do I? Tell me where to find her and I'll give you one thousand dollars spot cash! Sure I mean it. Produce her first, though. Oh, a man that wouldn't pay for a fancy vest wouldn't make good on a thousand dollars, eh? Well, that vest was a delusion and a snare. The first time it got rained on the colors ran, and a pair of white duck trousers looked like a masterpiece by a cubist. I'll make good on that thousand—

honest, I will." But the voice at the other end of the wire merely laughed in sardonic merriment and the receiver clicked on the hook.

Who was his tormentor? Why was Lord Strangeleigh calling on the widow who lived upstairs? What was the meaning of so infernal a mixup? And why had he, Jack Walling, ever been so bold as to slip a "good one" over on the press?

The doorbell was to answer his questions. Fear of reporters held him back a few moments,



But the Voice at the Other End of the Wire Merely Laughed in Sardonic Merriment.

but he thought it best to venture a response. He called down the tube. A very thin, wavering voice answered him. It said, "Jack, let me in—quick!" He responded—and Dolly rushed into his arms.

"Oh, it's terrible, Jack," she wailed. "It's awful!"

"Dolly!" he gasped. "What is it? Why this weird return?"

"I saw him come out of here. What did he say?"

"Lord Strangeleigh?" Walling queried in bewilderment. "Why, he wasn't here. He was calling on that little widow upstairs."

"He's a criminal!" Dolly gasped. "He ought to be in jail this minute. He put me up to this—made me hide out. I was going to anyway, and when this scheme of yours came to your lips, I grasped it. He did the planning. We were the dupes."

"Come, Dolly, sit down. Let me help you to a taste of wine. There!" as he poured out a generous glassful. Dolly drank it in frightened sips.

"He said he'd fill our houses. He seemed so worthy—so sincere. No, Jack, I never cared for him. I simply thought he was so big and brainy. And what did he do? Fooled us—he and that she-tiger of a sister of his."

Walling waved his hands in the utter abandon of his despair. "I'll bet he's the fellow that just telephoned to me," he suggested. "He said he'd bring you back for a thousand dollars."

"I know he 'phoned," Dolly whimpered. "I saw him go into a booth in the drug-store on the corner and I knew he was going to hold you up for that thousand, because he knew I wouldn't stay in hiding."

"But where have you been these three weary weeks?" Walling was trembling in the joy of Dolly's return, and because of the uncertainties that gripped him. She cried a little, and became just a trifle hysterical. But finally she calmed herself.

"He knew my father," she steeled herself to say at length. "He knew my father had gone up the river for forgery and died in jail. He was one of the witnesses that sent Dad there. And he isn't a lord. His name is Jerry Stimson—son of a Brooklyn bookmaker. They've been as poor as cold-storage mice for years, and when he came to me one day and told me who he was and what he might do, I obeyed him—and all the while, Jack, he was seeking to put the Sensational Film Company into bankruptcy. He hired out to our rivals, the Wide-World Company, and he wanted me to hide, and it was he who wrote the scenario of that 'Dolly Dallies with Cupid,' just to work in a reason for a disappearance plan. And as soon as I went away (only to Indianapolis) for fear he'd make trouble, he fixed it so that the papers

would attack you. His sister helped him. And now that it resulted in greater business for us, he and that demure devil have moved directly above you to try to get you, Jack, in some way or other."

Walling had kept patting Dolly's hands throughout this recital. There was no fear in his heart now. But there was a look of firm resolution in his eyes. A great injustice had been heaped on Dolly—and there was also that fancy vest episode that rankled in his mind. So Stimson had thrust himself upon Dolly's organization to "get" all of them? Well, the game was over. Stimson was through with his part of the play. Walling would see to that. Also, in the future, Walling would not be too extravagant in his publicity notions. This recent experience was disconcerting.

There were long, ample strides outside. Somebody had come into their entrance. Jack listened intently. Then he walked to the door, and opened it ever so slightly.

"Lord Strangeleigh?" he asked politely. The other bowed gravely.

"Or—Jerry Stimson?" Walling added. "Whichever you elect, Mr. Walling. Only, I have just informed the newspapers that you were harboring Miss Ewing in your apartment. Rather unconventional—what?"

The reply was so startling that Jerry Stimson could not help wondering where all the new stars had come from. The moment he began to gather his bearings, something else landed on his jaw-bone, and the stellar beauties came back and multiplied in numbers and brilliancy. Many were of the first magnitude.

"Hurry away!" Jack whispered to the trem-

bling, but admiring, Dolly. "Fast as you can run—home!"

When the reporters arrived, they found Walling still pommelling his arch-enemy.

"What's this?" one of them asked hopefully. "I'll tell you all about it!" Stimson blubbered helplessly.

"Yes, he is going to tell you something!" Fox, of the Journal, cried triumphantly. "What he's about to say is this: he sent an innocent man up the river in New York. That was years ago. I was police reporter on the Globe. And the poor devil died, and left a widow and two small children—a boy and a girl. And later on, grim justice caught up with this well-thrashed man before you, and he wore number 8654 in Sing Sing. And now's he's attempting to blackmail two prosperous young people. But—," and another ample thud found the point of Stimson's chin, while one of the reporters, who had served in the sporting department in his day, beat time and said, "nine and ten—and out!"

Although Walling never confessed, even to Dolly, that last punch squared the story of the fancy vest!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN THE ISSUE OF AUGUST 29)

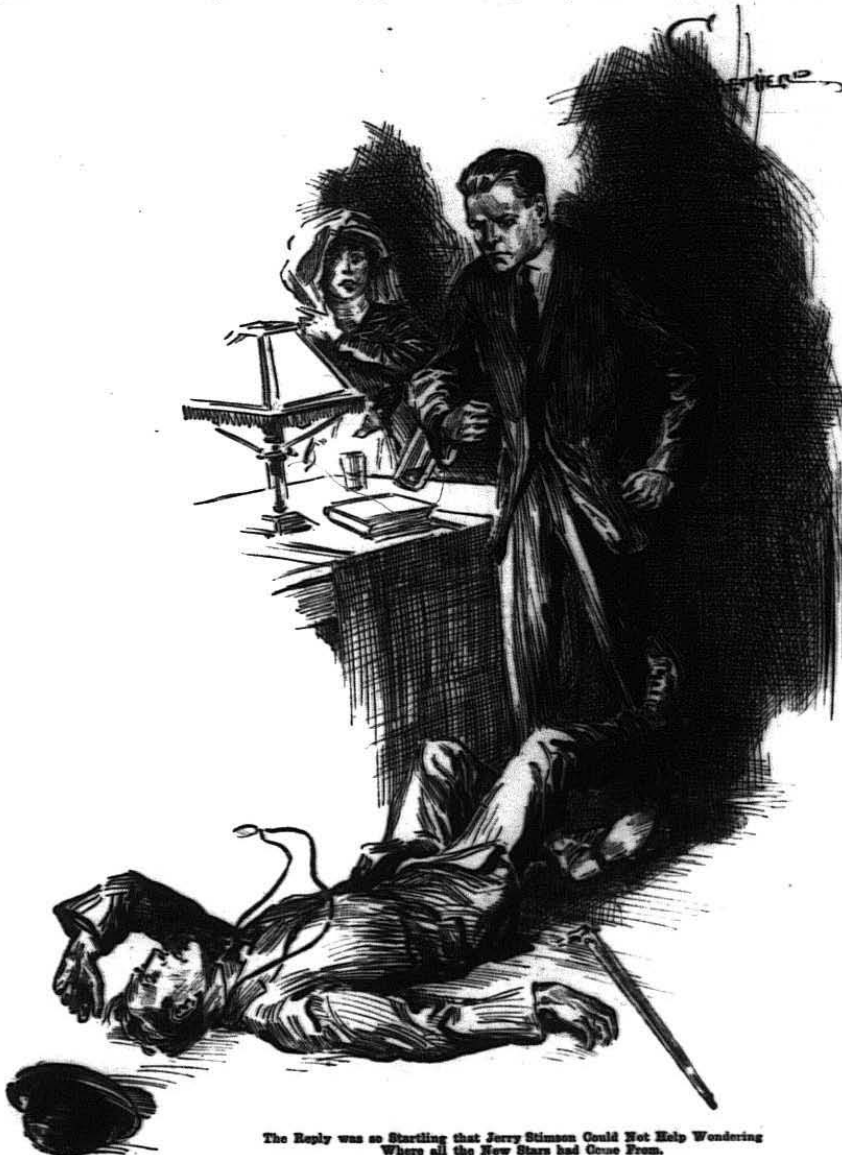
Gibson Wins Prize



IN THE annual Bathing Girl's Automobile Parade held at Ocean Park, Cal., recently Miss Margaret Gibson, leading lady with the Western branch of the Vitagraph Company, won first place and a prize of fifty dollars in cash and a handsome gold and silver loving cup.

The parade is held annually and the belles and beauties of Southern California are always entered and driven along the wide cement walk skirting the bayshore, in the latest models automobiles. Miss Gibson rode number 9, a 1915 model Fiat, which was the handsomest car in the parade. She wore a silk suit of purple and white, with white silk stockings and clean sewed slippers. The color scheme was carried out to represent the Elks lodge, and all along the strand the moving picture star was given an ovation by members of the lodge as well as the sightseers. There were 50,000 people in the crowd that watched the mile of parade.

W. H. Clune, the moving picture magnate of Southern California, and Eddie Dillon, were on the judge's bench, and they had a hard time to pick out the winners, there being four other prizes besides the first. Eddie, who directs and plays in Mutual Movies said that it was the best lot of "chicken sand witches" that he had ever seen. The weeklies took several hundred feet of the parade. The Rosemary theatre of Ocean Park took 500 feet and rushed development which took but five hours. The parade started at 2, and at 7 the film was projected at the theatre.



The Reply was so Startling that Jerry Stimson Could Not Help Wondering Where all the New Stars had Come From.

Filmdom's Famous Fighter

Carl Laemmle the Head of Universal

By SELWYN A. STANHOPE

lucky hand.
"Laemmle luck," so
his enemies claim.

Once a decision is made, Carl Laemmle pounds away until the desired result is obtained. The word *quit* is foreign to his knowledge. He loves to tackle jobs of Herculean stature. The harder they are the more they are to his liking, even though they require colossal risks. "No risk, no gain," has always been one of his mottoes, and since the very day he entered the motion picture business he has seemed to draw the

though they know he has climbed to the top rung of the ladder by daring to tell the truth about the motion picture industry. His has been one continuous fight for the independent faction of the picture producers and against a combination so gigantic and resourceful that any other man unless of the Laemmle type would have given up before the fight was started. It has always been the Laemmle policy to fearlessly attack and expose crooked business, and in fighting the battle of the picture exhibitors of the United States he has been able to build the largest film producing business in the world, and today, supplies almost ten thousand picture theatres with a daily change of program. Further, he defies the



Carl Laemmle

PERHAPS the most dominating person in the entire motion picture industry today is a smiling, gentle, soft-voiced man, just past forty-seven years of age and hardly five feet tall, whose tenacity and courage alone have won him his place.

Carl Laemmle, President of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, is the man, and if there ever was a *fire-eater*, he is one. It is his way to wrest order from chaos by sheer force and thus to make all who oppose him respect his will and power for all time to come. His business methods are not unlike the fighting tactics of Col. Roosevelt, and in the realm of the motion picture play he occupies a position as spectacular and prominent as does the chief citizen of Oyster Bay in the nation.

Two Views of the Mammoth Stage in the Biggest Motion Picture Plant in the World, that of the Universal Company at Los Angeles.



"The Way to Make Money is to Spend Money,"
Laemmle Tells His Directors.

world to make better films than his own, or to rent them to the exhibitors at cheaper prices. He never makes an assertion unless he knows he is right, and because he does not hesitate to tell the truth he is the most feared man in all filmdom. Through the medium of the motion picture play he has risen from poverty to riches and has done it "on the square."

Thirty years ago Carl Laemmle began his business career as a druggist's errand boy in New York City. Fresh from the steerage of an ocean liner and without money or friends, he combed New York in search of a job. Finally a druggist agreed to give him a place to sleep and two dollars a week in return for his services as boy-of-all work about the store. He



ran errands, unpacked stock, and swept out.

During a period of twenty-two years he struggled to get ahead by trying a dozen or more vocations, but never rising higher than a dry-goods clerk and a weekly salary of more than twenty dollars. When he had saved four thousand dollars he decided to engage in business for himself, and decided to risk every cent of his savings in opening up a chain of five and ten cent stores in Illinois towns. On the very day he had planned to close the deal for his first store, which was to be in Chicago, he became enmeshed by the lure of the movies, becoming a motion picture exhibitor instead of a ten-cent store proprietor. That was eight years ago. Today he is the czar of a domain in the kingdom of the photoplay, the estimated value of which exceeds \$25,000,000. His private fortune is well above the million mark, and his annual income just for serving a score or more companies solely in an official capacity is more than \$100,000. And this amount is hardly a drop in the bucket when one knows of his many investments.

So fast and so spectacular has been the growth of the motion picture industry that a whole new line of American multi-millionaires has been created, and Carl Laemmle heads the list.

In the United States there are three great groups which produce and disseminate ninety per cent of all the motion picture plays witnessed by the millions of American movie fans—the General Film Company, the Mutual Film Corporation and the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

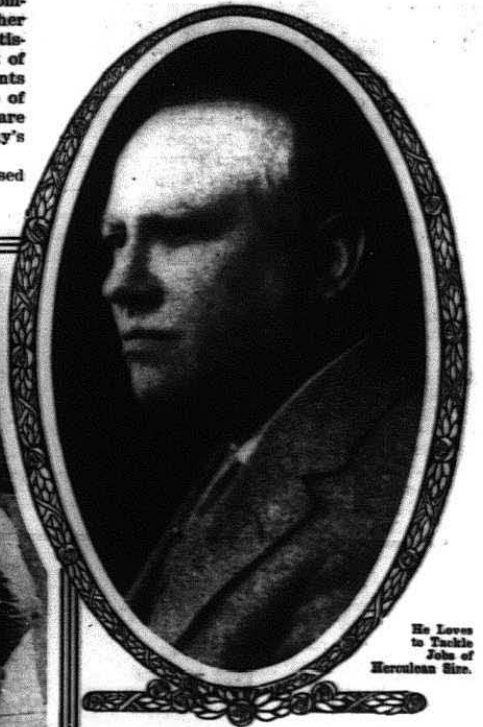
The first named is comprised of ten distinctly different companies, which are owned

by ten groups of men. Though they are competing corporations, they are banded together under the one name solely to maintain satisfactory marketing conditions. This element of the industry is protected by the Edison patents and known in flimdom as the trust group of producers. Eleven different brands of film are released through the General Film Company's ninety exchanges.

The Mutual Film Corporation is comprised



First Carl Laemmle Built the Mammoth Studio at Los Angeles and then He Began to Engage Every Star of Any Consequence. Here are Some of them.

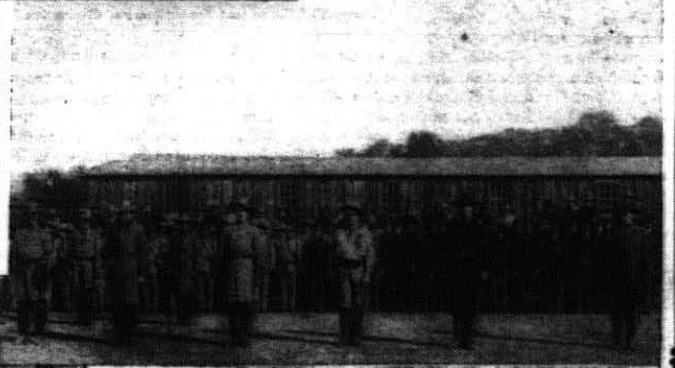


He Loves to Tackle Jobs of Herculean Size.

of three organizations or companies which manufacture eleven different brands of film, and, though claiming to be independent of the trust, are said to be financed by the same powers which dominate the trust organization.

Hundreds of Extras are Used in the Big War Dramas Produced at the Universal Ranch.

The Universal Film Manufacturing Company is one



The Los Angeles Studios Have a Splendidly Equipped "Wild Animal" Stage, But Even So, the Photographing of the Scenes is a Difficult Business. From the Lion's Jaws, a 101 Bison Film. Used the Setting Shows to the Left.

gigantic concern which produces all but two of the fourteen different brands of picture plays to be had through the Universal program. As a single motion picture organization, it is the largest in the world, and is absolutely independent of all other factions. It operates the most extensive motion picture plant and studio known to flimdom, which is located at Los Angeles, California. Also, three modern studios are maintained in New York City, and more are being built. During the past twelve months the Universal has produced 1,600 reels of negative film. On the average, thirty positive prints have been made from each negative for the American market alone, or a total of 48,000,000 feet of motion picture entertainment.

(Continued on page 29)

Helps to the Solution of The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF SEVENTH EPISODE:

Having failed in their numerous designs to kidnap Florence, Olga and Braine made new plans, which took Braine to a saloon, where Vroon and others were waiting. Braine handed money to Vroon and gave him instructions. Vroon then proceeded to the Hargrave home. At about this time Florence returned from a ride, and Vroon learned from the groom that Florence was accustomed to ride along the river road each morning. Vroon reported these facts at the bar-room, and he and Braine conferred on their plan of action. The next morning Vroon spied upon Florence when she started for her ride, and as she came along a lonely place in the road, Vroon—pretending to be feeble and ill—stumbled and fell.

Florence jumped from her horse to aid the man, and the animal took fright and galloped away. Vroon recovered speedily from his feigned attack, grasped Florence and forced her to walk down an old road. She dropped a handkerchief and later a bracelet, hoping somebody would be able to trace her by these articles and rescue her. Vroon took Florence to a hut, where members of the band were waiting. In the meantime, Norton had called at the Hargrave home, and had learned that Florence had not returned. Starting out along the road, the reporter saw the girl's horse, and feared the worst. By this time the balance of the bandit band had left the saloon in a motor-car, intent on taking Florence away. Finding the kerchief and the bracelet, Norton soon arrived at the hut, and after a fight succeeded in releasing Florence, whom he helped into his automobile. The car of the conspirators, just coming into sight, gave chase. At a sharp bend in the road the reporter turned around, shooting the tires of the pursuing car. The machine swerved and plunged down the embankment into the river. Vroon escaped but all the others were drowned.

THERE is one peculiarity about Florence that I have been studying for some time. I should say that the young lady would be a poor detective. She lacks utterly that keener than keen sense of observation, without which almost intuitive sense one is handicapped in the great game of hide-and-seek involved in "The Million Dollar Mystery." From the very first I have remarked this deficiency in Florence, but have waited before taking it up with you, so that I could be sure of my ground.

The born detective (and the detective must be born with peculiarities of observation, deduction and imagination) would not have gazed very long into the features of the Hargrave portrait in Florence's room without seeing the striking resemblance to Jones. How many times Florence has looked at this picture of her father, I can not say. We have seen her stand before the portrait several times—and I venture that she has never retired without standing in front of it and that each morning that picture was the first object she greeted. Not once has she gone to the butler and said,

"Jones, why do you and father look so much alike?"

We know that members of the band, such as Vroon and Felton, have haunted the Hargrave premises. Felton went up to the door in the fifth episode, and demanded to see Jones. Florence must have seen these lurking figures, but each time she fails to recognize them. Let them so much as put on a different hat, and all identity has fled, so far as her observation is concerned.

In the Grove street apartment, Florence saw

want you to make note of them, because you may have reason to refer to these statements later on—perhaps many episodes hence.

First, Norton is a star reporter, and that is about the same as saying that he is a detective. I know star reporters in New York and Chicago who are not good writers. Their command of English is cramped. But they are *ferrets*. In the vernacular, they have "noses for news." Norton has proved himself keener in this respect than Hargrave, for when they met in front of the cafe, Norton immediately recognized Hargrave.

Again, when the tramp steamer episode came up, Norton hastened to confer with Jones. Norton was undeceived.

He went to the captain and told him what to say to inquirers. Norton was close to Jones then, and it is likely he knew (or suspected) Jones' secret. Norton suspected Olga and Braine from the beginning. Jones requested Norton to call up the house each day, and should he receive no answer, to report the matter at once to the police. Undoubtedly Norton has seen the similarity between Hargrave and Jones, and has either questioned the butler about it, or has arrived at some satisfactory conclusion.

How far would I have traveled as a detective had I not possessed this ability to recognize features even though the disguises were very clever? I would have been up against a hopeless task time after time. The detective who succeeds must imprint every detail of an individual's features on his mind so that, years afterward, he will know that face when he sees it, no matter what the circumstances may be.

Instead of wondering what the relationship may be between her father and the butler, Florence actually resents the constant supervision and the solicitousness of Jones. If we fancy that she is going to lead us to the solution, we shall be grievously disappointed. Why, Florence has apparently not even suspected Olga, although Jones and Norton look upon the titled woman as a positive menace—and weave their plans around her and Braine. They have had Braine and Olga spied upon, and there is no question in their minds as to the part the Countess is playing.

Now, let us turn to Jones. I am going to ask you a few pointed questions about the butler, so as to help you decide how important he is to the plot. If Jones is merely a servant, why does he not take the money at his command and leave for more congenial crimes? Why does he think out all these plans to frustrate the Black Hundred? How many of your own friends would you trust with one million dollars, or any considerable part of it? If they kept it, that would be "breach of faith," but not a felony. Would you entrust a butler with so much money, as well as with the destiny of somebody near and dear to you?

The only sum we are positive that Jones possesses is the money in the suburban bank in his name. He goes ahead without regard for cost, and does everything he can to defend Florence



Florence's Lack of that Keener Sense of Observation Permits a Poor Disguise to Outwit Her.

the faces of several of the Black Hundred, but she still falls into their traps as easily as she did in the beginning. The young lady simply lacks the inner powers of perception, and this brings out an important point: Florence could not recognize her father unless he appeared to her exactly as he looked in the picture. She was almost deceived by the clumsy make-up of the man who impersonated her parent in the Grove street rooms. She has admitted to Susan, Jones and Olga that she would be unable to establish her own identity, although Jones has hinted, in his own subtle way, that when the time should arrive, the identity would be complete.

I had hoped that Florence could aid us in finding the money or in telling us the real personality and individuality of Jones. These things remain as blank, so far as her scrutiny goes, as they were at the start. While there is something different about every human being, the molds are similar. There are classes or types and persons who are not detectives depend on these types, learning individual features and mannerisms only after considerable association. Thus, Florence knows Norton, but let Norton disguise himself and see if she is not fooled. She knows Jones, but does not see the likeness of Jones' features and the features of the Hargrave portrait. Susan is quite as helpless in these matters of establishing identities. But Norton must have seen and understood—and, therefore, Norton is a factor.

What does Norton know about Jones? I am going to trace the chain of facts for you, and

and himself, and to throw the Black Hundred off the track. Jones has more money within reach, because he needs more, and acts like a man who has more. His fidelity under these trying circumstances is more than fealty. There is common interest between Hargreave and Jones.

Do not be hasty in saying that they are twins. Olga has never told Braine that Hargreave had a brother, much less a twin brother, although her first cousin was Hargreave's wife! Is Jones a "double" of Hargreave—or is he Hargreave, and did the double do the escaping in the balloon?

To proceed further, I am surprised that Olga—sharp as the proverbial serpent's tooth—has not seen the resemblance between Hargreave and Jones. She is suspicious of Jones. That is the end of it. If she had thought, just once, that there was a conflict of identities, how long would the Black Hundred wait to kidnap Jones, and torture him into confession? They do not suspect to that degree. But this is not so very remarkable. They are satisfied that they know all about Jones—know he has been in service for fourteen years—have seen him on duty—never conceive anything in him other than a faithful servitor, who is a trifle dangerous.

How disastrous it is to take things for granted. The detective must take nothing for granted. He must inquire into everything—the trivial matters as well as the important ones—because the smallest fragments of evidence are like the tops of mountains protruding from the sea. What I mean by this is that Jones is infinitely more clever than the Black Hundred—and Hargreave (be he real or merged in Jones) is the cleverest of all. But Norton knows, and Jones is satisfied to have him know. He needs Norton—and as between kidnaping Jones and the reporter, I feel satisfied that Norton would be the one to vanish. He represents objective danger, and the alarm the Black Hundred feel with relation to Jones is subjective.

I wish to give you my experience in another phase of this mystery: I have found that every organization has a head—not many heads, but one head. Braine is the head of the Black Hundred. Irrespective of what Olga thinks, Braine is the dominating character. And yet, in the Hargreave camp we seem to find two heads—Hargreave and Jones.

Only with Hargreave on the ground, keeping out of view, and personally directing Jones, would it be possible for Jones to seem to do the thinking without actually doing it. This is not impossible. It is not even improbable. Hargreave may exist—may be a double of Jones—may be in the neighborhood or in the residence. And the only real tangible negative we find to this possibility is that it is a wonder we are not permitted to see Jones vanish into some hidden room. We do not see him do this. We do not find any evidence of his being in communication with Hargreave—but he has told Florence that her father lives!

Do not say there can be only one solution of the Million



Not Once Has She Remarkd as to the Resemblance.

Dollar Mystery. There may be two, three or four equally reasonable solutions. Whatever the correct one proves to be (and we are going to get very close to it pretty soon, I am sure!), we shall find a most marvelous linking together of Jones and Hargreave, with some mingling of identities, or with some common cause back of them, if they are two different persons.

One condition is baffling the Black Hundred. They are money mad. That is a bad thing. It is a form of blindness. Don't let yourself be accused of being so intent on trying to secure the ten thousand dollars that you will blind yourself to suggestions. I have shown you many possibilities. I shall show you many more. That is my business. I must look into all sides and be certain only when facts

prove themselves to be real ones.

Not one thing thus far has convinced me that the million dollars is not in the Hargreave home. That is the most logical place for it to be, and Jones is ever seeking to divert attention from the home. He did this with the box. Would he have tossed a million into the sea? Would he have taken chances of depriving himself of the use of that money with the contingencies around him that might necessitate his fight at any time? The money is in the home, I feel sure, and will so continue to feel until something more impressive than anything we have seen arises to change my views. But your views, and mine, must be open to alteration. The most progressive person is the one willing to admit error when it is demonstrated. Detective work is not successful through remaining "hide-bound" on one theory.

Mark my words well: If Norton or Florence disappear, then you will find Jones with ample funds ready to come to their assistance. He will not tarry on what is in the bank. Night or day, he will be ready to leave the house with money in his possession—with money enough to take him around the world if needs be. It would be foolhardy for him to be without money—to risk the million—to leave himself stranded in the face of what might happen. Just figure on the rapidity with which events travel. Each episode shows some new move by the Black Hundred. And each move must be met. Still, Florence suffers no lack of funds. Not once does Jones caution her to be easy with expenditures.

He never talks economy to her—or has not done so up to this time. All of these little stray bits of evidence come to my finger-tips, because it is my training and duty to see them and weigh them. It is evidence of this kind that will lead us nearer and nearer to the goal of success.

But now I have something to tell you—something I have been leaving to the very last of the discussion on this seventh episode. I am going over the ground. I am going to see just how the Hargreave home is situated—what roads and streets lead to and from it—what might be operated in the grounds, or near by. I am going to study "The Million Dollar Mystery" first hand, because I have told THE MOVIE PICTORIAL that I would help its

readers solve this mystery—and it is a point of pride with me—and besides, it is a truly baffling mystery. That is why I am preparing at this very moment to go over the locality—without a chance in the world of being detected. Nobody is going to know the hour of my departure—when or how I travel, how long I stay. If they did, they might try to fool me—and for your sake, as well as my own, I am not going to be fooled!

I did not care to go before, because I knew many scenes would be presented that were not shown in the first two or three episodes. This has proved exactly as I calculated. On any other big case—and this is one of



Always Keep an Observing Eye on This Citadel of the Hargreave Fort.

(Continued on page 29)

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

Synopsis: Vera Hayes, an underpaid salesgirl in a department store, is dismissed at the instance of Beatrice Brewster, star of the Syntax Film Company. Harry Forster, director of the company, and supposed to be engaged to Beatrice, intercedes in vain for Vera, and, greatly attracted by her, meets her outside the store. He plans to "help" her, on the usual terms, but is so surprised by her daring and resourcefulness that he offers her a trial as a film actress instead. Vera accepts, and displays such aptitude that she is engaged as a member of the stock company, though it is plain that Forster, intrigued by her clash with Beatrice, whom Vera puts on the defensive at once, still harbors his first ideas concerning her.

III

FORSTER had by no means missed the flash of that first encounter between Vera and Beatrice Brewster. He had anticipated it ever since Vera had actually arrived; he knew Beatrice far too well to hope that she would not recognize the salesgirl whose dismissal she had caused. And nothing about the girl had startled him more than the way she had handled the far more experienced star. His vague ideas concerning her began to take form. He had still little notion that she might develop into an actress, but she appealed to him, as a girl appeals to a man, more and more. He looked at her until he caught Beatrice's eye fixed upon him. . . . Then he knew that she understood; that she had translated his vague ideas into definite and concrete intentions. And he saw a tightening of her lips, a narrowing of her eyes, that told him the cat in her was uppermost.

He shook his head a little at that; then he walked over, deliberately, to Vera.

"Well," he said, "getting the hang of it? How does it look?"

"Oh, pretty fair!" she said. "But do you know where all you people fall down? You don't take this seriously enough! You're acting, all the time. You do everything too hard—it's like the way they used to do at Miner's—Oh, fireman, save me chee-ild! Get me? I noticed how it was in the pictures. It ain't natural enough."

He laughed.

"That's the amateur idea," he said. "You have to exaggerate, you see. Like on the stage. You get close up to an actress—and you'll see her eyes blackened, and so much paint and powder that she looks like a fright. But if she went on without it she'd look like a ghost from the middle of the orchestra. Just as if she spoke in a natural voice you'd never hear her. Same way with gestures. You've got to exaggerate them, too. Now, if I was talking to you, I'd just put my hand out like that, and you'd get me, but on the stage I'd have to do it so."

He illustrated his meaning. But she caught him up at once.

"Sure, but this isn't like the stage—not exactly," she said, eagerly. "The camera's close up—and people are a lot closer to a picture screen, most of the time, than they are to the stage. I've got a hunch that that's why a lot of people don't like the movies, because they don't seem real enough. An' they're goin' to think a whole lot more about that at the movies than in the theatre—because there



Even the Crisp Five Dollar Bill She Had Drawn for Her Day's Work Was Hardly Convincing

aren't so many things to help them out as when they are seeing an' hearin', too."

Forster laughed at her again, but not quite as he had done before.

"Keep on thinking," he advised. "You're a bit off, but you're going at it the right way. The thing that's needed more than anything else in this game is people who can think—or in any other game, for that matter. It's easy to get a lot of lay figures who can do just as I tell them—but it's when a real actor or actress comes along who can think as well as act that a star breaks in."

"Now you're kidding," she said, uncomfortably.

"Perhaps I am," he said. "It's a cinch I'm

not going to tell you yes or no. You've got a fine swelled head now, and I wouldn't take a chance of making it any worse. You want to remember you haven't done anything but talk yet, and that's pretty easy."

"See! What a slap on the wrists!" said Vera. She examined that member with a rueful twinkle in her eye. "Aren't you ashamed? Now you've messed up my feelings so that my temperament's on the job, an' I won't be able to act worth a cent."

"Write the rest of it in a letter," said Forster, and hurried off.

But he left a serenely smiling Vera behind him. She felt that she had piqued him. And, while the word psychology was not in her vocabulary, she understood certain phases of that science by intuition. And one of the things she knew was that if a girl was in any way dependent upon the favor of a man she must, as she put it, keep him guessing.

Vera's first real test came after the break for lunch. For a time after work was resumed, she continued to sit and wait, watching. Then Forster called her, sharply, in a tone that seemed strange, applied to her, though he had used it in addressing every member of the company except the magnificent Beatrice herself.

"Hayes!" he called. It was a moment before she knew she was wanted. And then, realizing that she was about to get into a scene, she got up and walked toward him. Her knees knocked together as she walked; there was a curious sensation at the pit of her stomach that she had never felt before. Beatrice, glancing at her, saw, and was happy. But Forster did not seem to notice. In a few crisp sentences he told her the action of the scene. She nodded as she listened.

"Get me?" he asked, after a much fuller explanation, as she realized, than he had felt it necessary to give the others.

"Sure!" She nodded, pertly.

"All right—walk through it. You're on alone, first—then Miss Brewster comes in. Go to it."

She felt that every pair of eyes in the place was fastened on her as she entered the set. Wherein she was wrong. Most of the people in the studio weren't interested in her at all. Only Beatrice, and, of course, Forster, were paying any real attention to her.

She felt awkward and self-conscious as she entered the field of the camera. Instinctively she looked toward it; then she glanced away. And then, without really knowing that she was

doing it, she began to sing, or rather, to hum. At once she felt more at her ease; in a moment she was acting. She forgot everything but what she was supposed to be. And when, at Forster's sharp call, Beatrice came in, she met her with a look of pert impudence that was altogether admirable, and perfectly fitted her supposed character. The two acted out their brief scene together then, and the sneer on the star's face grew more and more pronounced.

"All right—that'll do fine!" said Forster, finally. "We'll take that, now. And stick to what you've been doing, both of you. Beatrice, that sneering look is immense! Hayes keep that flip look in your eyes, as if you didn't

give a hang for anyone in the world."

"Sure. Dead easy," said Vera. "That's the way I feel!"

And she shot a malicious look at Beatrice, who flushed angrily. Forster bit his lip; the star was not coming out very well, so far.

Vera's nervousness seemed to desert her as she heard Forster's sharp "Ready? Picture!" She walked into the field of the camera, and more than before, even, she was the pert slavey to the life. As he looked at her Forster knew that instinct, or luck, or whatever had inspired him to try this girl, had served him well. She was a born mine. On the legitimate stage she could hardly have succeeded; for pictures she promised to be ideal. Her face was plastic and expressive of emotion to a remarkable degree; her whole manner had an authority that was astonishing. Crude she certainly was; there was much for her to learn. But the stuff was in her. He was almost sorry, for, passive as Beatrice was now, he knew that she was only waiting; that she was gathering herself for a sudden spring sooner or later.

There was nothing more for Vera to do that afternoon. Her small part in the picture was complete. For the rest of the time she sat still again, watching, listening, absorbing everything that was done. And when work was over for the day Forster came to her.

"Well, did I make good—so far?" she asked.

"You did," he said, soberly. "I can find plenty for you to do. There won't be much money in it at first. Don't make the mistake of thinking you know it all. You're crude, and you're green, and that bit you played to-day was made to order for you, which most parts won't be. But I can put you on the pay roll at thirty a week, if you want to take it."

Vera gasped, inwardly. Thirty a week!

"That'll do — to start with," she decided.

Vera went home that night wondering if it could be true. She was to be an actress. She was to be paid thirty dollars a week, a fortune in itself, for doing what she would rather do than anything she had ever even thought of being allowed to do. She—Vera Hayes—had had this stroke of fortune! That was the incredible part of it, the part she could not realize. It seemed as if some other girl, some girl she knew well, had heard the wonderful news. Even the crisp five dollar bill she had drawn for her day's work was hardly convincing.

The first thing Vera had to do, or the first thing she wanted to do, at least, was to move. There were several reasons for that. Her landlady was one of them; Vera could not forget the way she had behaved when she had learned that Vera had lost her job. Then there were other reasons. As she entered the house she turned sharply, warned by some survival of a primitive instinct that she was being watched; sure that furtive eyes were upon her. She could see nothing, but she was sure, nevertheless, that somewhere eyes were spying on her.

Forster had told her that, though her salary would begin at once, she need not report the next day. He had guessed that she would need

time to make certain changes in her way of living; indeed, he had suggested himself that she should move.

"If you go way uptown, you can get here by trolley," he had said. "It takes a bit longer, but it's cooler—and cheaper. I guess the price won't bother you, after a while, but just now, of course, that counts."

Vera had found it hard to refrain from displaying her scorn at that. He talked as if she were still the poverty stricken girl of Gudge and Bartlett's. But she refrained, perhaps because she was beginning to suspect that there was not going to be so much difference between her old seven fifty and her new thirty. She had more, but she would have to spend more, too. She would have to keep up appearances. Her clothes must be better; she must be able to spend money, now and then, on little things that had been entirely outside her scheme of things in the days of the store. But these things she glimpsed very faintly; she was too overwhelmed by her good fortune to consider any possible difficulties in the future.

be it from me to use it. I'm a lady!"

Upon which she made a dramatic exit in the direction of her room. But she was very thoughtful when she reached it. She knew now that it had not been imagination; that some one really had been lurking nearby, watching her return. She need not be afraid, but she shuddered a little, as she remembered old Hazzard, the skin drawn tightly over his cheek bones, withered and yellow, and the evil, lustful gleam in his eyes, that neither age nor use had been able to abate. He looked like a vulture, she decided suddenly, placing him for the first time. And she might have been a newly made corpse; at the first hint that she was in trouble, he appeared, like the scavenger bird.

"It's all right for me," she reflected. "I fell in soft—landed on both feet. But suppose I hadn't got this chance and in the middle of summer! I'd have had a swell chance to land another job. They'd have blacklisted me. Wonder if old Hazzard knows all about that—guess he must—the old skate."

She went out, presently, for a bite of supper, determined to eat all she wanted, for once, and the sort of food she liked, too. Again she was conscious as soon as she was outside of the spying eyes; she had walked only a block when old Hazzard loomed up beside her.

"Good evening," he said. "I—ah—I learned with sincere regret of your—ah—discharge. I have been wanting to see you, Miss Vera."

"And I've been trying to see you first, so's you wouldn't," Vera shot back at him. "Say, fade—beat it — vamoose — make a noise like a hoop and roll away!"

"Tush, tush," he said. "My dear young lady, I appear in the guise of a friend. I wish to help you. Dine with me now. Let us have a talk. I—ah—have considerable influence with Mr. Gudge. I might be able to secure your reinstatement."

"An' I suppose you'd think that

was a big favor!" said Vera, scornfully. "Nix on that—an' I'm buying my own eats, thanks!"

But he hung on persistently. Old Hazzard had memories of defeats, but they were few and far between. He was patient; he had always been willing to wait. And few of the girls he had marked for his own had escaped. Sooner or later they had been driven to listen to him. So now he only smiled, and, though he found it hard to keep pace with her, he was not to be shaken off. She turned on him, finally, in desperation.

"Say, you must have a hide like a rhinoceros!" she said. "I know what you think. You think I'm down and out, and that I can't get another job. You're wrong, as it happens, but if you was right, I'd still have two chances to beat you! I could walk off a dock, or I could walk the streets! And I'd do either rather than let you have your way!"

"Very praiseworthy sentiments. I admire you for them," he mumbled, though his pig's eyes lighted up balefully. He had stood tongue lashings before, in his time, but he had usually

(Continued on page 30)



Over the Coffee Cups He Leaned Toward Her Again. She Had Asked for a Cigarette and Lighted It. Imitating Exactly the Methods of Miss Beatrice Brewster

Vera's landlady was waiting for her. It seemed to Vera that the woman was always doing that.

"Friend of yours looking for you this afternoon, dearie," she said. "Say, maybe I was hasty the other night. You can stay as long as you pay your rent prompt." She leered evilly. "After all, so long as you behave yourself here, it ain't none of my business what you do."

"I'm leaving to-morrow," said Vera, briefly. "I'm paid up to Sunday. I'll make you a present of what's left of the week. Who was looking for me?"

"A gentleman, quite an old gentleman," said the woman. "Said he hadn't seen you at the store. Wondered if you were sick. I told him you was bounced, and he said—"

"A lot of your business that was!" said Vera. "Honest, when I see how busy some folks is mindin' other folks' affairs I don't wonder they're down and out!"

"If you mean me by them words—" the landlady began.

"I do!" said Vera, defiantly. "What about it? There's a name for women like you, but far

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

And What He Thinks is in Store for the Picture Play

ENTIRELY too much has been written and published about the invasion of famous authors and well-known playwrights in the field of the photoplay, and entirely too little about the men and women who have been steady contributors to the art of the photo drama since the inception of motion pictures.

That Jack London, Rex Beach, Eleanor Gates, Charles Klein, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Booth Tarkington, Louis Joseph Vance, and a hundred other as equally noted authors, novelists and playwrights have been converted to the movies has been cause for much comment and speculation by both press and public.

Picture makers are now indulging in a wild scramble for stories by big authors. What they seek is a big name and a previously advertised title. They are willing to spend enormous sums of money for literary masterpieces which have seen their heyday.

The producers have pushed aside, or seem to have forgotten, the photo playwrights who turn out never less than one successful picture plot each week for the alleged established writers with reputations. And these reputable writers—they were in a decline until the motion picture play came along and opened up a new channel of revenue. They are building summer homes and buying bungalows in California with the royalty money paid them by seemingly mad manufacturers of films for their

By Monte M. Katterjohn

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

than one hundred dollars a week, no matter how much material he produces, nor how good, though he is expected to think up four new stories every month. The old play or old novel brings a sum equivalent to twice the staff scenario writer's salary, be it of one, two, or three-reel length.

Picture manufacturers maintained up to a few months ago that the scenario "plugger" couldn't strike the stride with the famous author. Along came Captain Leslie T. Peacocke and set their notions about plays and plots topsyturvy. He reversed things by writing an original motion picture play, "Neptune's Daughter," and then doing it into fiction, and with both, achieving greater success than ninety per cent of all the so-called best sellers. To a degree, Marguerite Bertsch and Elaine Sterne, women, have accomplished this same supposedly impossible thing, though there is still a doubt as to the success of their offerings. Miss Bertsch is editor of scenarios for the Vitagraph Company of America and has written an original six-reel comedy entitled "Uncle John." Miss Sterne, a free lance photo playwright, recently won the thousand dollar prize in the Vitagraph Scenario Contest with an original story entitled "The Sins of the Mothers." And it is to be noted that more than a hundred famous authors, novelists and playwrights were competing. The scenarios of both Miss Bertsch and Miss Sterne are now under production.

But of Captain Leslie T. Peacocke and "Neptune's Daughter." At the Globe Theatre, New York City, this photoplay masterpiece in seven reels bids well to outlast the summer months, notwithstanding the fact that it has already been exhibited for twenty weeks to capacity business, afternoon and night—the longest run ever known on Broadway for a photoplay. In cities like Chicago, Philadelphia, Denver and San Francisco "Neptune's Daughter" is going just as big, and in the words of a well-known

is a staff writer for the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Though he has achieved slight success as a writer, he is not considered of Rex Beach or Jack London caliber. However, the photoplay world knows him to be the foremost photo playwright in America. He has almost four hundred produced photoplays to his credit. But it must be remembered he has, as a salaried writer, outstripped all the established authors, novelists and playwrights. He has written something that gets the money.

Born in Bangalore, India, educated at Eton and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and for eleven years an officer in the English Army, Captain Peacocke, as his friends know him, has had a picturesque career. His life has been as full of exciting incidents and thrilling adventures as the stirring tales he scenarioizes for the picture screen.

He has served in many campaigns in India, one of which was the second Chitral expedition through that part of Burmah of which Rudyard Kipling became so obsessed and wrote "On the Road to Mandalay." As a member of the Foreign Legion fighting with Greece in her war with Turkey, he was captured and held prisoner at Stamboul for weeks. A scar on his chin indicates where he was sabered by a Turk at the time of his capture. Also, he participated in the Boxer rebellion in China. He has traveled all over the civilized world, north, south, east and west.

While quartered at Bangalore as an officer in the Eighty-eighth Regiment—the Connaught Rangers—he began his writing career as military correspondent for "The Irish Times." Prior to this he had sent army happenings to his home paper, and had written numerous verses for various weekly publications, receiving a free subscription therefor.

The officers and their wives of the regiment organized a theatrical company for their own entertainment. Captain Peacocke became interested and wrote several of the plays produced which resulted in his being made stage director and manager of all productions.

Since coming to the United States fifteen years ago he has experienced all the ups and downs of theatrical life. He is the author of numerous vaudeville sketches, notably, "The Syndicate," "Married by Telephone," "The Honeymoon Suite," "Mr. Plato," and "The Happy Family." He has served as actor on stage and in studio. Also, he has directed motion picture plays as well as playing the leads in several.

Recently, when Mrs. Langtry was preparing to enter picture work in a photoplay production of "His Neighbor's Wife," she instructed Daniel Frohman to find Captain Peacocke, who, as she said, "will make an admirable villain." There was nothing else for Mr. Frohman to do but institute a search for Captain Peacocke, since Mrs. Langtry was set on having him play the leading male role. Though there is little



Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, America's Foremost Photoplaywright

works of yesteryear. If they were to do something new and original 'twould not be so bad, but—well, the alleged established writer receives a thousand dollars for the picture rights to one of his books, circulation, one hundred thousand. The photo playwright receives seventy-five dollars for an original scenario of equal strength and film footage.

You see the film manufacturer has lost sight of the scenario writer who can be depended upon to turn out three to four valuable stories each month for the man with the big name. The staff scenario writer never receives more

theatrical man, "It looks like it's going to be the biggest money-maker ever."

By way of introduction, Captain Leslie T. Peacocke



With His Wife and Their Child and the Governess



doubt but what he would prove a wonderful character man, he does not take kindly to acting, preferring to write and let others act.

When William F. Sellig of the Selig Polyscope Company established a studio in Los Angeles, Captain Peacocke became acquainted with William Boggs, the manager, and for a long time supplied most of the scenarios used by the Western Selig Company. Followers of the photoplay will recall the incident of Boggs' death at the hands of an insane "Jap" employee. On the day of Boggs' murder, Captain Peacocke had an engagement with him and called at the studio a few hours after the crime was committed.

A few days ago I set out to interview this master photo playwright. I made up my mind to learn his views on the future of the motion picture, the opportunity of the novice who desires to take up scenario writing, how he came to write "Neptune's Daughter," and a thousand and one other things, some of them for my personal knowledge and not for print. I found it absolutely impossible to see him during the day. He was working on another feature subject of multiple reel length and refused to be inter-

inside I learned Mrs. Peacocke was reading Pinero that I might interview her husband. But think of it—an author purchasing tickets to see his own play. It was certainly astounding.

After we were comfortably seated I mentioned this fact to my host, who informed me there had not been a single piece of "paper" issued since the third night of the opening week.

"This makes the fifth time I've attended," he told me, "and on 'paper' but once. That was the opening night."

Annette Kellerman and William F. Sellig in "Neptune's Daughter"



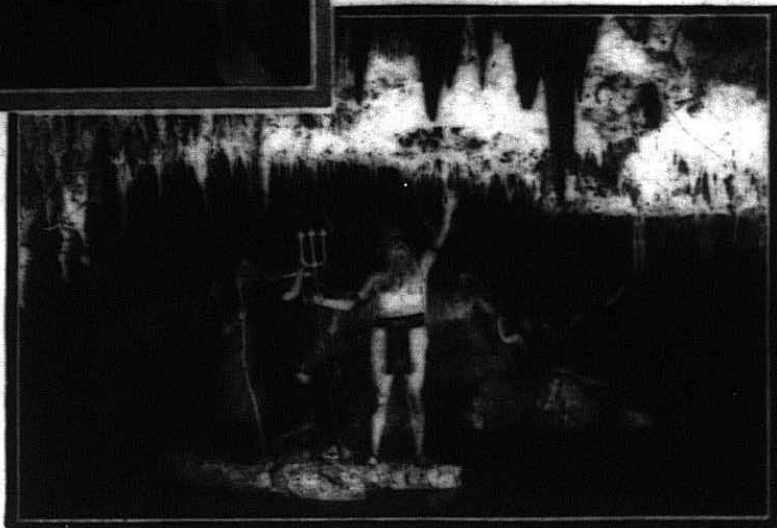
This Man Has Written over Four Hundred Photoplays



By Her Work in "Neptune's Daughter," Miss Kellerman Convinced the Public That She Is Capable of More Than Mere Diving



Another Scene from the Great Picture-Play, "Neptune's Daughter"



rupted by anyone. However, I managed to have his secretary arrange an engagement for that evening after learning he expected to attend the night performance of "Neptune's Daughter." Even that set me to wondering, but I'll explain later on in this article.

At the stipulated hour I was waiting in the foyer of the Globe Theatre and momentarily expecting Captain Peacocke's arrival. While waiting I was agreeably surprised to learn that the photoplay draws the rich as well as the poor. People were coming in evening dress, think of that, to watch a motion picture. Two years ago would you have believed the picture play would have ever grown into such popular favor?

I was glimpsing over the myriad of "stills" representative of scenes from the film when Captain Peacocke suddenly entered. It was almost time for the performance to start. Urging me to come along, he made his way to the box office and secured tickets which had been reserved for two days, and as we passed

Before I could ask him why he cared to see a motion picture so many times, he seemed to sense my mind and added, "I come to study my work so that I can remedy any faults with my technique. Oh, no, not with this play, but with future ones. I'm working on a big story now and by watching this picture again, I'll learn what not to do tomorrow when I get back to work."

Then the play began, and during the entire seven reels hardly a word passed between us other than a few comments by the author as he noted some discrepancy in plot or technique.

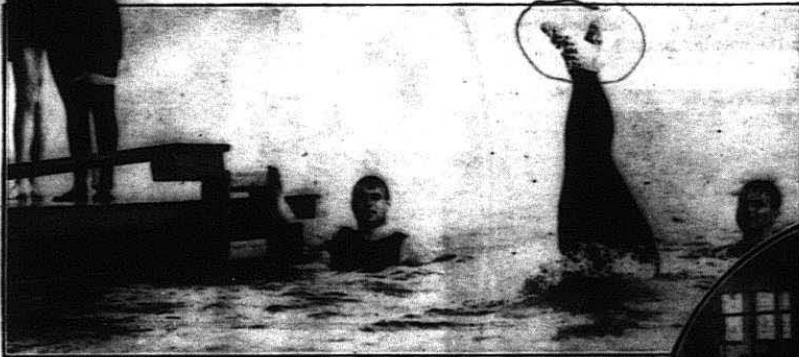
The performance over, we sought a secluded table at Rector's, and between cigars and drinks, I asked Captain Peacocke to tell me how he came to write "Neptune's Daughter." By the way, he is an habitual cigaret smoker, and devours one after the other. I have heard it said he keeps up a constant fire while working.

"Neptune's Daughter" was written in a hurry," he began. "The Universal was quick

to take advantage of an opportunity, and it just happened to be my lot to prepare a scenario which would feature Miss Kellerman in some sort of strange and weird story. The long arm of coincidence played a part, since I had been thinking of writing a mermaid story. After several conferences with Miss Kellerman, the director, and the heads of the Universal, I began on the scenario and wrote it in three days and nights almost as it was produced. Of course the director made a few minor changes to suit producing conditions in Bermuda, but otherwise the story was produced as written. If it was to be done again I am confident I could make it a still better story. However, I feel confident "Neptune's Daughter" as a picture play will outlive many of the so-called Broadway and feature offerings. Yes, I'm proud of it, though Mr. Brennan, the director, and Miss Kellerman are entitled to just as much credit as myself. They, too, have reason to be proud, especially Miss Kellerman, for she has convinced the play-going public she is

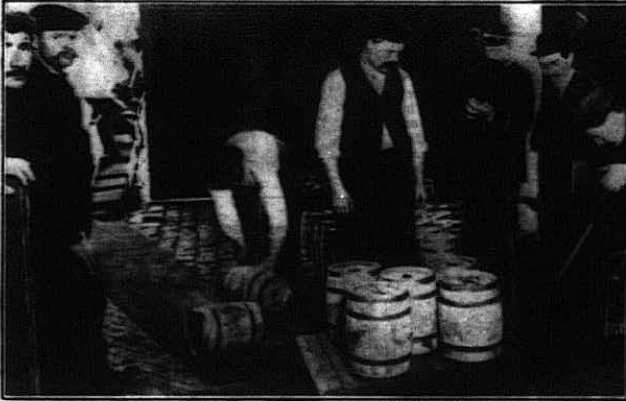
(Continued on page 32)

HOT WEATHER PHOTOS AND OTHERS OF INTEREST



A Unique Photograph of Miss Adelaide Trapp Concocted to be the World's Greatest all Around Woman Diver, during the Women's National Life Savings League's recent meet at Manhattan Beach, N. Y.

© Underwood & Underwood



Weighing a Consignment of \$200,000,000 at Harre, France. This Immense Shipment of Gold was Sent from the United States to the Bank of France Recently. The Photograph Shows the Casks Being Weighed and Checked on Being Unloaded from the French Liner, La Savoye

Photograph, Underwood & Underwood



Photo by Tiffany & Co.

America's Yacht Cup Which Sir Thomas Lipton is to Again try to Carry Away. It has Been Held in the United States since 1871, when the Schooner Columbia Won it from the English Schooner. Many Attempts have Been Made by English Yachtsmen to Regain the Trophy. Sir Thomas Lipton has Made Three Unsuccessful Trials. This Time with His Schooner IV, He Hopes to Accomplish the Feat.

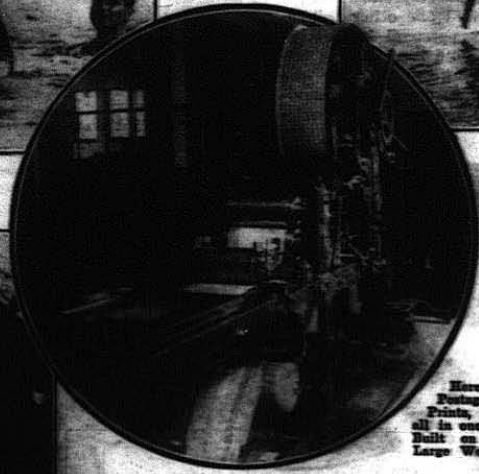
© Underwood & Underwood

This is the Good Ship "Laudin", a 35-foot Power Boat in which Signe Stead will, with Miss Eide on the Main Mast, endeavor to cross the Atlantic in 30 Days on a Homageous Voyage. The Little Vessel is Equipped with a Wireless and will Carry Provisions for 3 Months



© International News Service

Here is a Photograph of Two Young Women Members of a Diving Team Shown Below. Diving from the Highest Platform of the stand at Travers Island, New York. The Girl at the Left is Passing Over Her Partner's Head as they descend



Here is one of the Government's Printing Presses Which Prints, Cuts, and Perforates Stamps all in one Operation. Note that it is Built on the same Principle as a Large Web-performing Newspaper Press

© International News Service



© International News Service

A Brevy of Beautiful Diving Ballets, Two of Whom Were Seen in Action at the Top of the Page. They are Members of a Well Known Vandeville Act. Photographed at Travers Island New York



© Underwood & Underwood

Where will they Tango next? Recently a Society of Young Men and Women a Tango Street Car Party. This Photograph Shows Two Couples Dancing to the Strains of a Victrola on a South-side Car

SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR



© International News Service

Aeroplane are Big Factors in Modern Warfare. This Shows King George of England Being Saluted by One of His Army Planes



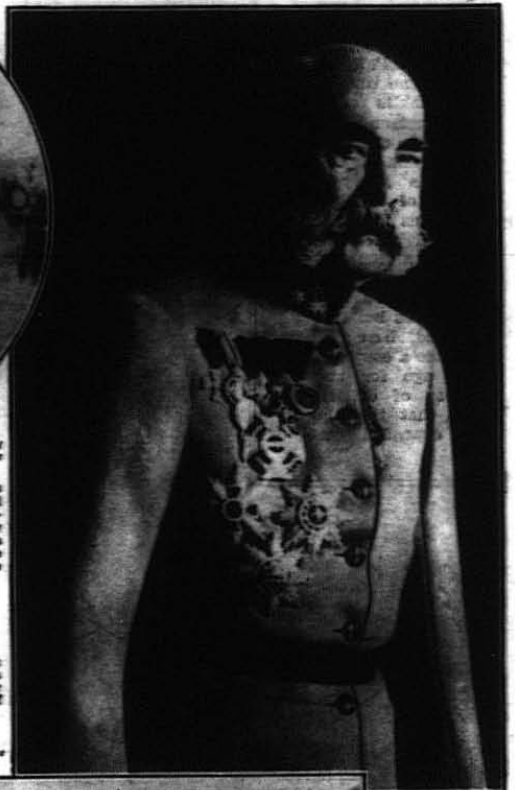
© International News Service

A Group of Austrian Army Officers in the Field Showing the Type of Some of the Leaders in the Latest Balkan Conflict



© International News Service

Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany in the Field at Recent Army Maneuvers. He is a Soldier by Training and Was a Major General Before He Ascended the Throne in 1890



© Underwood & Underwood

Francis Joseph I, Emperor of Austria, is the Oldest of the European "War Lords". He is 84 and Has Reigned for 58 Years. His Declaration of War on Serbia was the Outgrowth of the Recent Assassination of Archduke Francis Ferdinand, Heir to the Austrian Throne



A Battery of Serbian Field Artillery. Serbia is Well Equipped for Land Battles Even if it Has no Navy

© International News Service



© International News Service

King Peter of Serbia, Who Has Taken the Field at the Head of His Troops to Repel the Attack of the Austrians



© International News Service

Serbian Infantry Entraining in Train enroute to the Front During War

BETZWOOD—Where East Meets West

By KATHERINE SYNON

TWO miles from Valley Forge, in hills and woods and level country where the outposts of Washington's army ranged through the terrible winter that threatened the future of American independence, the second battle of Shiloh was fought.

Remembering that Valley Forge is a little way from Philadelphia and that Shiloh was down in old Mississippi, one might wonder how the repetition of the famous conflict of the Civil War had taken place along the banks of the Schuylkill River unless he recalled that the second battle was one of the Lubin film productions and that two miles from Valley Forge lies Betzwood, the most elaborate, extensive, and expensive motion picture setting in the world.

Betzwood is the outdoor plant of the Lubin Company. It used to be the property of Betz, the Pennsylvania brewer, who seemed to have owned almost as much of Philadelphia at one time as Ben Franklin founded. Siegmund Lubin, who came to Philadelphia with about as heavy a weight of worldly goods as Franklin had and who was running a little optical shop on Eighth Street while the brewer was building Betzwood, bought the place a couple of years ago for two millions of dollars. Since that time he has expended an-

other million in making it a background for the motion pictures of the Lubin company.

So varied is the scenery of Betzwood that pictures of the far west, of Alaska, of the south, and of English manor country have been taken there with absolute realism. The first feeling of any visitor to Betzwood is one of utter amazement at finding a bit of Montana in the valley of the Schuylkill. There is nearly always a western picture being staged at the place and a band of cowboys is sure to be riding across the range.

Cowboys, mounted on the little, hardy range ponies that bore fresh marks of the branding iron and that shied at the noise of the departing train, were close to the station at Betzwood as the local from Philadelphia pulled out. The riders spurred their ponies until a trail of dust marked their passing down the long road to the gate. In the fields oxen were grazing, and in a thicket of shrubbery timid deer scampered swiftly at the sound of the clattering hoofs of the passing hordes. Beyond the shrub-

bery rose the gables of a house that looked like an English manor. It was set back from the shaded lane that led from station to farm and in time revealed itself as the splendid home that Betz built

Right After Them Come a Girl, Riding Down the Road Like a Whirlwind, Swaying from Side to Side



A Scene From the Battle of Shiloh in which Two Thousand Actors were Used, and for which the U. S. Government Loaned 650 Marines and Artillery Men from League Island and Phoenixville.



and that Siegmund Lubin now occupies. It is easily recognizable as the scene of one of the striking pictures that the Lubins present, and, perhaps, because of this association, seems to be a perfect background for colonial romance and adventure.

At the end of the long road, beyond the great white gate, begins the Lubin farm. Except for two old stage coaches that stood in a barn, the stableyard looked like one of the scores that are to be found in the Big Horn country. Cowboys were working in the corral on newly-arrived ponies. Visitors at Betzwood

There are All Sorts of Houses on the Estate, from the Manor House where the Lubins Live to the Tiny Ranch House that Looks Like Wyoming. The Buildings in the Left Hand Picture are the Factory and Shipping Plants. Below is the Administration Building





some sort of drama was being enacted and that the camera was busy in registering the act. In a little while the character of the act became apparent when a girl in a costume of the 1860's came down a little path toward the pool, and leaned far out over the water to gaze at her own reflection. Solemnly she went back again. The scene would have been a mystery had not the girl, discovered later over near the menagerie, explained. She was Louise Huff, one of the prettiest of the Lubin leading women, and the wife of Edgar Jones, a Lubin producer, who was just then engaged on "another Civil War play." War plays are his specialty and Louise had just been acting the part of a girl who sees in the pool a vision of the battle in which her lover falls.

There was a battle raging in the outer valley even then, a desperate conflict between Mexican constitutionalists and federalists. Dark men kept riding restlessly, combining at last under sharp orders into two solidly massed squares that galloped at each other with all the zest for battle that Villa could have desired.

So Varied is the Scenery of Betzwood that Pictures of the Far West, of Alaska, of the South and of the English Manor Country have been Taken There Simply by Furnishing the Landscape with a Few Props.

have not the novelty, however, that visitors on the Big Horn range attain and the cowboys kept close to their work.

The general air of activity that pervaded the great estate was suddenly climaxed by the appearance of two men, carrying motion picture machines and running swiftly down the road near the corral to take their stand at a white-washed fence. Right after them came a girl riding down the road like a whirlwind, swaying from side to side, pressing her hand to her heart, and exhibiting startling symptoms of terror that seemed to make no impression on

either the cowboys or the camera operators. A big man, who had appeared from nowhere in particular, but who seemed to be general manager of the planet, now that he had come, gave a shout, "That's all right, photographer!" The girl tumbled off the horse, and climbed to the top of the fence, fanning herself vigorously with a borrowed sombrero. "It's hot!" was her only comment upon her work.

"Busy?" one of the cowboys called to her.

"I'm doing four pictures today," she explained. "I'm a southern belle, and a Mexican maiden, and a society person, and a wild rider of the plains."

"Why, ain't you adventuring?" he asked, and the girl laughed with the others, since the reputation of Florence Hackett in the film dramas is inextricably mixed with her playing of adventuresses.

"I'm vacationing," she explained from the fence.

From the heat of the plains to the coolness of a lily pond would have been a far cry at any place but Betzwood; but the lily pond revealed itself just beyond a hedge-like thicket. At first sight it seemed far from any crowd, but the sound of a grinding, clicking machine revealed the fact that

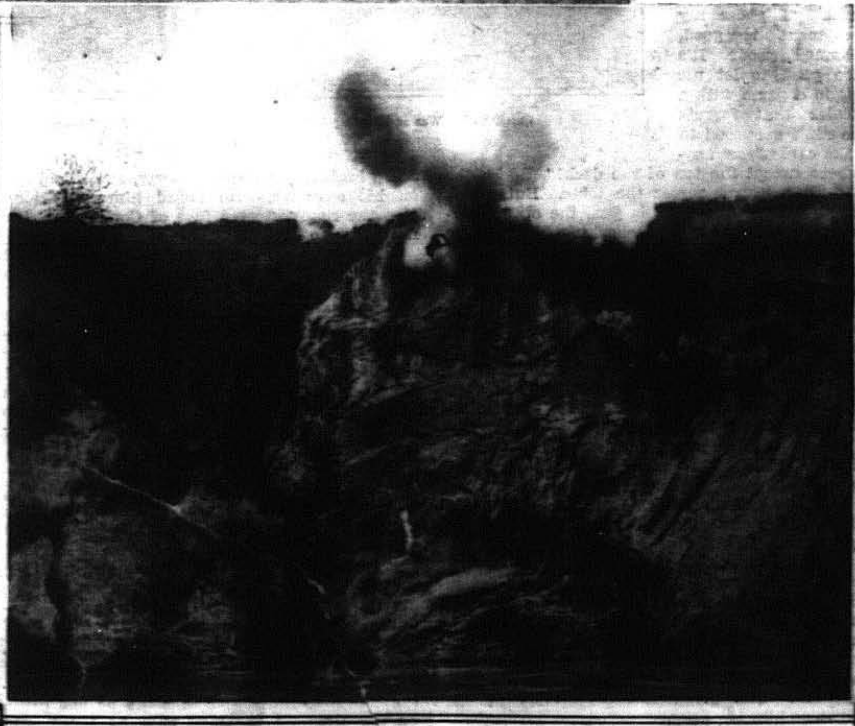


There is a Large Bit of the Schuykill River on the Estate and its Picturesque Banks are Already Tempting the Scenario Writers of the Lubin Plant into Romantic Tales

The Mexicans were fighting on the spot where the battle of Shiloh was fought, but the battle was a tame affair compared to the big one that had enlisted the services of two thousand players. For that production the United States government had loaned to Lubin 450 marines and artillerymen from League Island and Phoenixville.

(Continued on page 24)

"The Day when Shiloh was Fought" is so Memorable in the Annals of the Lubin Company as the Day of Shiloh itself is Memorable in the History of the United States.



"The Wheat and the Tares"

A Tale of Love and Adventuring in the Southwest

JIM STILLWELL, with a sudden start that he could not quite conceal, dropped his cards to the table. George F. Collins, known to him as a shifty, clever poker player, had just finished dealing; the others in the game were studying their cards. For a moment Stillwell hesitated; then, without glancing at his cards, he began to count his stack of chips. When he had done, he pushed them toward the banker.

"Guess I'll cash in, Hank," he said, in his soft, southern voice. "I bought twenty-five dollars—you owe me about fifty, I reckon."

"What's the matter—quitting so soon?" said the banker, amiably. He counted the chips; then pushed the cash over toward Stillwell. "Your own business, I guess, but it seems sort of poor judgment to quit when the cards is breaking as well as they have been for you, Jim."

"Oh, I don't know," said Collins, sneering. "I guess Jim's judgment is all right. He knows, maybe, that he ain't likely to stay ahead! I've seen plenty with his kind of judgment. They get all they can out of a lucky streak and always have pressing engagements elsewhere when the others in the game want a chance to get their money back."

Stillwell wheeled on him. His eyes were snapping with anger.

"Yes, suh!" he said. "I guess my judgment is good, damned good! It's too good to let me sit in a game with a dealer that forgets he ain't supposed to take cards from anywhere except the top of the deck!"

Collins leaped across the table. But, quick as he was in drawing his gun, the other players were quicker still in checking him. There was no chance for trouble. And, before Collins could even speak, Lem Bradley, who had not been in the game at all, spoke up:

"I don't aim to butt in when there ain't none of my money on the table, not as a rule," he said. "But I don't mind sayin' that I guess I saw just what Jim here did, and that maybe that 'had somethin' to do with my being on the outside looking in, so to speak. That ain't no game for me to set in!"

Black with rage, Collins struggled to free himself, cursing the while. But Bradley had turned the scale against him.

"Game's closed, for this little while," said the banker, abruptly. "Pass over your chips, gentlemen. I'm paying off."

And Stillwell left the saloon in a buzz of talk; mostly pleas that he should take a drink. He declined all the invitations. He liked a friendly game of poker now and then; whiskey, however, did not appeal to him. It was early yet, and in the street almost the first man he encountered was Jacques Lavigne, the old Louisianian. Jim brightened perceptibly at the sight of him.

By Harold S. Hammond

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VITAGRAPH FILM

"Hello, Jim!" said the old southerner. "Glad to see you, boy! A young lady I know was asking about you in her last letter!"

Jim flushed; then, stammering a little, he asked the question that had been on the tip of his tongue from the moment when he had first seen Lavigne.

"When's Edith coming home, sir?" he asked. "Some time this week, Jim," said Lavigne, smiling. "Keep your eyes on the stage when it comes in. She's apt to be here 'most any time now."

He departed, chuckling. And a moment later

come from the land of his birth, the soft southern country, to the arid southwest, where those with a will to work might hope to wrest real fortunes from the soil. He had come well equipped; a scientific farmer, he understood the art and science of agriculture, and knew what irrigation might do for desert land. Wherefore he had bought land that was a blot upon the earth. And now, thanks to his scientific knowledge, it was justifying him.

He was friendly with many in this new land; his real friends, however, were few. And chief among them were old Jacques Lavigne, driven from his Louisiana sugar plantation by the fall in the price of that commodity, and his daughter, Edith. Between him and Edith there was an understanding that was almost equivalent to

an engagement. Old Jacques, struggling along in his improvident way on his ranch, approved; Edith herself seemed only to wait for him to say the word. And he meant to say it soon, now; he could see his way to asking her to be his wife. When she returned from this visit to her old home

In that southwestern community such secrets as a man's devotion to a girl, and the state of her feelings in return, are not secrets at all. There were few who did not know that a marriage was likely to be arranged, as the English say, between Edith Lavigne and Jim Stillwell. Some had suspected it, indeed, before the high contracting parties themselves. And certainly George Collins was not ignorant.

He left Stillwell, on the night of the quarrel over the card table, determined to get the revenge he had sworn to have. And, as he walked away, certain snatches of the conversation he had overheard between Stillwell and old Lavigne ran through his mind. And, as their true significance came to him, there came also a plan. He smote his hands together.

"Got him, by God!" he cried.

It was still early on the next morning when Collins came to the porch of the Lavigne house. Old Lavigne was smoking his after breakfast cigar. He frowned slightly at the sight of Collins, as he had good reason to do.

"S'pose you're after that money I owe you on my note," he said. "I'm a bit pinched—but later—"

"I am—for a fact," said Collins. "Sorry you're short—mighty sorry. It's been running quite a spell—and, of course, it's a debt of honor—poker debt, and all that. I'll admit I had sort of counted on getting it before this. Le'see—you gave me a mortgage on this place, didn't you?"

Lavigne stared at him.

"You—you wouldn't go to foreclose on me?" he said, trembling.

"Don't see just what else to do," said Collins. "Just a matter of business. Of course—"



Quick As He Was in Drawing His Gun, the Other Players Were Quicker Still in Checking Him

Jim wheeled, in surprised anger, as a hand fell on his shoulder. He found himself staring into the rage-distorted face of Collins, and his hand flew to his pocket.

"Keep your gun. I ain't aimin' to make that kind of play," said Collins. "If I'd wanted to kill you I could ha' done it easy enough. I'm just lookin' for you to tell you that no man can get away with what you done to me to-night and not live to regret it! I'll git you for that if we both have to live a hundred years! An' it won't be any simple, easy thing like killin' you I'll do, either. No, sir! I'll make you sweat blood, and I'll do it so'll you know about it, too!"

Stillwell laughed in his face.

"Don't waste your breath trying to scare me, Collins," he advised. "Do you know what you s'pe? You're a card sharp, for one thing. And you're a coward, for another! The bravest thing you'd ever do would be to shoot a man in the back, provided there wasn't anyone around to see you do it! Get out of my way—unless you want to be stepped on!"

And, with a laugh, he shook the gambler off, and went about his business.

His business was to retrieve the fallen fortunes of his family. To that end he had given up the life and the land that he loved, and



He Saw the Greeting Between Edith and Stillwell

if there was any sentiment in it—if I was your son-in-law, for instance, now—

"Foreclose and be damned to you!" said Lavigne, grittingly. "If you're trying to get me to buy you off with my daughter—By God, sir—I've a mind to shoot you!"

"Oh, no—you won't do nothin' like that," said Collins. "Think it over! I'll be back—when the little lady gets here. Talk it over with her."

He sauntered away. Down in the town, where the stage came in, he saw Edith alight; saw the greeting between her and Stillwell. But he only smiled. For he had not misread the old man, nor his daughter. And he had written his own version of the affair to the girl; the letter, he knew, would be under her eye within an hour. And his plan did not miscarry. Lavigne sent for him that afternoon.

"My girl—she—I've been mistaken," said the old man. "I thought she cared for a better man. But—she says she wants you. Take her."

He held out Edith's hand to Collins, and winced as he saw the gambler slip a ring over her finger. Then he turned away. He was filled with sorrow, but he was relieved, too. And he wanted to believe that Edith had told the truth when she said that she had changed her mind; he consented, because of that, to see Stillwell when he came, and to say that he had decided that his intercourse with his daughter must cease. Stillwell, stunned, flamed for a moment under the blow; then he turned away.

"I guess I understand, all right," he said, savagely, when he heard that Edith was engaged to Collins. "That lets me out."

So far Collins had been backed by fate. But just when the game seemed to be entirely in his own hands a sudden blow changed everything. He was on his way to see Edith one afternoon, to make final arrangements for their marriage. And, as he reached the house, he heard her scream—again and again. He rushed toward the sound; so did others, among them Stillwell, who had been working in a nearby field of his own. They found Edith bending over her father, who lay, white and still—white, save for a thin stream of blood that trickled from a wound on his forehead.

"Struck with a butt of a gun, looks like," said Lem Bradley, one of the first to reach the scene. "Lord—poor old Lavigne! I'm afraid—he's gone—"

Inspiration visited Collins in that moment. He saw Stillwell; saw, too, the look the stricken girl turned toward him. And in an

instant he saw the chance to complete his revenge.

"That's what happened, Lem!" he cried, pointing an accusing finger at Stillwell. "I saw the blow struck—and it was Jim Stillwell who did it! He was mad because he couldn't get my girl—because her father forbade him the house! But I never thought he'd kill him!"

Stillwell sprang at his throat. But strong hands held him off.

"You've got to take it—you've got to prove he's lying at the trial, boy," said Bradley.

But that was just what Stillwell could not do. For the motive that Collins, with devilish cunning, had suggested, seemed so strong, and Collins stuck so unswervingly to his story, that Stillwell was convicted. Not of murder, indeed, but of killing in the heat of a sudden passion. He was sentenced to spend five years in prison; he would hardly have escaped so lightly had doctors not testified that the blow would only have stunned a man in good health. Lavigne, however, had had a weak heart; the shock had killed him.

But Collins lost the prize he had become most anxious to win. On the day that Stillwell was sentenced Edith sent for him.

"Here are the deeds to the plantation—the ranch," she said, in a hard, strange voice. "That cancels my father's debt to you. Take them—and go! I would have married you to save him from losing the place—now I don't care what becomes of it. I shall never see you again—willingly!"

Stillwell passed through six months in prison that were a living, constant agony. He was in solitary confinement; no letters, no visitors, were allowed to come to him. But the time passed, in some fashion. And when it had gone by a letter was given to him—a letter that had been waiting, in the warden's office, almost from the day of his coming. It was from Edith.

And in it she told him everything—the reason she had been willing to marry Collins, and the explanation of the message her father had given him. She told him, too, that she had refused to stick to her bargain after her father's death, and that she was supporting herself now by teaching school.

"I believe in you," she wrote. "I never lost my faith in you, even for one instant! I know that that man lied—and that you can prove it. When you are free—prove it! Then come to me! I shall be waiting! That is—if you still want me. Dare we marry while you stand charged with my father's death? If you say so—yes. But—how I pray that, as soon as you are free, you can prove your innocence!"

For a moment he stared at the letter, in sharp disbelief. Then his head dropped on his arms and he wept for sheer joy and love. She believed in him! Her faith had survived this test! He laughed as he looked at the barred window of his cell. What did that matter? What were five years?

But they were a great deal, as he was to learn. After a time the inactivity of the prison life wore upon him, and he knew that he must find some outlet or go mad. And it was then that an old ambition was revived—the ambition to write. He had had it, even as a child, but the necessity of earning his living with his hands had always kept him from gratifying it. Now, however, he had time in abundance.

And the fruit of his enforced leisure was that series of stories that the very first magazine editor he sent them to snapped up—the series of stories of Uncle Eben that won him, under an assumed name, a fame that spread from coast to coast. These he followed with a novel of prison life so true, so gripping, so terrible in its indictment of conditions as they



"But—She Says She Wants You. Take Her!"

existed, that his fame was doubted and anonymity was no longer possible. His real name and the facts of his imprisonment were published everywhere, and numerous petitions for a pardon were sent to the governor of the state. But, before they could be considered, the book had won him his freedom in another way, and one so startling and dramatic that it seemed to him incredible.

For the man who had really killed Jacques Lavigne heard that Stillwell was paying for his crime. Dying, he confessed. He was a tramp; Lavigne had ordered him off his grounds. In a quarrel that followed a blow had been struck, and the tramp had made his escape. But not until he read of Stillwell's imprisonment did he learn that his blow had been a fatal one. Now that he himself was beyond the reach of punishment he was anxious to free the man he had caused to suffer so horribly.

Stillwell, told of what had happened, made one request.

"Give me one week of freedom before you announce what has been done," he pleaded. "I want to find the man who sent me here. If he reads of this he will get away—and I want him to be punished. I shan't touch him—I only want to make sure that he shan't go free."

The request was granted. And Stillwell, his plan formed in his mind, went post haste to the old town. He felt safe from recognition; two years of imprisonment had changed him in many ways. And, arriving in the stage, he exulted at the indifference with which he was greeted. No one recognized him. He made his way to the saloon; there, as he had ex-

pected, he found Collins. Collins did not know him; he gave him one look, and turned away.

And thereupon Stillwell began, industriously and apparently with a set purpose, to get drunk. None noticed that the liquor he ordered was spilled on the floor; none suspected that its effect on him was only assumed. And it was not long before Collins, after seeing him flash a heavy roll of bank notes, sat at a small table and began, suggestively, shuffling a pack of cards.

"Like a little game, stranger?" he said, presently.

"Don't-hic-mind if-hic—I do," said Stillwell,

to play a crooked game at first; his opponent was so drunk that it seemed unnecessary. But Stillwell watched him like a cat, despite his seeming stupor. While he was in prison he had been friendly with a gambler, who had shown him methods of cheating that Collins had never heard of. And at last, when the play had begun to run high, he decided that his time had come.

"Thish-shlow game," he said. "I got twenty thousand dollarash here. Can you cover that—huh—you cheap shport?"

Collins hesitated. But the bait was too tempting.

"I'll put up the deeds of my ranch," he said.

"Here they are. Any of the boys will tell you it's worth more than that. How'll we play?"

"One hand—your deal," said Stillwell.

Collins gasped. It seemed too good to be true. But he dealt the cards. He did not even notice Stillwell's cut. And a minute later, in blank disbelief, he stared at the four aces with which Stillwell had beaten his full house.

"Double crossed!" he screamed. "You stacked those cards—"

"Sure I did—knowing I'd need more than you figured on giving me," said Stillwell. His voice was that of cold sobriety. "Here!" he cried. "Lem Bradley, you're a deputy sheriff! I've got a warrant charging Collins here with perjury. Take him!"

Before Collins

could reach for his gun the handcuffs were on his wrists.

And so Jim Stillwell was able to claim his bride at last, for fate had effectually separated the wheat and the tares.



"I Saw the Blow Struck—and it Was Jim Stillwell Who Did It!"

lurching to a seat. "Freeze out—huh?"

They began to play. Stillwell continued to drink. And at first the luck ran against him. Then it varied. First he won; then it was the turn of Collins. Collins did not trouble

Betzwood--Where East Meets West

(Continued on page 21)

own uniforms, but the Lubin Company had to supply nearly 500 other uniforms for the men who took the part of the Confederate soldiers in the battle. The property man at the Lubin farm had a busy time that week, for he had to provide 1,700 pieces of clothing for costume, 400 guns and carbines, 400 blankets, and 50 tents, as well as thousands of incidentals. Among the incidentals were two freight cars that cost \$800 each and which were blown up and set afire to give realism to one of the sets. "The day when Shiloh was staged" is as memorable in the annals of the Lubin Company as the day of Shiloh itself is memorable in history.

There were daisies growing upon the battlefield under the hoofs of the Mexican horses, but there was no grass growing on several great bald spots on the field toward the river. The great patches of bare ground seemed curiously out of place in the midst of the Pennsylvania greenness until the discovery of a property cactus plant supplied the explanation. The grass had been burned away by the use of lime until the ground looked like the floor of the desert. It was an easy thing to simulate Arizona in Pennsylvania when the director has imagination and ingenuity.

Betzwood, however, has so many natural advantages that, except for the cause of realism, there would be no need of shifting its scenery. There is a large bit of the Schuylkill River on the estate, and this part is endowed with waterfalls that are already tempting the scenario writers of the Lubin plant into romantic tales

associated with waterfalls, so that the public may soon see Rosemary Theby in a role intimately associated with this sort of scene.

Among the additions to Betzwood since the Lubin Company took the place is the menagerie of elephants, lions, tigers, bears and camels, that makes the zoo resemble Central Park. The directors are now arranging the production of a picture that will require the use of the camels in a scene laid in the Arabian desert, and another that will show the Indian jungle with elephants and tigers. Verily, the banks of the Nile come just next door to the shores of the Schuylkill.

It was quite literally the question of ice cakes that started Siegmund Lubin on his career as one of the greatest realistic producers of motion picture dramas. Ice made Betzwood! Therefore, it is no matter for wonder that Betzwood has an ice plant among other modern improvements. The ice in question, or rather, the question of ice, arose in one of the first Lubin pictures. The picture was one of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Eliza was crossing the ice on ridges of paper, cleverly arranged, but not absolutely realistic. Siegmund Lubin studied the film carefully. "What's the matter with that ice?" he wanted to know. He found out. "Get real ice," he ordered. The real ice had to be secured, and Eliza had to cross it.

Truly, some of the Continental soldiery who died in that valley one famous winter should rise from their forgotten graves in surprise to discover the most important phase of life today in the republic they fought to free.

Passing on Films

A WAY has been found for the exhibitors of Washington to regulate the film that is given them—to select their programs—if they care to take advantage of it. This way would be of great value to the manufacturers, although at first it might appear to work a hardship on them, and it would eliminate the complaint that is made against the exchange men. This can be done if the exhibitors are really earnest in their desire to present the best sort of film and to eliminate all complaint. The idea is to have the Washington branch of the national exhibitors' organization, or the Washington Screen Club, establish headquarters in the downtown district and install a projecting machine and a projecting room, where every film can be shown if there is the slightest doubt about it.

This program, if carried out, would make it possible for exhibitors to see the film before they rent it. Within the past week one big theatre in Washington canceled its rental of a film because, after the manager of the theatre saw it produced elsewhere, he declined to permit it being shown in his theatre. It is very likely that the manager of the theatre will be required to pay for this film. He expects to do so. And the price he will pay would more than pay for the upkeep of a projection room several days. There have been several other cases of the same sort within the past three or four months. Managers of theatres who are careful as to what they show will not have certain classes of film, but, owing to the fact that many of them leave it entirely to the exchange men, a practice we think entirely wrong and unbusiness-like, it is impossible for them to know exactly what will be shown.

The Moving Picture Game

II--The Photoplay Student Sets Some Big Scenes

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY B. VAN NICE

ON THE following Sunday I decided to take an afternoon jaunt into the lofty hills near the city. Boarding a street car, I rode to the end of the line and walked from there to the mouth of a canyon, which was walled in by the towering eminences. A brook and wagon road were at the bottom of the ravine and up the thoroughfare I trudged with a happy heart, enjoying to the utmost the wild beauty of the canyon and congratulating myself that I, possessed as I was of an ambition to become a photoplaywright, had been fortunate enough to obtain employment as a student in the scenario department of a great film-making concern.

Proceeding up the ravine I soon found myself in a V-shaped rocky gorge. On either side of the brook the cliffs sloped sharply skyward. There was hardly room enough at the bottom of the ravine for the brook and roadway. Pausing to admire the sublime vista ahead of me, a thought entered my mind that perhaps this beautiful place could be used as the background for the scenes of a feature photodrama.

Making my way through the dense foliage at one side of the stream, I clambered up the rocks on the eastern side of the rocky canyon and halted on a sort of shelf about 100 feet above the brook. "Suppose," I said to myself, "that a wire cable were strung across this rocky gorge fastened to posts set on the sides of the cliffs and that a mining ore bucket carrier were held in position on the cable by a wheel. And suppose," I continued, musing, "that the bucket held the heroine of a photodrama, who had sought shelter there from her pursuing foes."

I then examined the place more closely feeling that I had at last discovered in this wild, sublime nook of nature the locale of my first moving picture story. I fancied that I could already see the great steel cable stretched across the gorge and finally I journeyed homeward, full of anticipation over my plans to construct a great scenario.

The next morning, after noting that Hazelton had cleared his desk of the incoming letters and manuscripts, I entered the sanctum and waited until the master scenario writer signified a readiness to hear what I had to say:

"Mr. Hazelton," I began, "I have found a rocky chasm between two high hills. I believe a wire cable could be put in place across the ravine and have an ore-carrying bucket to convey one or more women escaping from enemies. I would like to write a drama to fit the occasion."

"Good for you," answered Hazelton, smiling encouragingly. "Go to it. Walk down to the studio stages and hunt up McRane, one of the directors. He is looking for a spectacular two-reel drama and he may like your idea."

When I found McRane he was busy directing scenes. A favorable opportunity came and I accosted him with:

"Mr. McRane, I am a student under Hazelton. He sent me to you to offer an idea for a drama."

McRane listened patiently until I completed my talk and answered: "You've got me interested. Write out a long synopsis of a drama to fit the place. I want to put on an American-Philippine war play and you might be able to use the islands as the locale. Fix up the synopsis immediately and give me a copy of it at quitting time this evening. I'll take it home and read it tonight."

I thanked him and hurried away to a typewriter in the scenario department. My heart beat rapidly, my spirits rose and I wondered if it were really true or all a dream. Was it possible I had begun to write a scenario, my maiden effort in photoplaywriting? I was soon rattling the typewriter at a great rate, outlining in about 1,000 words a story in which was sketched the adventurous career of an American soldier, Wallace, in love with the

beautiful mestizo daughter of a wealthy Filipino plantation owner. For Wallace's rival I created the character of one of Aguinaldo's lieutenants, a swarthy savage-mannered rogue who pursued Wallace

with a dogged and clever persistency. Remembering Hazelton's injunction to stick to the eternal triangle, I evolved a story that had the hero and the heroine on the run all the time, with the pestiferous, leather-complexioned heavy villain, aided by a band of head-hunters, pursuing them into the mountains. Finally, Wallace's Filipino rival and the savages chased the hero, heroine and the latter's aged duenna, into a rocky gorge in the northern part of Luzon island. The hero, to save the women, put them into the big ore bucket and shoved it out on the cable to the middle of the chasm. A band of American scouts then arrived on the scene, saved the women and Wallace and slaughtered the head hunters and the hateful rival of the hero.

I invested the foregoing sketch with a wealth of details, such as the arrest and imprisonment of Wallace by Aguinaldo, the escape of Wallace through the connivance of his beautiful Filipino sweetheart, their flight through the rebel leader's territory and other sensational exploits. When I had the synopsis neatly typed I kept the carbon copy, but caught McRane just as

he was leaving the grounds at 5 o'clock and gave him the original with a confident air.

"I'll let you know about this tomorrow," vouchsafed McRane. "I fear, however, that there are no mining plants in the Philippines and so your idea may not fit."

He climbed into his motor car and sped away. My courage fell. No mining in the islands? I would find out that very night. At 8 o'clock that evening I went to the public library in the city and pored over books describing the Philippines. Fortune favored me, for I eventually got hold of a volume which told of mining operations in Luzon. I copied several paragraphs of the statements, made a note of the name and author of the book and went home joyously.

Early the next day I sought out McRane and showed him the mining statistics. He was pleased and told me to go ahead and write a two-reeler of seventy scenes. I reported my progress to Hazelton and began writing the scenario, working on it all that day and the next. When I had the photoplay

McRane Had the Heroine Rise in the Bucket and Fire a Blank Pistol Shot at the Apparently Murderous Filipino Near Her



completely typed I gave the original copy to McRane, placed a carbon copy in Hazelton's hands and retained the other copy in my own possession. I told McRane where the canyon was located and he said he would send the boss scene setter out to the location to put the cable in place across the canyon.

I heard no more of my scenario for three days. Then meeting McRane as he strode across the grounds near the studio stages, I accosted him and asked how things were going.

"I guess we will have to turn down your drama, for a time, at least," McRane replied. "The boss scene setter has reported to Mr. Rannedy that the cliffs on both sides of the canyon are solid rock and that it would be impossible to dig the holes to place posts to hold the cable."

"Solid rock?" I said, falteringly. "Why, I don't know about that. I'll visit the ravine again and find out for sure."

McRane walked away. Apparently he had resolved to forego the staging of my ambitious creation in film-pictures. My heart sank like so much lead. Half-dazed, half-mortified, I rapidly walked the several miles of distance from the studios to the rock-bound gorge and once more I inspected the cliffs. I found that I would need a miner's pick to test the solidity of the rock and retraced my steps a mile to a settler's house and borrowed the implement named. By using the pick where the posts were to be placed I discovered that the rock was not altogether solid, that there were rifts in the strata and that the holes could be dug.

I reported my discoveries to McRane the next morning and he said: "Go and tell Rannedy, the general manager, that your plan is feasible, that the rock is not so solid that the supports could not be placed and say that I would like to stage the thing."

I located Rannedy. He listened to my plans and replied: "Scott, the boss scene setter, told me it would take twenty men a month to dig those holes in the rock. We can't afford to spend the time. I guess we will let the plan drop. Excuse me, I'll have to go to town."

As Rannedy walked away a determination to do something desperate crept into my mind. I acted at once. Overhauling Rannedy I blurted out, "Give me six or eight laborers and I'll agree to have them dig those holes inside of five or six days. I know that rock. It has crevices in it. I want to work, I—"

"I give you carte blanche on the whole job," Rannedy shouted back at me. "McRane likes the scenario and wants to put it on. It's up to you. Hire the men, get the cable and superintend the entire placing of the set. Tell McRane I said so."

Rannedy quickly left me. I stood stock still and wondered, "Could I do it?" I sought out McRane and boldly told him that the cable and bucket would be ready for scene-making inside a week. He assured me he would begin work filming the other scenes of the scenario within a few days, wished me good luck and promised to boost the drama all he could.

I walked to the car line near the studio, rode into the city, visited an employment agency, told the manager I represented the film concern and hired eight husky laborers, with picks and shovels, and told the men where to find the ravine for work the next morning. Hurrying to the office of a wire manufacturing company I rented 300 feet of inch and a half steel cable rope, strong enough to "hold up the world," the office chief said. I also rented an ore-carrying bucket large enough to hold two women. The bucket had a wheel affixed to hold it on to the cable and allow easy movement to and fro. My next move was to arrange for the rental of two poles which had been used

by an electric lighting concern. The poles were about fourteen feet long and a foot and a half in diameter. I also got a chain block, with a traction power of two tons, to use in drawing the steel cable taut after the ends had been fastened to the poles. Leaving directions with the supply houses where to deliver the machinery, I went home, feeling that I had certainly tackled a tough job to make my first photoplay a reality.

At 8 o'clock the next morning I set the eight laborers to work digging the pits for the two big timbers. I sighted across the ravine at an air level about 100 feet above the bottom of the rocky gorge. Choosing shelf-like places on the

thrilled by the acts of the photoplayers. As I on vantage spots of the cliffs, eager to be gazed on by the throng my heart flamed with delight. Little did I dream then, however, that this assemblage was to be, in point of the number of spectators, only a minor crowd to the multitude which, some weeks later, attended the filming of scenes in another military scenario I created. This latter photoplay set a world's record, its feature episodes being enacted before the largest assemblage ever gathered together anywhere to attend film-making scenes. But I am getting ahead of my story.

One of the scenes I had written into the Filipino drama called for a closeup of the bucket, to show rifle slugs striking the sides of the ore-carrier and leaving marks. Real bullets might have harmed the two women in the bucket and so I had made two dozen make-believe missiles at home. I first bought a small flag staff, about one half inch in diameter and sawed this into twenty-four sections an inch long, later boring out the interior of these wooden slugs on a turning lathe and leaving only a thin wooden shell, shaped like an empty rifle cartridge. Obtaining a large tallow candle and a chunk of graphite, I melted the candle, mixed in the black mineral named and then poured the wooden shells full of the hot, ebony-liquid. When the "slugs" cooled they looked like long rifle bullets that had lain in soot. To make the marks of the shots appear distinctly, I had the laborers smear the sides of the bucket with clay mud and when this coating dried it resembled iron rust.

"Where's those fake bullets you promised to make?" shouted McRane to me after he had filmed several minor scenes in the canyon. I replied by taking the twenty-four black-tallow slugs out of my coat pocket. "Here, you headhunters," yelled McRane at the band of Filipino extra players, "load these things into your blank cartridges and shoot your rifles when I tell you to." The heroine and her duenna climbed into the bucket and we moved it out on the cable a short distance from the cliff. The women crouched down in the big ore-carrier, only the tops of their hats showing above the rim. McRane shouted "fire!" and a continuous fusillade of the make-believe bullets struck the bucket, registering as fine a lot of marks as one could wish to see, the camera getting all the black spots as fast as they appeared on the metal.

Another scene required that a headhunter should climb out on the cable, hand over hand, and attempt to reach the two actresses crouching in the ore bucket. This fellow was to be shot off the wire by the heroine and fall to the bottom of the gorge. McRane had the "headhunter" climb along the cable to within a few feet of the women. "Stop the camera," McRane yelled, "you 'headhunter' get back to the cliff and put the dummy out on the wire at the place you reached."

After fastening a long strand of invisible piano wire to the "headhunter" dummy, which was tied to the cable with easily-broken string, McRane had the heroine rise in the bucket and fire a blank pistol shot at the apparently murderous Filipino near her. Coincident with the shot McRane gave the piano wire a jerk and the dummy "headhunter" dropped off the cable and plunged head over heels 100 feet to an awful fate on the cruel rocks alongside the brook.

For two days McRane and his troupe "shot" scenes in the canyon, the feature acts being a somewhat prolonged battle between the "headhunters and the rescuing American troops.

Hazelton warmly congratulated me on my exploit. He told me Rannedy, the manager, had said I looked like a "comer" in scenario writing.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)



For Two Days McRane and His Troupe "Shot" Scenes in the Canyon, the Feature Acts Being a Somewhat Prolonged Battle Between the Head-hunters and the Rescuing American Troops

rock at either side of the cliffs, I set the laborers digging with their picks, four men at each spot.

It was very slow work. For five days I never saw anybody connected with the company which employed me, for I spent every minute of the time bossing the toiling men on the rocky cliffs. Success came at last. We put the poles in place, fastened the ore bucket on the cable, stretched the latter into place across the ravine and made the steel rope as tight as a fiddle string by making traction with the chain block.

From pole to pole the distance across the gorge was fully 250 feet. We moved the ore-carrier at will with a 120-foot rope fastened to the bottom of the bucket. On the evening of the fifth day of work everything was in readiness to make the feature scenes of my first photodrama and I hunted up McRane that night and told him of my success. He said he would drive into the canyon the next morning with five automobiles and three omnibuses laden with actors, actresses, Filipino headhunters and American soldiers and stage battle scenes on the sides of the cliffs that would be recorded in fotofilm annals as the most sanguinary engagement ever known from Pocatello to Kamchatka.

Before going home that night I visited the editorial departments of the morning dailies and handed in items I had written, announcing that the show would be free to all spectators who would journey to the canyon. At 9 o'clock the next day the gorge was crowded with McRane's players and supernumeraries and when the making of the scenes was begun at 10 o'clock more than 1,500 spectators were seated

"In All Things Moderation"

A World-Old Tragedy Repeats Itself

TWO-REEL IMP FILM.

CAST.

David Graham.....Howard Crampton
Mary, his oldest daughter.....Dorothy Phillips
Winnie, his youngest daughter.....Ruth Donnelly
Tom, his son.....Alexander Gaden

SYNOPSIS.

THIS is a story built of the world old tragedy that repeats itself every day, that of a father estranged from his children. Dark and sordid and dreary is the life lived by the Grahams in a little rockbound New England village. The father, David Graham, is of the most extreme type of religionist and wishes his children to live exactly as his religion demands and not as young, healthy, high spirited boys and girls should live. This results, of course, in constant friction. David's wife, a frail little woman, gets all of her children's love, but she is able to do little for their happiness. After her sudden death, things get worse and worse, until Winnie runs away and marries a man to whom her father objects—and Tom, too, runs away. For a while Mary stays at home and cares for her father, but in the end she, too, marries. Years pass. Winnie discovers her husband to be a brute and a drunkard—the sort of man she would never have married, but for her father's opposition—and is finally killed by him in a drunken quarrel. But old David's feeling toward his children remains hard and unforgiving. In the end it is Mary's little daughter who wins her way to her grandfather's heart and effects a reconciliation between him and Mary. And when Tom returns, he and his father meet over Winnie's grave and the old man begs forgiveness.

In the End It is Mary's Little Daughter Who Wins Her Way to Her Grandfather's Heart and Effects a Reconciliation between Him and His Children

Ruth Donnelly, as Winnie, Has an Unusually Difficult Role to Play

Dorothy Phillips as Mary

Howard Crampton Plays the Part of That Stern Religionist, David Graham

David Graham Denounces His Son, One Night When Tom Comes Home from the Tavern and a Furious Quarrel is Barely Averted by the Mother Who is Always the Mediator between the Children and Their Stern Father

Winnie Soon Discovers That Her Husband is a Brute—the Sort of Man She Would Have Never Married Except for Her Father's Opposition

All Three of David Graham's Children are Estranged by the Demands that He Makes of Them to Give up all of the Normal Enjoyments of Youth



Marguerite Snow's Makeup is More Than Clever



When Braine Secures the Certificate of Florence's Insanity Which is a Necessary Preliminary to His Next Move, He Takes no Further Pains to Conceal His Wicked Triumph



Jim Norton and Jones Have no News of Florence Until They Discover the Newspaper Story of Her Desperate Leap From the Ocean Liner



It Requires Daring to Abduct a Girl by Daylight and on the Streets of a Big City. But that is What the Conspirators Accomplished



It is Obvious that Jim Norton and Jones Have Begun to Be Suspicious of the Countess' Friendship for Florence While She Still Has Complete Confidence in Her

"Million Dollar Mystery"

Episode 9—The Leap from an Ocean Liner

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

CAST.

Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire.....Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter.....Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's Butler.....Sidney Bracey
 The Countess Olga.....Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred.....Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter.....James Cruze
 Susan Farlow, Florence's companion.....Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS.

HAVING succeeded in making Florence believe that her lover, Jim Norton, is false, the conspirators strive again, desperately, to get Florence into their power and to rid themselves of Norton's presence in the game. They secure a certificate, signed under threat of death, by two leading physicians to the effect that Florence is insane. Armed with this it is a simple matter to abduct her and to carry her aboard an outgoing ocean liner. Florence, of course, is frantic, but again she displays that splendid fearlessness which is so characteristic of her. She is a splendid swimmer, so when the pressure which the conspirators bring to bear on her becomes too intolerable, without a moment's hesitation she leaps through a porthole, expecting to be drowned, of course, but with a faint half hope that by some miracle she may be rescued. And the miracle occurs. She is picked up by a little fishing schooner, unconscious. The kindly, rough men on board care for her until they get ashore, and then she is taken to his home to be nursed tenderly. When she awakes, she finds Florence fights her way to the door and is a blank!



Frank Farrington is Almost Magnificent as Braine, the Leader of the Black Hundred



Their Common Oath of Fidelity to the Black Hundred is Not the Only Bond Between Braine and the Countess

Filmdom's Famous Fighter

(Continued from page 11)

This is the company of which Carl Laemmle is the head. Sixty Universal exchanges are operated throughout the United States. Thirty directors and almost a thousand people are kept busy night and day producing photoplays to be released under the following brands:

Victor, Gold Seal, Sterling, Nestor, Powers, Rex, Imp, Joker, Universal, 101, Bison, Universal Special, and Fuller.

Now to the story of Carl Laemmle's rise, and his continuous fight for independence in the film field. It is necessary that you keep the above facts in mind in order better to understand the story of this man, who, like a dynamo, has electrified the film world by doing what seemed impossible, and has dosed out commercial electrocution to the trust faction of the film industry.

Born in Laupheim, Germany, Carl Laemmle came to the United States when he was seventeen years old. After his experience in New York as errand boy he drifted to Chicago where he secured work as porter in a department store where the hours were long and the pay small, after which followed experience as a farm hand in the harvest fields of the Dakotas.

"I found that shocking wheat was harder on the hands than any of my previous jobs," says Mr. Laemmle in relating this incident of his life, "but there were three square meals each day and two-seventy-five coming each evening at six o'clock. It was great work and made me realize the value of a dollar more than any other work I had tried up to that time."

Harvest over, he hurried back to Chicago and secured a position in the book-keeping department of Butler Bros. wholesale house. The best he could do in a financial way was eighteen dollars a week. Ten years were spent in Chicago as a book-keeper during which time he worked for L. Heller & Co., jewelers; Nelson & Co., stock-buyers; and Otto Young & Co., wholesale jewelers.

Next he located in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and became a clerk in a dry-goods store where he remained until 1906 when he prepared to engage in business for himself as the owner of a chain of five and ten-cent stores.

"I went over to Chicago to close the deal," says Mr. Laemmle, "and one rainy night I dropped into one of those hole-in-the-wall five-cent motion picture theatres. Nickleodeons, I think they called them. The pictures made me laugh, though they were very short and the projection jumpy. I liked them and so did everybody else. I knew right away that I wanted to go into the motion picture business."

"Funny pictures are the thing," I said to myself. 'Charge people and make them laugh. Everybody wants to laugh.' That initial reasoning still dominates the Universal program, since we release one new comedy picture every day in the year. As I walked to my hotel that night in Chicago I began to build my plans, and the next day I learned everything I possibly could about the business. Three weeks after watching those funny pictures—I think they were made by the Edison company—I owned my own theatre, which was on Milwaukee Avenue, in Chicago."

This was the first of the Laemmle theatres. It made money so fast that it wasn't long until there was a chain of twenty nickelodeons under his management known as the Laemmle houses.

The Laemmle Film Service was the next step. In partnership with Robert H. Cochrane, Laemmle opened a film exchange in Chicago and began to supply theatres with motion picture subjects. He added Gaumont, Lux and Urban films to his program and was one of the men who helped to make the name Selig famous. William F. Selig, also a Chicagoan had entered the producing field, and the Laemmle theatres were among the first to use his films. Then came Essanay pictures, and again Laemmle got behind them. And as he added American films he discarded the European brands he had been carrying.

By September of 1908 the business of the Laemmle Film Service had grown to such proportions that branch offices were opened up in Minneapolis, Omaha, Memphis, Salt Lake City, Portland, Winnipeg, Montreal and Des Moines.

By this time the moving picture industry was beginning to follow the tendency toward monopolistic combination. The Edison, Essanay, Lubin, Vitagraph, Kalem, Melles, Selig, Biograph, and Pathe Freres companies pooled their interests and began to buy up all the film exchanges throughout the country.

"They raised the price of film rental to an exorbitant figure," says Mr. Laemmle, "and refused to supply film subjects to all exchanges which would not sell out to them at their own figure. They made every exhibitor throughout the United States who used their films pay them a weekly license of two dollars, which they collected by threatening to stop his supply of subjects the minute the two dollars were not forthcoming. This license, they claimed, was a royalty they were required to pay to the owners of patents on the motion picture cameras they used, the projecting machines, and all other equipment of that era."

"Being the proprietor of the largest exchange business in the United States at that time, I refused to dispose of my properties for the figure I was offered. Consequently my supply of films was stopped. I began to fight for my life. Two thousand theatres in twenty states depended upon me for their films. I either had to manufacture pictures myself, buy from Europe, or quit business. The combination sent a telegram to every customer of the different Laemmle exchanges advising them I was no longer in a position to supply them—the exhibitors—with films."

"I had to do something quick, though my chances for holding my clientele were slim. The capital behind the companies comprising the combination was enormous, while I had no reserve, having kept my money working by opening up new exchanges with every extra dollar that came my way."

"I dispatched agents to Europe, and every foreign film worth while was purchased and shipped to America. This move brought in such films as the Milano, Great Northern, Cines, Deutsch, Bioscope, Barker, and Italia brands, and which in those days were far from what they are today. And in the meantime I began to make preparations to get into the manufacturing end on my own hook."

"The Life of Caleb Powers,' or 'The Great Goebel Murder,' was the first picture I ever had anything to do with in a manufacturing way. This was just before the forming of the combination. My experience with this photoplay aided me in making Imp films as good as any then being produced by the companies in the combination. Other exchange men who were situated similarly also engaged in the manufacturing end. Independent companies sprang up on all sides, and soon we independents were running along as smoothly as though nothing had happened, though still importing about one-half of our subjects from Europe."

"I think it was the Imp Company which first paid anything like big money to secure the best in acting. Florence Lawrence and Mary Pickford both helped to make the name Imp famous. Many of the now famous picture stars were originally with me."

"In 1911 the independent producers began to fight among themselves, and in 1912 split into two factions. The Thanhouser, Majestic, Lux, Eclair, Great Northern, American, Reliance, Solax, Comet and Gaumont companies pooled their interests and formed the Film Supply Company of America, and which is known today as the Mutual Film Corporation."

"The other independent producers, namely, Imp, Powers, Rex, Champion, Nestor, Republic, and 101 Bison companies formed the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. After a few minor defections, this company became one, the individual concerns losing their identity. Names

which formerly stood for companies remained only as brands of films. New names were added. Today the Universal manufactures twelve different brands of film, and our subjects are sold all over the world."

Further, the Universal didn't appear to have any money behind it. Laemmle was the only man from whom the combination expected any trouble, and after a time he too was considered a negligible quantity. He hadn't started anything.

Then, like a bolt out of a clear sky, Laemmle became the chief of the new organization. The plithoric and inactive officials found that the stockholders had rebelled against their leadership and placed a new man in the president's chair.

"The way to make money is to spend money," Laemmle told the directors, and demanded sums of money they had heard of, but seldom seen. Then he showed them the way to get the money, and big exchange men throughout the United States got behind Laemmle and the Universal. A while later the combination woke up to the fact that some one was rocking their boat, and investigation proved that Laemmle was plunging heavier than was at all safe. And every time he plunged he won. Thus was coined the expression, "Laemmle luck."

First, he built the mammoth studio at Los Angeles, and then began to engage every star of any consequence. Money was literally burned up in producing spectacular and sensational subjects. The combination figured that Laemmle would last about three months.

"He will quit when his money is gone," said some, but again they had reasoned wrong, for some of the productions Laemmle was making proved the greatest money-makers since the inception of the film play. Thus Laemmle has gone on spending money, plunging as though a gambler, and has proven to filmdom that there isn't anything too gigantic for his handling, as in the case of the photoplay, "Neptune's Daughter," which cost \$75,000 to produce. Miss Kellerman's salary alone was equal to the cost of fifty ordinary productions.

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 13)

the real big ones, I assure you—I will go over the ground in person. Then I am going to draw the scattered ends together, and tell you something that will make you sit bolt upright. You will have to keep very close track of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL—and remember that we have already pierced the husk of the nut—and are going after the white meat of fact. Each issue henceforth we shall be getting much nearer the solution—and then it will depend on how well you can put together one hundred words.

If I have to call on all the resources of the Burns International Detective Agency, I am going to leave no detail uncovered. I am going to direct this investigation. I am going to find out the things we have not seen—and do it in a way that you would never think of, or could be expected to think about, because I have been doing this very sort of thing all my life, and enjoy it better than most men enjoy a game of golf, tennis or motoring.

Simply don't become so excited about it that you will miss any of my suggestions. But watch. From this time on you will be dealing with something close to the heart of The Million Dollar Mystery, and I promise to leave nothing unsaid that can aid you in arriving at the most logical solution. I must not actually solve it for you—can not write out the one hundred words I think will prove most acceptable. I will give you every lead—every suggestion—that I honestly can, and the balance will be in your hands. I think it is unnecessary to tell you to look forward to the next two or three episodes. I know that you will be in the fore ranks of the vigilance committee!

Mr. Burns' next article will appear in the issue of August 22.

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

August 15



ETHEL BARRYMORE, the distinguished Charles Frohman star, who has lately fallen a victim to the lure of picturedom, appearing upon the screen in "The Nightingale," a five-act play, written specially for her by the well-known dramatist, Augustus Thomas, which is shortly to be released by the All Star Feature Corporation, sponsors for some of our most successful feature films.

MARY NASH, of "The City" and "The Woman" fame, afterward appearing in "The Lure," and more recently still in vaudeville, playing the sketch, "The Watch Dog."

JACOB J. SHUBERT, of the theatrical firm of producers, Lee and J. J. Shubert, who, like practically all our other important managers, have lately invaded the motion picture world.

NICK LONG, who has long made a specialty of Italian and Spanish roles, his most recent appearance being in "The Things that Count."

August 16



ISABELLE LEE, whom we have seen on Broadway in a number of important productions, notably in the support of John Drew, in "The Affairs of Anatol" and in "Marrying Money."

HAZEL NEASON, the pretty little Kalem star of yesterday—surely you haven't forgotten her, with her dark hair and eyes and petite figure?—but who married and retired to domesticity some time ago.

VIOLA KEENE, who has been playing in vaudeville for some time, in the sketch, "Between the Races."

FRANCES KENNEDY, popular in musical comedy, especially in Chicago, where she is now appearing at the La Salle Theatre in "The Elopers."

August 17



JULIA MARLOWE, whose name needs no introduction and who, according to the small voice of rumor, may some day soon appear before the camera in one of her most successful roles, Mary Tudor in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," a drama which would

seem to be almost ideally suited to picture purposes.

BARNEY BERNARD, the clever Jewish comedian, who this past season did far and away the most notable work of his entire career, thus far, being Potash in "Potash and Perlmutter," at George M. Cohan's Theatre.

EDNA BRUNS, who for some years past has been leading woman in the support of Francis Wilson, doing excellent work in "When Knights Were Bold" and "The Bachelor's Baby."

August 18



ALAN CROSLAND, one of our most promising young actors, especially in character comedy roles, for the past two seasons seen in Annie Russell's company and who, like many another actor, spends his summer vacation in the picture studios, at the present alternating his time between the Edison and Pathe workshops, having last year appeared in a number of Edison releases.

CATHLEEN COUGHLIN, the attractive youngster who long ago captured our hearts in a number of Edison pictures, probably her most successful piece of work being in that diverting film, "A Four Footed Desperado."

HARRY C. BROWNE, who is soon to appear under Klaw and Erlanger in "Cordelia Blossom," in which he was seen for a brief time last spring, and who recently played a special term with the Famous Players Company, doing a notably fine bit of character acting in the role of the villainous Fisher Morne, in "The Eagle's Mate," supporting Mary Pickford.

August 19



ELSIE FERGUSON, the popular Klaw and Erlanger star, last season seen in "The Strange Woman," and whose new vehicle will be a foreign translation, "The Unseen Empire."

FRED A. STONE, the agile dancer, of the team of Montgomery and Stone, who rank among the most successful of our musical comedy stars, and who will offer a new piece this season, under Charles Dillingham's direction.

ARTHUR LEWIS, last season seen with Maude Adams in "The Legend of Leonora," and now under contract to appear with Pauline Frederick in "Innocent," under A. H. Woods' direction.

J. HUMBERT DUFFEY, the tenor singer, recalled in "The Rose Maid," and who will shortly start upon his second season in "Sari."

VAUGHAN TREVOR, who has for some time been a member of the Princess Players, with which organization he has appeared in the following one-act plays: "Fancy Free," "Any Night," "Fear," "Felice," "A Pair of White Gloves," "The Bride," "Russia," "Hart-Karl," "The Hard Man," "The Kiss in the Dark," and "The Fountain," all this within less than two years.

August 20

MRS. C. JAY WILLIAMS, who in her own effective, unostentatious way has been doing any amount of admirable work as a member of the Edison forces, generally always appearing in those plays directed by her husband, not a few of her best-known pictures being "Her Face Was Her Fortune," "The Message of the Sun Dial," "A Story of a Crime," "The Beautiful Leading Lady" (shall you ever forget her work in this?), "The Sultan and the Roller Skates," "A Lady of Spirits," "When the Men Left Town," "The Basket Habit," "The Revengful Servant Girl," and "Qualifying for Lena," this, mind you, being only a part of a record of her work for the past six months, so is it any wonder that she has long been regarded as one of the most able actresses in the Edison fold?

JULIA SANDERSON, the pretty and attractive young Charles Frohman musical comedy star, lately seen in "The Sunshine Girl," and who this season is to appear, with Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn as co-stars, in "The Girl from Utah."

August 21



HARRY T. MOREY, whose popularity is constantly upon the increase with followers of Vitagraph pictures, for we have few better players of heavy character roles than he, doing most excellent work in such pictures as "The Right and the Wrong of It," "The

Battle of the Weak," and "Dr. Smith's Baby." Recently he added greatly to his fame through his acting in two of the Vitagraph's Broadway Star Features, as Brandon in "Shadows of the Past" and as Arthur Bainbridge Lennox in "My Official Wife," at the Vitagraph Theatre, while any number of us are eagerly looking forward to his appearance as the Ghost in "Hamlet," which is now in the process of making, under the directorship of James Young.

BURR MCINTOSH, still another well-known actor who has heeded the camera's call, as ad-

vanced by the All-Star Feature Corporation, being the star in their production of Augustus Thomas' "In Mizoura," a play in which he appeared behind the footlights exactly twenty years ago.

The Making of an Actress

(Continued from page 15)

you're wrong, my dear. I only want you to dine with me, that's all. And so to give us a chance to discuss your future."

"All right!" said Vera, suddenly. "I'll dine with you. We'll go in here!"

They were passing a restaurant as she spoke, a quiet place, but old and famous. Vera knew it by reputation only. And she was amused at the sight of the old man. He mumbled a preference for a flashier place uptown, to be reached in a taxicab, but she was firm.

"Here or nowhere!" she said, defiantly. And she was grinning at the thought that had prompted her to accept. She wanted to rehearse a scene. And, once they were seated at their table, she began to act. Old Hazzard, plainly delighted by the shift in her mood, handed her the card.

"Will you order—or will you leave it to me?" he asked.

Vera ordered. She ordered without looking at the card, and her host gasped. She was ordering a dinner, actually, from her memory of a magazine story she had read, and she had no idea of how the things were going to taste. But she didn't care. As she finished she saw the ugly light in old Hazzard's eyes again. As soon as the waiter, duly impressed, had gone, he leaned toward her.

"You've been stringing me!" he accused. "No girl that's never been out and around could order a dinner like that! And I sized you up for a regular Miss Innocence! Well, so much the better! We'll be good friends, my dear!"

But, though his words were cordial, there was something in his manner that was not in accord with them. He was surprised, and he was too old to enjoy the sensation. Moreover, he had misjudged this girl. He had imagined her difficult, involving the chase he loved, and he found her wholly sophisticated. She had enlisted his interest under false pretences.

Over the coffee cups he leaned toward her again. She had asked for a cigarette and lighted it, imitating exactly the methods of Miss Beatrice Brewster, as illustrated at the Syntax studio that afternoon.

"Well, my dear," he said, "about plans, now. You mustn't stay on at that house where you are now. You must let me make other arrangements, now that we are to be friends."

She blew a cloud of cigarette smoke in his face, immensely glad to be rid of it, if the truth must be told! Then she dropped the cigarette.

"Listen!" she said. "You had me right first, old skeezicks! I came here to-night to see if I could put it over you. I've got a new job, see? You can't do a thing for me that I can't do better for myself. I wanted to try this game out. I wanted to see if I really was any sort of an actress. And I guess I am some actress! If you ever talk to me again I'll call a cop, see? That goes—I mean it! Sweet dreams!"

He was mumbling in senile rage as she got up and swept out. But he knew he was beaten: that this girl, barring some stroke of a fortune he could hardly expect, was safe from him. As for Vera, once she was outside, she—laughed.

"Brewster's Millions"

AFTER a three months fight in the federal court of New York State for the possession of "Brewster's Millions," Alfred Hamburger has been announced the victor over the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, and he will show the celebrated comedy with Edward Abeles at the Ziegfeld Picture Playhouse for an extended engagement.

The star of the photodrama is the same actor who played Monte Brewster eighteen hundred times in the stage production of this capital play, and his celluloid success adds further laurels to his fame.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

FROM up north I hear that William Nye and Ernest Joy, both old Majestic players, have left the California Motion Picture Company and are returning to Los Angeles. Director Enwistle is starting upon "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" this week.

From San Anselmo, California, comes the news of a new use being made of the motion picture studio of the Kineograph Company when two prominent officials of the town were "made-up" by one of the actors in order to do a little sleuthing in the interest of a liquor war.

The wonderful new buildings and animal homes at the Selig Company's farm are nearing completion now. The elephant "Toddles" is being featured in an animal story written by Harold McGrath, and Director F. J. Grandon is putting on a big railroad story in which a real train wreck figures. Some of the scenes were taken on the spot where the San Bernardino collision occurred, for, upon receiving a wire of the wreck, the company went to the scene in a special train. Some enterprise.

At the American studios Thomas Ricketts is making considerable headway with "Damaged Goods," in which Richard Bennett is featured. Some extraordinary interior effects are being obtained. Harry Pollard is working on the second reel of "A Midsummer's Night Tangle," with Margarita Fischer, with little Kathie Fischer doing a big share of the acting. It is all fun to Kathie and she is enjoying it.

Billy Garwood announces his intention of giving up his apartment and of returning to the hotel. The former is not lively enough for him. Well, William can afford to satisfy his desires. Just two years ago on the Fourth of July the American Company first arrived in Santa Barbara and amongst the present company Chick Morrison and Jack Richardson and six of the cowboys were in the initial party. Allan Dwan, Jack Kerrigan and Pauline Bush were amongst the others.

David Griffith evidently means to make "The Clansman" his biggest yet. I wonder what this man will give us before he stops producing? May the day be far off. "The Clansman" has already been a long time in the making and has been considerably delayed owing to the illness of Henry Walthall. Some extraordinary scenes have been built, including two sets representing the reconstruction days in Piedmont, N. C., which are really wonderful. F. A. Turner, who takes the part of the Carpet Bagger, had to do a lot of chewing and expectorating in his delineation of the part, and knows what it is to be tobacco sick. He now uses licorice in preference to the real thing. Says he has bad habits enough!

I like going to the Oz studios—it is all so different there. The whole company seem to take their work with the keenest enjoyment. Probably the busiest man of the lot is Frank Baum, the energetic president and the writer of the stories. He is there at eight and in overalls, and he stays on duty until the five-thirty whistle blows, when they all shut up shop. He personally designs and makes the intricate mechanism connected with his freak animals and supervises all the sets as well. He reminds me of Lincoln J. Carter, who put on some of his melodramas at the Universal about a year and a half ago. He never rested a moment.

Carrie Clark Ward, one of the funniest actresses on the stage, is with Albert Hale's Kalem company at Santa Monica and she and John E. Brennan are getting over some corking stunts. They are both stout and short and both have mobile faces and do their work like artists.

One always hears a good story at the Lasky studios. Robert Edson thus describes his early mercantile experiences: "I went to an uncle way up in Michigan state," says Robert.

"He had two prices, one for those who would pay the higher and one a little lower for those who couldn't. The idea seemed good to me and the first customer I had I charged him just double and joyfully told my relative about it. He threw up his hands and said I would ruin him, and thereupon shipped me to a lumber camp."

Thomas H. Ince, the New York Motion Picture Company's majordomo, and Mack Sennet, chief of the Keystone Company, have left for New York on business intent. It is said that Sennet will complete the Marie Dressler comedy picture while he is there. Jess Dandy of "Prince of Pilsen" fame has joined the Keystone Company. With Dandy, Charles Chaplin and Charlie Murray and the incomparable Mabel Normand, the Keystone has a bunch of clever people.

Leach Cross, the pugilist, paid a visit to the Sterling Comedy Company studios and some two hundred feet of film were cranked of him and will be used in a split reel. With Dave Kirkland co-directing with him, Ford Sterling is turning out some excellent slapstick comedy.

Bob Leonard is reducing. Fact. He is a member of a physical culture academy and boxes every night. No smoking or lager, either. He never looked or felt better.

At the Vitagraph, Rollin S. Sturgeon is well on the way with a big Western feature picture and has just returned from the desert with Anne Schaefer, George Holt, Mary Ruby and others. George Holt says it was very warm up there but that they had a good time and worked hard.

At the Universal they are commencing to think of moving to the new ranch and already many of the companies go there to work. H. Pathe Lehrman has returned and will make comedies for the Universal which will be released under the L-CO brand. With him came Billie Ritchie, a comedian from the London vaudeville houses, and one who Lehrman thinks will make a big hit; Henry Bergman, a character actor, a little fellow who weighs only three hundred and three pounds, with promise of increasing; and Gertrude Selby, another vaudeville star. Lehrman says that his films will "aim to entertain and not to educate," and knowing his line of work I quite believe him.

I found Al E. Christie back at work again and feeling better than he has for a long time. A very popular man is he.

Edna Mason is making a hit with her one reel dramas under Lloyd Ingraham, and Francis Ford is expected back again very soon. Whether Grace Cunard is expected back also was not stated.

Cleo Madison writes from San Diego and tells me that Wilfred Lucas has purchased a sloop and chartered a steamer and a launch and that the sloop is to be rammed and sunk by the steamer and that she is to be aboard the sloop. Sounds exciting.

Charlie Ray of the Kay Bee showed me a nice little check sent him by a relative back in the "hum-town." He is going to put it all into clothes, as he is one of the rightful claimants of the "best dressed man in the pictures."

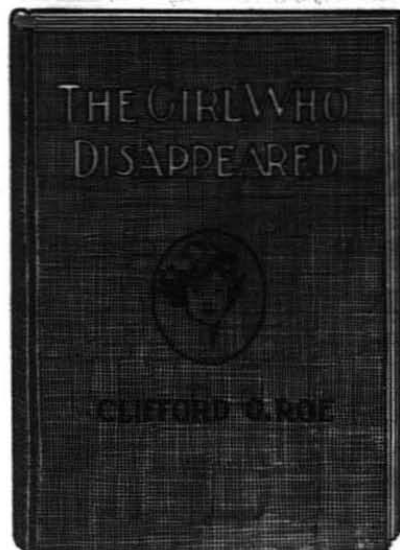
Myrtle Stedman of Bosworth's, Inc., is all swelled up with her interview in the MOVIE PICTORIAL. Miss Myrtle is a great booster for MOVIE PICTORIAL and for the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. As a matter of fact, both of these magazines can be found in almost every artist's dressing room, and that's a solid fact.

Helen Holmes and Mona Darkfeather, both of the Kalem Company, recently had a run in their racing cars over a ten-mile course out and home. J. P. McGowan and Frank Montgomery put up the stakes and held the watches. It was an awfully close thing and—well, I refuse to say who came in first. I am acquainted with both. Mona wore her Indian costume and Helen, not to be outdone, donned overalls.

Weather delightful and lots of pictures being made at the beaches.

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Captain Leslie T. Peacocke

(Continued from page 11)

capable of much more than mere diving. She is a finished actress in every way, and I predict her early appearance on Broadway in a real drama."

"What, in your opinion, is the future of the motion picture play," I inquired as Captain Peacocke lighted his fifth cigar.

"There are going to be two distinct kinds of productions—one for the big city theatres and the other for the average city and town theatres. The first mentioned will consist of big multiple reel subjects of five, six and seven-reel length. The average exhibitor requires split-reel comedies, and one and two-reel subjects of either dramatic or melodramatic nature. When the motion picture business begins to adjust itself to everyday common sense methods the scenario writer is going to come into his own. The writer of one and two-reel photographs will be as well paid as the fellow who writes a big feature subject, regardless of who he is. After a time the name of Jack London will not stand for any more than will the name of John Doe of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, providing John Doe is capable of delivering the goods. That's the main thing—deliver the goods.

"As to the future of motion pictures, that is, aside from the play end, I am not in a position to speak. I have a lot of ideas about the subject, of course, but I don't want to break into print by predicting things which I am sure your readers would laugh at. Just say I think the motion picture has a rosy future and let it go at that. Meanwhile, I'll continue to dream my dreams."

It was here that Captain Peacocke suddenly thought of a subject he has fought longer for than any one person in the whole scenario field—that of giving the author credit for his story on the poster as well as the screen.

"If I sell a short story," he said, "the magazine prints my name directly under the title, as well as in the table of contents. Now say that the story proves an interesting one, and that I also have a story in the next issue of that same magazine. The readers who liked my first story will be sure to buy the next issue upon the strength of my name. It depends upon me to keep them that way. Though you may not believe it, the same is true of the motion picture play. That's why the author's name should be on the poster as well as flashed on the screen. It would be like reading Robert W. Chambers' name on the cover of a magazine lying on a newsstand. Eventually the picture patrons would learn to know that John Doe of Sheboygan always scored, which would be of advantage to the exhibitor. As yet only a few of the companies give the author credit on the poster as well as on the screen, but as time goes on these conditions will right themselves. Film manufacturers will be more than willing to give the author credit in all publicity matter when the author has convinced them he is a dependable scenario writer."

The troubadours of Broadway and their joyous companions were taking charge of the restaurant. Tango and maxie contests were bringing out applause such as rendered further conversation almost impossible. We paid our check, and while walking to the corner of Forty-ninth Street, where our paths diverged, Captain Peacocke gave me a few words of advice for beginners.

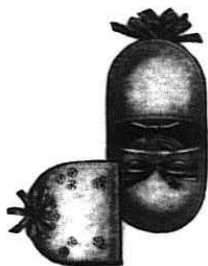
"So many people who try their hand at scenario writing are chicken hearted. A couple of rejections send their hopes to zero. They decide they are failures and then lay the blame on the editor of scenarios. Beginners should study pictures and see how things are done. The motion picture theatre is the best teacher available. Of course one must know plots, and know how to market his scenarios after he has written them.

"The novice ought never try writing two and three-reel scenarios until after he has sold several one-reel scripts. Oh, there's so many things the novice ought to know, but above all, he must have that stick-to-it and never-say-die quality, otherwise he will never make the least kind of headway."

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EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

AS MURIEL OSTRICHE hurried from New Rochelle to one of the New York bathing beaches on the first day she has had off this summer, it is not hard to guess what her favorite warm weather pastime is. Retakes are generally frowned upon, but in the scene in which she swam across the river in "The Little Senorita" there could not be too many retakes for her. It is a good thing for Muriel that dancing and swimming have chosen different seasons, as her great enthusiasm for either would not permit of her enjoying both.

The Blaché players invaded the Empire City race track at a recent meet, and Little Vinne Burns, dressed up as a jockey, took part in a spirited dash down the home stretch, which gave her an excellent opportunity to display her skill in horsemanship. Many realistic scenes were taken for a four-reel racing feature now in preparation.

Mabel Trunnelle looks stunning in a red riding coat, but one bull in New York at least who has no appreciation of beauty. In fact, his efforts to illustrate the proverbial antagonism for red caused Mabel to ride her horse at break-neck speed in order to escape the demonstration. Should the dark-haired Edison star make any more trips up to Palenville in the Catskills there is one color at least, it is safe to say, will not appear in her costume.

Herbert Brennon, Universal actor-director, and Bob Burman, the "speed king," recently had a race over in Staten Island. It wasn't a regular scheduled race but one of those caused by one self-respecting car's refusal to let a stranger get ahead of it. Brennon won anyway, and when he learned, on reaching the ferry, who his opponent was and that he was fined for not carrying lights he shook hands with Burman, paid his fine without a murmur, and congratulated himself.

Nicholas Dunaew, a well-known Russian actor and author, was expressly engaged by the Vitagraph Company to put realistic scenes and atmosphere in their big feature "My Official Wife," in which Clara Kimball Young plays the leading role. Mr. Dunaew has been in this country but six months, and takes one of the minor parts of the production.

Sundays and holidays are the days on which Sally Crute, Edison leading woman, discards conventionality and thoughts of the camera and treats herself to the joys of fishing near her summer home at Sound Beach on Long Island. At the end of one day's work in fisherwoman's garb there were forty flounders, at least, that could testify that Miss Crute knew something of the piscatorial art.

Sidney Drew, one of the famous Drew family and a member of the Vitagraph stock company, was married July 25 to Lucille McVey at the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, better known as "The Little Church Around the Corner."

In producing "The Nightingale," in which Ethel Barrymore is featured, the All Star people found that they needed a monkey that could act. They searched Yonkers, where their studio is located, in vain for such an animal. They then tried New York and discovered one down in the lower East Side. But here another disappointment greeted them. Monkeys are not allowed in subway trains. Since they needed the monkey they intended to have him if they had to charter a special train to take him away, but this extreme was not necessary as they found a taxi driver who consented to make the trip to Yonkers for ten dollars.

Richard Neill of the Edison company answered the postman's whistle one morning and, to his surprise, found him busily engaged reading a postal card addressed to him. It was from some Cincinnati society to which Neill belonged. The mailman informed him that he, too, was a member whereupon the usual high-signs and hand-shakes were gone through. Cincinnati is one city, at least, whose Neill mail will never suffer a delay in the delivery.

Mary Fuller's first appearance in Universal pictures will be in "The Heart of the Night Wind," in which she plays the lead. Accompanied by a large company Miss Fuller left New York, July 17 for Shohola, Pike County, Pa., where the natural beauty of the scenery offers unusual opportunities for pictures. While there it is proposed to take several other pictures also, one of which will be "Heart of the Hills."

Walter E. Perkins, who plays the leading part in the late Edison release, "My Friend from India," shamelessly admits that after playing his character something over two thousand times on the legitimate stage he was scared to death when he first appeared in it before the camera. Why, he cannot explain. There were only the studio people watching him—a mere handful to the numbers he has played before in the original production.

Jim Cruze's close residence to the studio permits him to take a chance on hitting the right color of a suit for his first scene in the day's work at the Thanhouser studio. If he shows up in a blue serge, and they want a grey mixture when the scene is ready to be taken, a short trip around the corner to "Thanhouser Row" brings back Jim Cruze in grey mixture. Short "hikes" like these Cruze finds much more convenient than keeping all his clothes in the studio dressing room.

A while ago Carlton King, of the Edison forces, decided he ought to have an automobile and in some mysterious way nearly every manufacturer of everything pertaining to a machine learned of his decision. Consequently since then the mails have been bringing him everything, from literature and advice, to parts of the machines themselves. If he collects the parts much longer he will have enough thingumbobs to build a machine himself.



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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CURIOUS CATHERINE, SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA.—Wallace Kerrigan is not a motion picture actor although he has appeared in minor roles on two or three different occasions. Business management is, however, his specialty. Mercy, no. Wherever did you get the idea that Mignon Anderson was the wife of G. M. Anderson? Pretty Mignon is seriously thinking of marrying Irving Cummings.

G. L. D.—It is barely possible that the Mary Ryan now playing with a stock company in Salem, Massachusetts, is the same Mary Ryan who used to play opposite Romaine Fielding, but Lubin recently released a Fielding film and Miss Ryan was still there, so we are inclined to believe that your Mary is a different lady.

MISS M. W., TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA.—Grace Cunard is of English parentage and mail from you will reach her if you address it in care of the Universal West Coast studios, Los Angeles, California.

ALBERT L. M., MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA.—Winifred Greenwood in private life is Mrs. George Field, not Mrs. Edward Coxen. G. M. Anderson is still with Essanay. You must have been missing some of those recent Broncho Billy releases. Write to the publicity department of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City, for a photo of little Billy Jacobs.

MISS MOSELLE R., NEWNAN, GEORGIA.—It would be much too long a list to publish here. If you want to get better acquainted with the Mutual players watch both PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and MOVIE PICTORIAL each week, and write the Mutual Film Corporation of New York City to send you Reel Life every week.

MISS N. M. D., MIDDLETON, CONNECTICUT.—Owen Moore did not appear in that Famous Players release so we can't tell you "which one he was." He played opposite Little Mary in "Caprice" though, so if you saw that picture you can readily identify him. Vitagraph's "The Christian" was not regularly released but sold on the states rights basis. It is running now in Chicago, but we can't tell you just when you can see it in your city. Why not write the Vitagraph Company and inquire who bought the Connecticut rights and then learn from the exhibitor when it will be shown in Middleton?

MYRA DALE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—We haven't a cast sheet for that Solax production, but if you will write the Solax Company direct they will probably be glad to tell you who that actress was. MOVIE PICTORIAL would not attempt to tell you anything of the salaries received by various photoplayers. That is a matter that concerns only the player and the film manufacturer.

BEATRICE D., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Yes Henry Walthall played the role of John Howard Payne in "Home Sweet Home" (Mutual). Harold Lockwood was the actor you mention in "Tess of the Storm Country." We can't give you cast of "Lord Chumley" (Klaw & Erlanger.)

HAZEL D. C., LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.—Frederick Church can be reached by addressing a letter to him in care of the Universal Film Company, Hollywood, Los Angeles, California.

WILLARD F. F., PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA.—The leads in the two Famous Players releases were Mary Pickford and Harold Lockwood.

J. R. O., DENVER, COLORADO.—Chester Barnett is appearing in Komic brand films of the Mutual program.

PAUL 16, WINNEBAGO, MINNESOTA.—Ben Wilson and Gertrude McCoy had the leads in that Edison production. We haven't a cast sheet for the Pathe comedy you mention.

THOMAS M., HUBBARD WOODS, ILLINOIS.—In asking us to help you to get a position as an actor with a film company, you are asking the impossible. It can't be done. Players with years and years of legitimate stage experience are waiting anxiously to "get on" with practically every film company of note in the country. Your only chance, as an amateur, would be to go after it just as you would after any job.

LEWIS S., NILES, MICHIGAN.—See answer to Thomas M., above. Our advice to you is to forget the desire to become a picture player. It's not nearly so easy as it sounds and the work is anything but fun after you do "land." If you have a good home and three square meals a day, don't think of exchanging it for the acting profession unless you have real talent and unlimited ambition.

ZOE G., SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—The first two players you name happen to be husband and wife. The third is unmarried, and Kathryn Williams is just now securing a divorce. This was her second marriage.

JEAN DUB, PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.—The Cascade Company are not releasing through any of the regular programs, but, we understand are making feature pictures exclusively and probably in the near future we can tell you who is to handle their productions. We know nothing of their leading people so can't say who the leading man was that you saw. Keystone releases through the Mutual program. Domino's studio is located at the same plant where Keystone's are made. Keystone, Domino, Broncho and Kay Bee are all made at the plant of the New York Motion Picture Corporation.

"BETTING," 3RD AVE., NEW YORK CITY.—Yes, Marguerite Clayton appears in films made at Niles, California, where G. M. Anderson has his Essanay Company. Why bother as to why Crane Wilbur is married or not?

E. M. K., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.—See answers given above to Thomas M. and Lewis S.

D. S. F., VINCENNES, INDIANA.—Crystal, Keystone and Mutual are understood to purchase synopsis or plots only for motion pictures. A scenario is then prepared by their staff writers from this plot or suggestion. Many companies will supply you with a sample scenario if you write them for one.

GABRIELLE.—Yes, Jack Kerrigan was interviewed in the May, 1914, issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Pictures of both Kerrigan and Mabel Normand appear in the same issue of PHOTOPLAY. A Kerrigan story appears in this issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.

"KITTEENS," DAVENPORT, IOWA.—John E. Mackin was the husband in Kalem's "The Show Girl's Glove," and Harry Millarde was his brother.

NELL G., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—Lillian Wiggins was Sarah Hamilton in Eclectic's "The Pearl of the Punjab." The picture was made by the Pathe Company which leased its entire cast of players to the Eclectic Company for that production. The same thing was done in the case of "The Perils of Pauline." Miss Wiggins is still known, however, as a Pathe actress and not as an Eclectic star.



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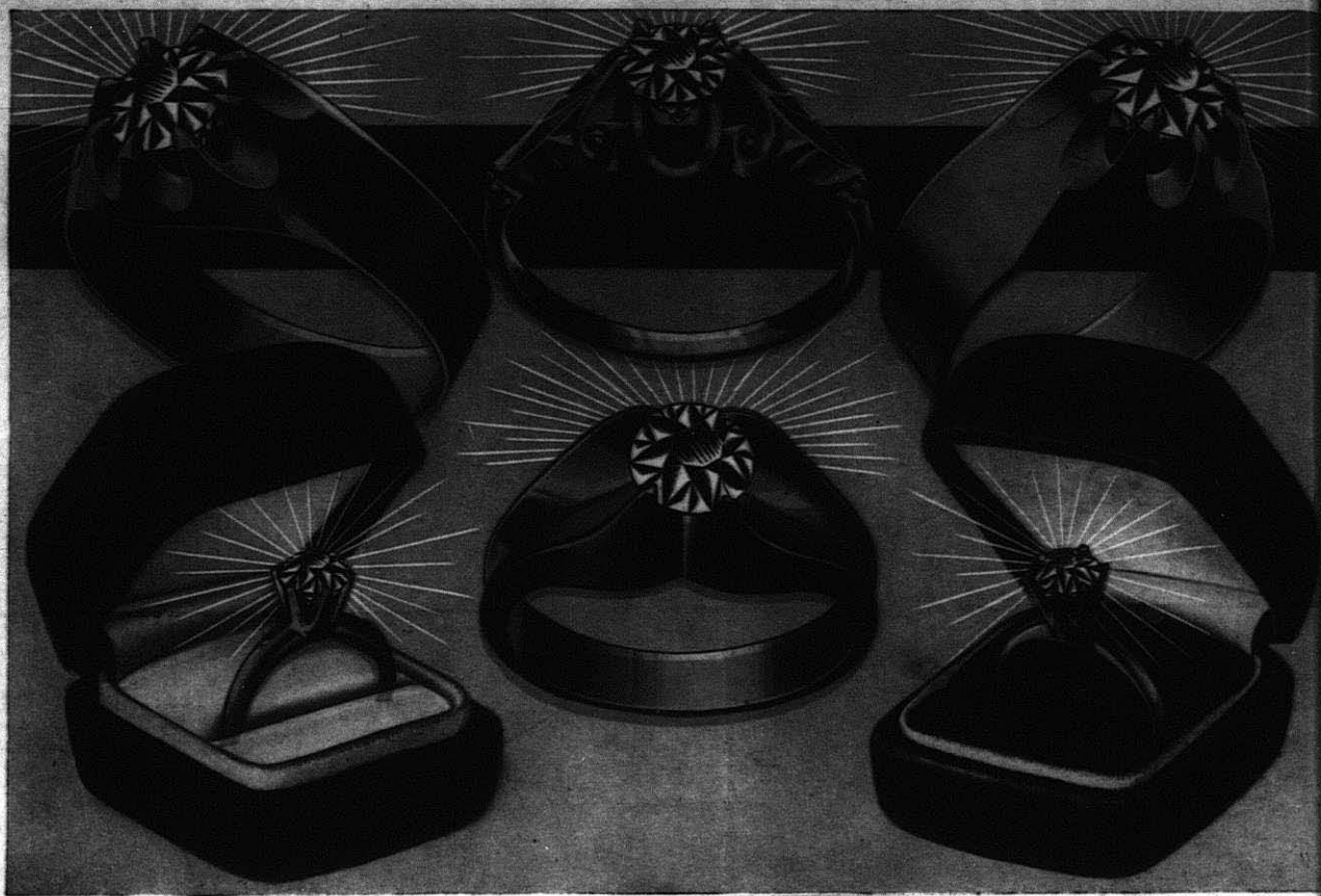
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MOVIE PICTORIAL



THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Chicago and New York



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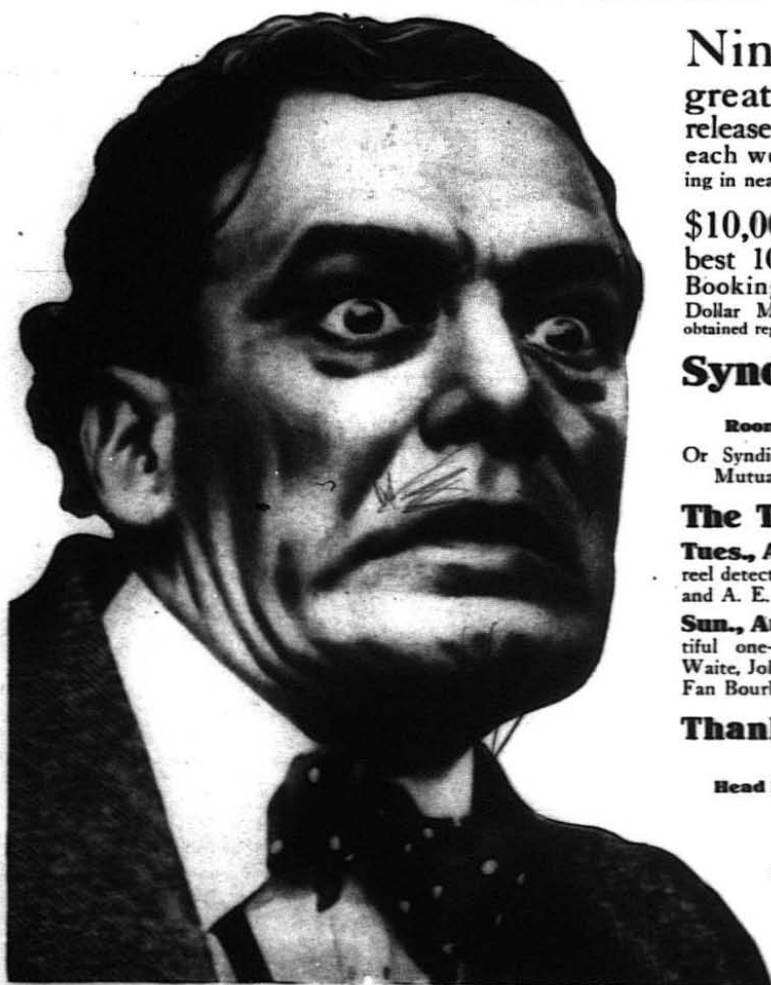
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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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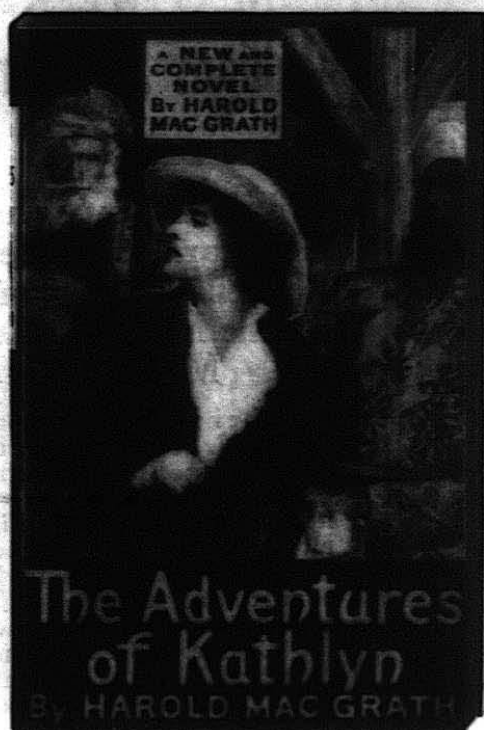
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, AUGUST 22, 1914

NUMBER 16

"The Time—the Place— and the Man" The Daring Exploit of a Movie Man in Serbia

Photo © Underwood & Underwood and Int. N. Y.

"I DON'T know how it strikes you, Clem," said Billy Reynolds. "But it's my notion that there's too damn many soldiers and pretty things like that around these parts going plumb to waste! Gee! Only this morning about four million of them marched from one railroad station to another, bands playing—not that that counted for anything!—flags waving, and the people cheering. Gee, I never saw anything like the way they cheered! And not a camera working, not one!"

"It's a sinful waste all right, Billy," agreed Clem Taggart, with a grin. "We're paying a lot of perfectly good extra people real money to do what these chaps do for the equivalent of about eight and a half cents a day. Only—you want to remember they keep armies over here with the idea of using them."

Reynolds shook his head. He was a camera man, and a good one. He didn't need an imagination in his business, so he didn't have one. Like all geniuses, whether their genius impels them to write grand operas or to cultivate lettuce, he was largely a person of one idea. In Billy's case the idea was to keep on working the camera as long as it held any film and there was any action within range. Charging lions had tried to interfere with him and cause him to abandon that idea; earnest Mexican snipers, in Vera Cruz, had become irritated by his persistence, and had shot his hat full of holes. Which was one reason why Clem Taggart had selected him as his camera man and traveling companion on this trip full of exciting thrills.

Clem Taggart, on the other hand, being a moving picture director, had use for about all the imagination any limited human mind is entitled to carry—and should have been charged for excess baggage at that. Imagination has made the movie industry. And so Clem hadn't even been surprised when the big boss of the C. I. M. max Film Company had sent for him three weeks before. He wasn't in active charge of a company just then; he had been filling in his time, since going down to Mexico and returning from that greatest of news and picture fiascos, the occupation of Vera Cruz, by making feature films.

"Things are pretty slow, Clem," the big

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This story was written just before the beginning of hostilities between the great European powers. It is by an officer of one of the largest film companies in the United States, who, for obvious reasons, desires his name withheld. He has much to do with the productions of a well-known topical weekly film, and his story is based on letters received from one of his directors whom he sent with a camera man to Vienna the middle of June. "Taggart" is not the director's real name, but it will serve as well because you no doubt have never heard of him. We hope to induce the author of this story to write of the later exploits of "Taggart," who was sent to France when Germany began hostilities.

boss had said, "nothing doing at all—rotten!"

"Pretty slow is right," agreed Taggart—and waited.

"You might run over to Europe," said the big boss. "Sort of sub rosa—which means on the Q. T. Get me?"

"Uh-huh," said Taggart. He closed his eyes in thought. "H'm—Balkans? Smell something doing? So do I."

They looked at one another, like men who sensed something strange in the air. And they had, too. I can't account for it. There isn't any accounting for the faculty they exercised. Some men have it, that is all. They deserve no credit for it. It is as natural, as unconsciously used and developed as the sense of touch itself. Every good night city editor, for example, has it, in some degree. Or else why does he, upon occasion, sit nervously at his desk, killing fairly good news, holding space, holding good men in reserve, so that when the sudden emergency

breaks, he is prepared for it? This ability to scent news is an uncanny thing.

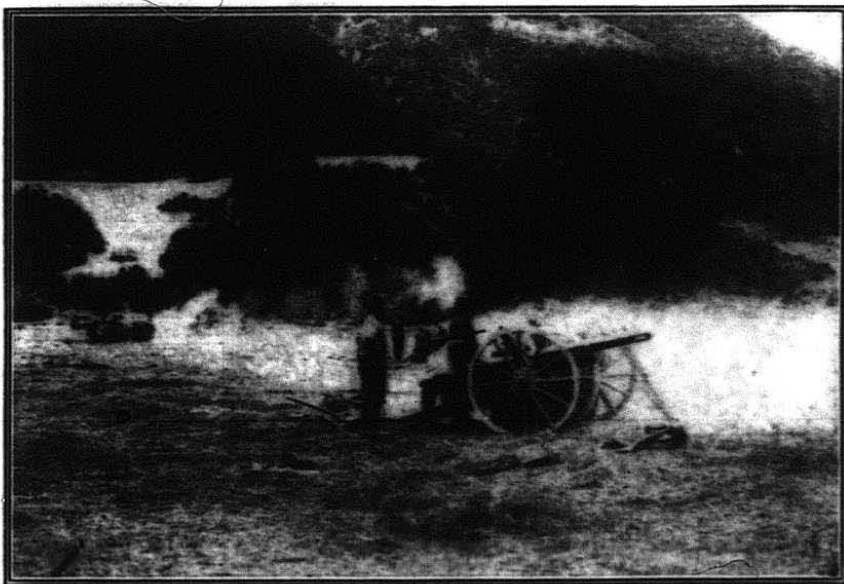
I know a night city editor of a New York newspaper who one night held a grumbling and complaining staff long after every bit of work seemed to have been done. He tramped up and down the office. And, at two o'clock in the morning, when his reporters were about to slay him and go home, there came the bulletin of a railroad wreck, in his news territory, in which scores were killed. His paper was hours ahead of all the rest in reporting it. He knew that wreck

was coming; that some big piece of news was going to break loose.

All of which is rather beside the point. Though it serves to explain, in some measure, the presence of Clem Taggart and Billy Reynolds in Vienna. To all appearances there wasn't a cloud on the European sky. But Taggart wasn't worried. He knew they were banking somewhere below the horizon, those clouds. He had felt it in New York; here, in the capital of Austria he was absolutely certain of it. One of his many gifts was that of tongues. He spoke German, French and Italian as well as he did English; he had a sufficient acquaintance with Russian and some of the minor Slav dialects to get along. And the whole troubled history of southeastern Europe was something he had at his finger tips.

"Yes," he repeated, to the bewildered and somewhat indignant Billy Reynolds, who was dreaming about New York in summer, and a certain girl who never screamed when they let the boat go down the chutes at Luna Park. "They keep armies over here to use them. And that particular section of the Austrian army you saw was being used. It was keeping his loyal future subjects from taking a pot shot at His Imperial Highness the Archduke Franz Ferdinand—who will be Emperor here one of these days, if his esteemed uncle ever shuffles off. By the way, better pack up. We're leaving this afternoon."

"Where for?" said Reynolds, with a groan. His experience of Europe was that every place they struck was worse than the one before—meaning that it was less like New York.



The Firing Was Almost Constant But the Austrian Gunners Could Not Get the Proper Depression and Their Shells Flow Harmlessly Over the Serbian Artillery

"Serajevo," said Taggart, "leave at one thirty."
 "Huh?" said Billy, appalled. "Say, spell it!"
 Taggart complied. Billy shook his head again, hopelessly.

"All right," he said. "I'll try anything once. But why? Why? That's what I'd like to know!"

"Because Franz Ferdinand is going there, and he's been warned not to do it," said Clem, kindly. "Also, because I've got a hunch."

They followed the Archduke Franz Ferdinand to the quaint Bosnian capital. But, not being archdukes of the Austrian empire, they didn't enjoy the trip. Travel, as it is conducted off the beaten lines in countries like Bosnia, involves no pleasure. It's a cross between murder and highway robbery. But, once arrived, even Billy Reynolds was appeased.

"Some burg!" he said. "Say, if I was the big boss I'd put a company in here! Gee, it's got Arizona beaten for local color!"

And so it came about that an American movie outfit was in Serajevo on that day when Franz Ferdinand was killed. The world knows what happened; how one of a dozen Serb fanatics, determined to slay the man who was held, above all others, responsible for Austria's ruthless crushing of the dream of a revival of the old Serb empire. When the bomb was thrown, and Franz Ferdinand, brave to a fault, coolly tossed it away from his carriage, Clem Taggart almost went mad with delight.

"Did you get it?" he shrieked in the camera man's ear. "Sure? Did you get him chucking it away as if it was a foul ball that had come into his box in the grandstand at the Polo Grounds? And the way it exploded afterward?"

"Sure I got it, Clem. Don't be foolish," growled Reynolds. "Gee, some film! Say, this'll be a knock-out!"

"Load her up again," said Clem, amazed and delighted at the discovery that, in the excitement, the police were not minded to confiscate the camera. "We'll catch him again after he leaves the town hall."

They waited, on the line of the drive to the hospital. And Billy Reynolds, his nerves proof against everything, recorded on his film every move of the swift tragedy that followed. While even Taggart, stunned with the horror of the spectacle, as husband and wife fell, dying, in one another's arms, forgot the camera, Billy worked. And Taggart came to feel the camera man's grip on his arm.

"Say, it's time to get away. I've got everything we've got a chance to get," he said. "We'll be pinched if we wait. They're busy chasing the fellow who did it. Let's hit the trail."

"You're damn right!" said Taggart, suddenly alive to the situation. "Come on. If the trains

are running we can make it."

He stopped suddenly.

"Trains, hell!" he said. "We're not going back to Vienna. We're not going to take any train. Come on, follow me."

From his pocket, as they moved away from the center of the turmoil, he drew a battered guide book of the region. This he studied anxiously.

"We're going cross country," he said. "Game for a hike, Billy?"

"Sure, we've got to get these films out," said Reynolds.

"Later—not yet," said Taggart. We're going to Belgrade, where we can get more film, and where real money, like the kind I'm carrying on my money belt, will buy a whole lot of things beside what they sell in the stores. Billy, this thing hasn't started yet! This means—war! The real thing—not a farce like the Mexican fuss. There'll be an Austrian army out to clean up Serbia for this—and that means what all Europe's been ducking since '78—Russia, Germany, France, England, Italy, the whole shooting match! Billy, I'm going back with some pictures of real fighting! We'll hold this stuff. I'll take a chance on that. It's good, but if we get this out we're through. I'm going to wait for the big doings!"

That was Taggart's big inspiration. Nine men out of ten—ninety-nine out of a hundred—would have been intent only on getting the films already taken, back to America. But Taggart saw the limitless possibilities; his knowledge of the complexities of Balkan politics enabled him to foresee the future. And he knew, too, that to attempt to leave the country by any normal route would almost infallibly result in the confiscation of the precious strips of film that Reynolds had taken. So he dragged Reynolds, cursing in new and wholly original ways, across country—which, in Bosnia, is not at all the same as traveling across country in America or even in Mexico.

Here were Serbs and Moslems, hating one another, inflamed by the tragedy of Serajevo, fighting already, the one element upholding Austria, the other proclaiming that the time for



Archduke Franz Ferdinand, Heir to the Austrian Throne, Whose Assassination Probably Caused the War

the assertion of Serb independence had come. Marauding bands, no better than bandits, captured them half a dozen times, but Taggart, with his gift of tongues, got through. Three days after their escape from Serajevo they crossed the Serbian border; twenty-four hours later they had reached Belgrade.

Taggart had been in the city on the banks of the Save before. He had tried, vainly, to secure permission to follow the Serbian troops in the war with Turkey, and had acquired only a fine knowledge of Serbian institutions and of the best means of tempting Serbian officials. Now his position was better. Before leaving America, for one thing, he had sent a reserve supply of film to Belgrade, and this he now picked up. Moreover, he was able to cable to the big boss, in a cunningly contrived code, that did not look like a code at all, so that the censor, who was already active, let it go through. And the result of that was that he made a trip to Antivari, on the Montenegrin coast, leaving Reynolds in Belgrade, and delivered his film to a friend of the big boss, who was cruising in the Adriatic, and was willing to do a favor for the big boss, who belonged to the same clubs that included his name on their lists. Also, upon the urgent advice of Taggart, the yacht abandoned its cruise and proceeded as quickly as possible to English waters.

"The boy that shot Franz Ferdinand put a match to the fuse," said Taggart. "Maybe you'll think I'm just talking for my own sake—because I want that film started for little old New York as quick as it can be done. Well, there's something to that, too. But, believe me—there's going to be war! You know the old crack, you might as well kill a man as scare him to death? Well, that's the key. Every country around here has been ready for war so long that a few more years of that sort of peace will leave 'em without money enough to fight. They figure they might as well start it and be done with it. Austria is never going to be any stronger than she is now—she's going to get weaker, instead. All they wanted was an excuse."

"But Serbia can't fight Austria—" began the yachtsman.

"Sure not. But how about Russia? Serbia's



The Wounded Serbian Soldiers Were Removed from the Battlefield to a Neighboring Town

just an outhouse of Russia's. You take my word for it. They'll all be in it, too."

Late that afternoon Taggart, standing on one of Antivari's hills, saw the yacht turn and head for the open sea. And he saw something else. He saw the ominous shape of an Austrian cruiser, that slunk into the roadstead, and dropped anchor. He could see the muzzles of her guns. And he heard the deep toned mutters of hatred from the men of the Black Mountain, as they looked at the warship, waiting, ready to turn loose her fire on the port. He sighed at the thought of what was so sure to come. After all, though he was ready to seize the chance when it came, he could think of the horrors of a general war. And then he went back to Belgrade.

There he renewed a pleasant friendship with the American vice consul. And he and Reynolds, quartered in the consulate, went into seclusion. Belgrade saw them not, save for privy trips by Taggart to the Serbian war office, where he conferred with subordinate officials, who shook their heads gravely, but took pieces of gold, in the end, and promised to do what they could. Also he bought, body and soul, the services of certain patriots, who knew the country and how to live in the field. He didn't want a clumsy party, but he needed bearers and guards, and, at a price, he got them—men who figured that, if war came, they could stay with the American for the time he specified, and still escape the disgrace of evading their military service. These were good men, veterans of two wars. And it was significant that they were as certain as Taggart that they were to see a third.

So Taggart waited, while Serbian alarm grew, and the angry mutterings of Austria, gathering across the Save for her spring, persisted. Then came that Sunday when Austria sent a warning that drove the King and all the Serbian government pell mell from Belgrade; when the city was deserted by all who could leave it, and the famous old white fort, overlooking the river and the long bridge, was manned by only a few hundred men. The rest of the garrison had vanished. In the Danube, below the city, Austrian gunboats took up their positions; their guns were trained on the city. And early Monday morning a monitor had joined them, and Taggart, through his telescope, saw her crew polishing the huge, menacing guns that snarled from her turret.

It was nearly time for Reynolds and his camera to do their work. The field equipment was ready; film distributed so that it could easily be carried; facilities for testing film by development in the field. And Taggart was joyous with the joy of the technical expert who sees a chance to prove his theories. He had a telescopic device, old enough in photography, but never successfully applied to moving picture work. And this he used for the first time to enable Reynolds, in Belgrade, to take pictures of the massing of the Hungarian troops across the Danube.

"And now!" he said, when that was done. "We're off!"

In a dozen places clouds of yellow smoke rose above Belgrade's roofs; tokens of the work of Austrian shells. Yet Taggart turned his back on the city that seemed sure to bear the first brunt of the war.

"The first real fighting will be on the line of

the Drina," he said. "What's Belgrade? A shell, an empty shell! The new Serbian capital is Nish—that's where the Austrians have got to go. And the passes of the Drina command the approach to Nish. If they force them Serbia is at their mercy. If the Serbians hold them it will give Russia time to swing down on Galicia and pour enough troops into Serbia to drive Austria back across the Danube."

The Serbian soldiers of his party nodded. So they had heard their officers talking, in the war against the Turks. This American, plainly, knew whereof he spoke. Every Serbian, of course, had long figured on the chances of war with the great power across the Danube. The plans had been made; even these soldiers knew enough of them to realize that Taggart was right. And they were invaluable with their advice. Thanks to them Taggart was able to reach a spot on a wooded mountain, whence there was to be had a glimpse of the Drina, far below, flowing along its tortuous course, pushed aside here and there by outcrops of primeval rock. For his purposes, the spot was ideal. If his telescopic device worked, he commanded the whole of what was sure to be the first battlefield of the war. And below them, less than two miles away, night showed the gleaming fires of two Serbian army corps, eighty thousand men, waiting to check the Austrian advance.

and their shells flew harmlessly over the Serbian artillery, dropping behind, to explode where only the shattered earth testified to the actualities of war.

On the second day of this aimless fighting Taggart, restless, disturbed by a sensation of impending events, placed the camera himself.

"Cover the whole range from here," he directed. "Take a hundred feet at every ten degrees. We'll test right away."

He was in the improvised dark room when the test was made, leaning over Reynolds' shoulder. And at one strip he exclaimed sharply.

"Finish that whole strip. Just which angle was it taken at?"

Reynolds told him. And five minutes later he was staring intently at a point miles distant, through his telescope. He gave it up at last. Reynolds joined him.

"Well?" he said.

"I can't see it," said Taggart. "But he looked very grave. 'Now, what? The camera got it, if we couldn't.'"

He frowned, in silent thought.

"I'll take that strip," he said, finally. "Push-kin!"

One of the Serbians stepped forward.

"You're going to join the Serbian army right away," he said. "I want you to get me through the outposts down below to an officer. Can you do it?"

Pushkin nodded.

"Here, you're not going to leave me here alone, are you?" complained Reynolds, bitterly.

"I'm going to do just that," said Taggart. "And, in case I don't come back . . ."

He gave his orders in much detail. In the end Reynolds and the two Serbian soldiers who remained nodded their comprehension. There was no great ceremony about the leave taking. The two Americans shook hands; that was all. Yet Taggart was taking risks greater than any he had ever dared before. To approach an army in time of war is no light undertaking. At any moment a sentry may elect to shoot first and challenge later.

But there is a providence that looks after those with the sort of courage with which Taggart was

endowed. He reached an officer who had served, once, as attaché in London. He recognized the American accent; he was willing to listen. And what Taggart told him led him to take the American directly to the colonel of his regiment, who, in turn, passed him on, under guard, to a captain of the Headquarters staff. Taggart did not tell all he knew or suspected; not until he was in the tent of the commanding general himself. He was met by an incredulous laugh; but a glimpse at the strip of film changed the tone of the general. He swore violently. The next moment orders were flying. Then he turned on Taggart.

"Where?" he cried, savagely. "Give me the line. This might be anywhere!"

"Of course," said Taggart, sweetly. "But, there's a condition, general."

Round Serbian oaths—rich and rare. And an intimation that Taggart would be shot unless at once he divulged the information. Conditions? Bah!

"Go ahead and shoot," said Taggart. "What good will that do you?"

He had his way. And at dawn the next morn-

(Continued on page 32)



The Serbian Soldiers had all Heard their Officers Talking on the Chances of a War with the Great Power Across the Danube

"If they knew we were here!" chuckled Taggart to Reynolds. "We'd be under guard so quick you couldn't say Jack Robinson! But they don't—and they won't, if I can stop them from finding out! Gad, if we can only get out when we've got the film!"

Then came more waiting. Billy Reynolds had work to do; Taggart wanted film that would show the terrain, though it was practically only scenic stuff. Then there were pictures to be had of Serbian troops throwing up entrenchments. Work, this, that should have been done in time of peace, but could not have been attempted, since it would in itself have been a signal for war. But, when all this was done, there was still waiting. Until one day a sharp rattle of musketry broke out, and across the Drina a squadron of Austrian cavalry appeared, stood under fire for a few moments, and then cantered off. That night sullen flashes of fire blazed far across the river; heavy Austrian guns were feeling out the Serbian position.

And by noon the next day the two armies faced one another across the turbulent Drina. Firing was almost constant, but the Austrian gunners could not get the proper depression,

What Really Did Happen to Mary

Youthful Reminiscences of a Universal Favorite

By MARY FULLER

WHEN one of the most exciting of the "Dolly of the Dalles" pictures came out some one asked me where

I had attained my training in adventures. I couldn't remember that I'd had any real adventures before I went into moving picture work, and I was just about to say so when I remembered the bear. The recollection of that fearful and wonderful animal of my very early childhood days took me back to times that were athrill with such adventure and excitement as have seldom come to me since even in the most perilous scenes of film-making.

The bear had, I think, a lair in the hall closet of the house where I was born. It was a terrible, tremendous bear, I know, although no one of us ever really saw it. But it prowled of nights after we went to bed. Sometimes we could hear its awful growl as it emerged from the closet. Then we would hear the heavy patter of

and music in the faraway downstairs. Once, driven out by the taunts of the rest of my companions in misery, I advanced as far as the door. My retreat brought up the senior members, and ended in ignominy. But it did some good, too, for after that a light burned in the hall every night, and we all knew that bears could not pass through a lighted place.

That must have happened before I was four years old, for I know that it was on my fourth birthday my mother gave me a tricycle. It was a shiny steel tricycle with a bright red plush seat. I almost solved the problem of perpetual motion with that tricycle, and my gyrations on it won the attention, if not the approval, of the policeman on the beat. That was, as I recall, my first public appearance.

My second was at a school entertainment to which I was admitted by virtue of the fact that my aunt taught school. She taught me "Little Bo-Peep" and helped my mother make me a flowered Kate Greenaway frock. I grasped the

fled precipitately to the wings.

These adventures, with explorations of the garret where all the family treasures of castaway clothes were to be found for use in the wonderful "shows" that we gave and a brick fight in which my younger sister was bloodily worsted, make up my most vivid recollections of my childhood in the city. I wasn't more than five when my family moved to the country, and then there opened up great vistas of exploration.

The pigs that squealed ferociously when we prodded them with laths, the chickens, the spiders, the wasps, the kittens were sources of never-ending curiosity to my sister and myself. The berries, nuts, fruits and flowers that we could gather always delighted us. We picked potato bugs—under orders—wooded the brick walk near the house, fed the chickens, filled the lamps and did a hundred and one chores with extreme unwillingness until I developed an intense desire to visit my aunt, who was still in the city.

Armored and Armed as *Margherite* in "The Viking Queen"



its feet on the stairs. Then its slow panting breath would strike terror into our hearts as we heard it advancing through the outer hall right up to the door of the bedroom. If any one of us had dared raise a head from under the bedclothes where we smothered in fear, we would have seen, I am sure, a huge creature filling the upper hallway and flashing fire from terrible eyes. But no one ever had the courage to look. Our teeth chattering, we lay in bed cold with horror while our cruel and heartless parents laughed and chatted and played games

shepherdess crook in my hand firmly and set out to the stage where I was to perform. I looked down at the place where my mother and my aunt were waiting with pride to hear me sing the nursery rhyme, but behind them I saw a large and hostile audience, aunts and mothers and sisters of other performers. I looked at the ceiling and then at my feet as if I had never seen those pedal extremities before, then began to sing. The first stanza went off beautifully, but when I came to the second I realized that I had sung the second instead of the first. My agitation deprived the stage of a child wonder. I



"And I've Loved Them All—
Every Girl or Woman I've Had to Play"



THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

Attired in my best dress, a blue one with white polka dots and straps over the shoulders, I set out. My adventure came not on the way to the city but after I had come to it. My aunt bought me a bicycle, a very handsome one, and I courageously essayed to ride it at once. I met a grocery wagon. I found that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time. The grocery wagon won the encounter. I went to bed and the bicycle went back to the factory for repair. Later, I was returned home.

I had always been an omnivorous reader. Books, papers, periodicals, everything that came to my hand was grist to the mill. I read without any censorship. My mother trusted pretty well to the contents of our own library and to the fact that children have a fashion of picking out only the books that are suited to their age and taste. I liked historical adventure best of all. After school I would read until dark, hating any errand that might take me away from it. Then I would read at night as late as my mother would let me. I think that it was in those days that I got into the way of imagining that I was the heroine of each book. Some one has told me since that the test of a successful book is its ability to make every girl who reads it think she is the principal character. I must have found many strikingly successful books. For it seems to me that my girlhood was filled with dreams of playing those characters in the novels. And the last one was always the most attractive, whether she was Rebekah in *Ivanhoe*, or the factory girl in a *Laura Jean Libby* romance. My dolls were the props, and how well

sires died. I studied religiously, practicing voice culture until I thought that Melba would have to retire as soon as I sang in public.

I finally went on the stage when I was seventeen. The part was a poor one, the company was a minor one, the show was destined to failure. But I didn't know that. I had gone through the gates into paradise. In the time I remained on the stage I had the usual run of luck of the beginner, good shows, poor shows, beggar shows, thieves. But I loved the work itself, although I came to revolt against the conditions that made it so uncertain, and I stayed by it until one Christmas Eve.

I had planned to go home that Christmas as the show was going to be at a town only a short distance from our old place. At the eleventh hour the show failed. I sent a telegram that I couldn't be home, then went the rounds of the theaters and agencies looking for a possible vacancy. There was none. I went back to the bare, lonesome room in the boarding house, and sat on top of my packed trunk, trying to figure out my future. I wasn't afraid of the future, but I grew furious against the waste of effort that we all seemed to be putting into failures. One of the girls came into my room. She was as lonely as and even more discouraged than I have ever been.

"I guess," she said dejectedly, "that I'll have to go to the movies. They're steady, anyhow."

The movies!

I hadn't even thought of them. But I began to think very rapidly and very intensely. The procession of my youthful heroines moved across the screen of my imagination. The

for death. I've played eighty-year-old women and fourteen-year-old girls. I've played devoted stenographers, and ugly ducklings. I've been Mary, Queen of Scots, the Princess Amalie, Zuleika, the Caliph's daughter, Mary Tudor. I've been Dolly of "Dolly of the Daffies" and Mary Cuyler of the "What Happened to Mary" series. And I've loved them all, every girl and woman I've had to play!

Outside the material advantages that photography work offers to the actress, advantages of day work, of a permanent home, of steady employment, there are other and artistic advantages that have not been so often emphasized. The

"If I Could Only Get Plays That Would Come Up to My Ideas, I Think That I Would Find Motion Picture Work Entirely Satisfying"

they played their parts! They were so docile that any stage manager would be glad to meet their kind. But if they had had a sense of humor, how they would have burst with laughter at the strutting they had to watch when I played swashbuckling roles.

I don't know when I began to think about going on the stage. I suppose nearly every girl goes through that phase of desire. I didn't have many girl friends, but all those whom I knew had ambitions to play Juliet. But my desire to be an actress persisted when their de-

movies were unrolling to me more advantages than just "steadiness" of employment. They were revealing their possibilities of artistic achievement.

"Where's a good place?" I asked her.

"I hear the Edison needs people," she told me.

I stayed in New York that Christmas week. On the day after New Year's I went over to the Edison place in New Jersey. I was engaged to play real parts that day. That was five years ago. Since then I've played hundreds of roles. I've been a wayward Italian girl, a society belle, a village sweetheart, a Greek princess, a flirtatious country girl, a Japanese woman destined

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Mary Fuller's Costumes and Acting as Zuleika, the Caliph's Daughter, in "How the South Was Carpeted." Have Won Favor

principal one of these is the number of parts that one may play in the course of a year. If an actress on the regular stage makes good in a

(Continued on page 29)



Helps to the Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF EIGHTH EPISODE: Norton was now regarded as dangerous to the Black Hundred, and a plot was evolved to do away with him for good. To carry out this end, a false man-hole cover was made of pasteboard, and substituted for the iron cover. A message was 'phoned to Norton at the newspaper office to report a double murder story, and a taxi was despatched to be waiting conveniently at the office exit. Hoping for a "scoop," Norton naturally jumped into the motor-car, and was whisked away. Members of the murderous band blocked the auto's passage at the right place, and as Norton alighted, he stepped directly on the false cover, and shot through it into the black abyss beneath. The newspaper story covers various plans on Norton's part, but the films show that the reporter was unprepared, which seems the more logical view. The story covers a very good point in connection with a conversation between Jones and Norton, in which the butler advised the reporter to become erratic

and less methodical, which would make him a more elusive quantity, and less likely to suffer injury, abduction or death. However, down the hole Norton plunged, and was shortly after seen floating out of an opening of the water main. He was rescued, and one of the ever watchful members of the band (as though knowing where the body would float) saw Norton brought back to life and strength. Having failed in this attempt, Braine was glad enough to permit Olga to have her way, and the Countess then prepared a plan that took her to the Hargreave residence, where she secured Florence's consent to attend the opera that evening. Norton was summoned by the Countess to be at her apartment the same evening to get a big story, and he was on hand. As Florence entered, a clever signal (the flickering of an electric lamp) told Olga that the heiress was already coming into the room. Olga pretended to faint, and like any gentleman, Norton caught her in his arms, just as Florence entered the room. This scene seemed to fit in nicely with Olga's previous story about being engaged to some mysterious young chap—and there was a break then and there, with Florence down-hearted and refusing to see Jim Norton when he called. In the story, Jones was agitated at learning that Florence and Jim were engaged, and suggested that it was because of her money. When she objected that even she had no knowledge of actually possessing a fortune, Jones stated that he was in touch with her father, and that time would reveal her right to the fortune.

IN last week's issue, I promised you that I would secretly visit the scenes of the Million Dollar Mystery. Had you called at the main offices of the Burns International Detective Agency in the Woolworth building, New York, last week, you would have been told, "Mr. Burns is not in the city. No, he will not be back this week." That is all you would

have learned. I made very extensive surveys of the house of mystery, actually interviewed the principals, and watched operations first hand. I am now preparing my views, and some of my disclosures will be startling. It was at great cost of time and labor that I left my duties, because you must realize the tremendous requirements that this mighty detective organization of ours places upon me. But I was determined to leave no obstacle unremoved in my promise to assist you, as far as I dare, in arriving at a solution of this truly baffling mystery.

A short while ago, I told you that Braine is the head and thought of the Black Hundred. This is still true, but Braine has lost his grip, and it is difficult to say when he will recover it. Olga has taken up the reins, and I ask you if you can imagine a more diabolical scheme than the plot the Countess thought out and executed to cause a rupture between Florence and Norton! Do not look on this simply as a lovers' quarrel. It is more. It means that Norton has been placed on his mettle, and that from this moment on, no moment will be lost in the trying of every plan that either side can think of, for the undoing of the other.

The complications that I feel are certain to come on in startling succession, will bring about one important result: If Hargreave exists, he will be forced out of hiding. If there is a man whom we have known as Hargreave, he will show himself soon! He can't help it. Florence is in a fearfully nervous state, as any young girl would be who has seen the rosy dreams of her first love shattered by what she believes is base treachery on the part of her sweetheart. The state of mind in which this will place her is going to leave her unguarded. Her mind will narrow to a constant brooding, and in that condition, she will be the easiest imaginable prey of the plotting Black Hundred.

In this eighth episode, the only flaw in the

seeming relationship between Jones and Florence is manifest. Up to this time, he has appeared to be her natural protector, but now he exults in the breach between Florence and Jim. Could

a father do that? If he felt that way, would he not seek to comfort his child, and do everything in his power to shield her from the nervous reaction that such a quarrel would bring about? At times, it has seemed almost certain that Jones was the real father of Florence, but now a hard side of his nature has shown itself, and this broadens the possibility that Hargreave is alive—that Hargreave exists. I can not say this as a certainty, but it appears that way, although this does not in the least dim the importance of Jones, nor does it detract from his wonderful executive ability.

If you have concluded that there is no Hargreave—that he was a myth—that Jones is both Jones and Hargreave—then counsel well with yourself, because Jones has committed an unnatural act in exhibiting even the slightest degree of

elation or relief over the break between the lovers. You may say that such things happen daily, that fathers are constantly plotting to break up matches between their daughters and young men, and that most parents believe that their children are too good for those with whom they plan to mate. But this is not an ordinary case. Hargreave has sacrificed himself for eighteen years that his daughter might be safe and happy. This is a critical time—and worryment thrust upon Florence will certainly lay her open to many of the lurking dangers that hide in nearly every shadow.

To make the picture complete, just imagine Hargreave in the background—possibly in the same town, or in New York—watching without daring to speak, praying for the right to rush to Florence and shield her with his life. This is a possibility, and I give you the benefit of my experience when I say that through actions alone we are often obliged to reason out impulses, purposes, the hidden intentions and hidden characters.

But the situation does not stop here: Norton is also down-cast. True, his reserve force is great and his will-power is dynamic. He can ride over petty worries, and set aside greater griefs. But he will be unmanned, left unprepared—may walk into the path of danger without thinking. Norton has already caused the death of a number of the underlings of the Black Hundred. When he shot the tires of the pursuing automobile in the seventh episode, and it plunged into the river, he became an open, dangerous enemy of the organization that very moment. Vroon was saved, and saw and knew Norton. And now the reporter is handicapped—dazed by the sudden turn of affairs—and never needed his wits more in his life.

The newspaper story has informed us that some mysterious person has shadowed the apartments of Olga, has spied upon Braine, and has met Norton secretly. This same person has



Norton's Daring Bout of the Auto Bandits Brings Upon Him the Deadly Attention of the Black Hundred

been in communication with Jones of late. Was it the aviator? Was it somebody we have not seen? To bring in a character whom we have not viewed, would be unfair. At least, we must see that mysterious person before the story terminates. Why have we not already seen him? Was it not the very first person we did see in the Million Dollar Mystery? Was it not Hargreave?

If Hargreave exists, if he is in the vicinity, if Norton has been meeting him, then Norton would carry his troubles to Hargreave—would probably have received the millionaire's sanction to marry Florence. All of this may have been arranged, but Jones may not have been notified, lest he relax his vigilance over Florence and thereby place her in jeopardy. This I state not as a fact already proved, but as a contingent possibility brought out by the undercurrent of this eighth episode.

If conditions were as I have just suggested, then it is not difficult to see that the actions of the principals concerned (Jones, Norton, Florence and the mysterious stranger) would dovetail nicely. For the first time these actions swing around toward the existence of Hargreave—toward the probability of his watchfulness at close range. I caution you, therefore, to be vigilant, because your vigilance is necessary now, and from this point on. But—if Hargreave does exist, if at any time we see him, this still does not preclude the assumption that he and Jones may be brothers—twin brothers, if you wish. It does not prove absolutely which of the two would be the father of Florence. It does not answer a host of questions that keep arising, and that seem to set aside our previous conclusions. Some of these questions may be summed up thus: Could two Hargreave brothers actually live and engage in a plot without the knowledge of the Black Hundred? Could the Countess herself be deluded into believing that there was no such relationship? Could Norton have perfect working knowledge of so complicated a situation and still not give any signs of that knowledge? Could there be a counter-organization, quite as powerful and far-reaching as the Black Hundred, and with the single object of destroying the Black Hundred? Could it be possible that Hargreave (if he exists) has at all times been within the councils of the Black Hundred, and has had a brother or some one else to impersonate him on the outside?

I would direct your thought to these facts: First, the major portion of the plotting that has been indulged in by the Black Hundred, has been evolved between Olga and Braine, with Vroom and Felton occasionally in those conferences, but usually simply carrying out orders. Others in the organization have not invariably seen the purpose of a plot, but have viewed the

result; that is, have become aware of what Braine and Olga planned after the plot was attempted. Hence, with friendly Hargreave interests in the Black Hundred, it would still be impossible to foresee all attempts, and particularly those against Florence.

Counterbalancing these truths, comes the second viewpoint: *These plans have oft-times miscarried.* Could it be all ill luck on Braine's part? I have referred to him as the master-mind of the Black Hundred. He, more than Olga, takes up the work of conference with the other conspirators. His plans, more than Olga's, would be subjected to treachery, if there is treason in the ranks of the order. But some sinister influence has thwarted Braine. That is patent. Is it a turn in luck? Does fortune alter its course so unerringly? Is it not possible that somebody hears Braine's plans, and is prepared to upset them? You might suggest that, were this true, then why did Norton plunge into the man-hole trap without wavering? Perhaps Norton had not been appraised of the danger. It was set into operation so suddenly, even a traitor among the plotters could have had small time in which to warn him.

I have noted, with great satisfaction, that in the Million Dollar Mystery, the principals act as they would act in every-day life. We are not given any single individual with super-human mind power. Breadth of possibilities as well as limitations have been woven into the story and the action. No man can forecast every result. The most watchful must be caught napping, and that is the way it works out in this story. But I am beginning to believe that the source of Black Hundred information has been tapped. It looks to me as though there is some leak, no matter how small it may be. Every one of the members is after money. They are taking all these long chances for money. Only the highest—such as Olga and Braine—will receive the lion's share. Others, who take much greater risks than the Countess or Braine, must at times resent the knowledge that they will be compensated the least.

Internal treachery in the Black Hundred would answer several of the riddles that have been presented to us, such as the everlasting



Was This Incident Really a Premeditated Step in a War to the Finish?

undoing of Braine and his plots. And if there is such a leak, then where does it exist? Hargreave, Norton or Jones may have bought some member, or more than one. Or—Hargreave may have always remained a member, hidden beneath his mask. He may be one of the rank and file, and be unnoticed by the others. Jones may have been playing the Hargreave role all these years, with the master on the inside, helping shape his own destinies.

You will recall that when Hargreave withdrew the money from the banks, and had written for Florence to return home, he had evidently prepared for flight. But he was recognized. Possibly Hargreave went about town disguised. He may not have looked so, in the secret meetings of the Black Hundred. He may have assumed an entirely different disguise. This is all based on the possibility of his having remained in the ranks at all times. We can even imagine that, with Florence a young woman, and intent on making her forever free from the machinations of the Black Hundred, Hargreave purposely showed himself, and thereby set about to wipe out the order that had menaced him all these years. As the story progresses, the depth of plot begins to unfold. Many angles of reasonable solution start to shape themselves. We are dealing with plots and counterplots that have not been brought into being suddenly. For eighteen years they have been shaping themselves. And now the results of those long years of the battle of wits are beginning to be seen.

Starting with the ninth episode, I promise to tell you some very startling things. Not only will I discuss that episode, as soon as I have viewed it, but I will also tell you about some of the facts I learned while in New Rochelle, N. Y., where most of the scenes of the "Million Dollar Mystery" were taken. I will show you possibilities that will startle you. I will give you situations to think about that can not help aiding you in your search for Hargreave and for the million dollars.

I have been assembling my notes, and have them in good shape at this moment. I want you to be sure to not miss what I have to say next week. We are getting into the very heart of the story now, and every episode is going to give us fresh material to work on.

I can tell you now that I have been in the house of mystery. I have viewed the different rooms—have studied the "lay of the land," have looked into the Hargreave safe, have interviewed those you see upon the screen, and did this secretly.

Watch for the ninth episode!

Mr. Burns' next article will appear in the issue of August 29.



Is There Treason Within the Black Hundred?

Bess Meredyth—"Detectress"

Miss Meredyth Has Played in Keystone Comedies with Mable Normand and Ford Sterling. This is a scene from "Baby Day."

The Sunniest Girl in California

By RICHARD WILLIS

One of the first things that she told me was her reasons for keeping an "animal" farm, in addition to her really strenuous work at the picture studio. "It's this," she said, holding up a little bank book, "this and the fact that I love

time. I guess I was what is known as a 'child' musician, for I played the organ in church at the age of nine."

"Easy work?" I inquired.

"Nossir, this was a three manual organ,— manual labor you see. You go on picking dog hairs off your suit and don't dare interrupt me again. Well sir, being a good musician, I wanted of course, to be something else and the stage became my goal. There was a one-sided battle between me and my family, I put 'me' first because I won out finally, after getting my father on my side. I was very self-willed in those days—what's that you are muttering? Well, I still have a little will left, thank goodness. So I got an engagement and in order to be entirely original I made my first appearance as—"

"Little Lord Fauntleroy," I broke in confidently.

"Certainly not. Nothing so common I assure you. It was as little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' after which I played a succession of child parts in stock and on the road. This satisfied me after a little while, and I soon returned meekly to the piano and duly made my appearance on the concert platform. Have you ever been on the concert platform? No? Well, I guess you have been

Bess Meredyth is blessed with the sunniest curls and the sunniest disposition in California.

a small portion of a concert platform audience and it will be duly recorded against you. They always give me a cold chill, they applaud with such politeness, with such an utter absence of vulgar enthusiasm in their hand clapping! ugh! give me a vaudeville audience every time.

"You know, I have done considerable work on circuit both as a pianologue artist by myself and also with a man partner. I was really very successful. This very day I got a letter from an agent asking me if I was ready to go back to vaudeville again. I may some day. I like it. I was over the circuit once with Leonard Fletcher doing an impersonation sketch. Then I have played stock in several cities, notably

Frank Lloyd was almost as much blessed with the leading lady in "Across the Veldt" as was the audience.

WHEN the time came for getting my interview with the jolly "detectress," whose real name is Bess Meredyth, I found that I had to track her down to her jolly bungalow in Hollywood. This was comparatively easy, but I found the approach to the bungalow made hazardous, the presence by numerous dogs of all ages, sizes and breeds, who approached me en masse. I stood at the gate, hesitating as to whether I should go in or wait for help, while one or two of the more daring dogs came close enough to begin sniffing and otherwise expressing their curiosity. It was Bess Meredyth herself who came to my rescue. At first she stood in her door, laughing, and rather enjoying my discomfiture. Then suddenly she clapped her hands and every one of those dogs immediately transferred his attention from me to her. I breathed a sigh of relief.

"Come and see my dogs," she called. "This is my animal farm, you know. Just look at these delicious puppies. Aren't you wild about them?"

Politely I admitted that I was—and really those staggering little mites she showed me were very appealing. If they only wouldn't get so big and rough and active. I looked at hundreds of dogs that day, I guess, and even to my indiscriminating eye there were some beauties. And finally, when Miss Meredyth had made sure that I had seen every single one of them, she led the way back to her sunny porch and we sat there and chatted.

It occurs to me that this is a good place to stop and tell you just who Bess Meredyth, "detectress" is. What she looks like, in the event that you, dear reader, do not know her, you may glean from the pictures. Miss Meredyth is one of the Universal stars and heads her own company. She is exceedingly versatile and has been seen in as many different roles as she has expressions—and hers is an unusually expressive face—in western, and society plays, and best of all, in comedies.

It is her work in comedy that has won her enviable reputation, and it is the work she enjoys most, though she won't admit that it's fun for her. Just at present she is being featured in a series of comedies called "Bess, the Detectress." It is a difficult series and one which requires an enormous amount of work. Miss Meredyth has to change her entire costume and make up many times a day in these productions.

them." And here are other things she told me.

"I was born in Buffalo and I was educated for the concert platform. A large part of my childhood was spent opposite the keyboard of a piano, even before I could reach the pedals with my feet. I studied at the Conservatory of Music of Detroit for a long

In Real Life You Probably wouldn't be Deceived by this Disguise, Assumed by "Bess, the Detectress," but in Pictures it Proves Very Effective

in Buffalo with the Baldwin Melville Stock Company. I was with this concern on several occasions."

"What about your picture experiences?"

"Well, I came to California for a rest and went to watch the Biograph people working one day. I knew several members of the company, and one of them introduced me to Wilfred Lucas."

"I am from New York," I said.

"So am I," he answered. "He talked pictures to me and persuaded me to try them and I, believing that it meant a life of leisure, consented."

"Life of leisure! ye Gods and little fishes, why I never get a moment to myself and get too tired even to touch my beloved piano. I have not only been acting in 'Bess the Detectress' and making three or four changes a day, but I have been writing a number of the Universal feature photoplays, among which are most of those put on by Wilfred Lucas and featuring Cleo Madison. Then there are the bow-wows who demand attention too. But I am straying."

"I worked with the Biograph for awhile and then joined the 'Imp' company which led to the Universal, then I was for a while with Warner's Features under the 'Venus' brand and now I am back with the Universal again, at the head of my own company."

stirring melodramas and psychological dramas and she knows the full value of "heart interest." Her "Love Victorious," recently produced by Lucas and magnificently acted by Miss Madison, George Larkin and others, is as fine a piece of work as one could wish and makes one ask for more of the same class of story from her pen.

Bess Meredyth owns to loving New York with undying devotion, also to loving animals with undying devotion, particularly horses and dogs. She is enthusiastic about outdoor sports and has played basket-ball for six years. She is a splendid rider, a good swimmer and a decidedly reckless motor car driver.

Last, but not least, Miss Meredyth is blessed with the sunniest disposition and the sunniest curls in California. To see her is to forget that there are any ugly things in the world, for you can't take your eyes off those rebellious yellow

You Can't Take Your Eyes Off Those Rebellious Yellow Curls, Framing the Whitest of Foreheads, Those Clear, Sparkling, Blue Eyes, and Those Smooth, Delicately Ruddy Cheeks

The Black Satin Bathing Suit Worn by Miss Meredyth in "The Magnet" was Very Like the Delightful Suits in Which Celine Phillips Clothes His Bathing Girls

"I am devoted to clothes," she admitted with a laugh, "because it is necessary. Consider the way the average fashionable woman dresses, and consider the way the average 'intellectual' woman dresses. The one makes herself ridiculous by wearing clothes that are often ugly and always uncomfortable, and the other wears clothes that are invariably clumsy and unbecoming."

"Now I insist, first that my clothes must be comfortable, and second that they must be becoming. No, that isn't quite true. I insist on both of these things first. And I have found that it is quite easy to accomplish them."

It may take precious hours of Miss Meredyth's time to design the clothes she wears, but I assured her that it was certainly worth while. Really, I can't remember when I have seen clothes that so perfectly and so becomingly fitted the wearer, as do Miss Meredyth's.

She Says That "Bess, the Detectress," Keeps Her So Busy That She Never Has a Moment to Herself, and She Went into Pictures because She Thought It Meant a Life of Leisure

Bess Meredyth is an exceedingly charming and versatile young woman. She was at one time on the staff of the "National Weekly" and often wrote five stories a week. She has written some of the most successful photoplays ever produced and is particularly clever at

In "The Outlaw Reformed," She Had a Cowboy Lover

curls, framing the whitest forehead, those clear, sparkling blue eyes, and those smooth cheeks, delicately ruddy with health. And to talk to her is to forget that such a thing as trouble exists. Her high spirits, her wholesome optimism are so infectious that—well, I think I never frowned for a week after seeing her.

As I departed, Miss Meredyth laughed at me and said, "There's a hair on your coat."

A hair! There were millions of them.

Bess Meredyth also owns to something that few women will admit—and that is an undying devotion to clothes. But, wait a moment before you condemn her. Her devotion to clothes is not in the least conventional.

Bessie Pinkerton Holmes
DETECTRESS
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
HARRIS METHOD NO GEL

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

SYNOPSIS: Vera Hayes, an underpaid sales-girl in a department store, is dismissed at the instance of Beatrice Brewster, star of the Syntax Film Company. Harry Forster, director of the company, and supposed to be engaged to Beatrice, intercedes in vain for Vera, and, greatly attracted by her, meets her outside the store. He plans to "help" her, on the usual terms, but is so surprised by her daring and resourcefulness that he offers her a trial as a film actress instead. Vera accepts, and displays such aptitude that she is engaged as a member of the stock company, though it is plain that Forster, intrigued by her clash with Beatrice, whom Vera puts on the defensive at once, still harbors his first ideas concerning her. After an adventure with an importunate pursuer, an old man, who sees his opportunity in her dismissal from the store, Vera decides to move from her cheap room.

IV.

IN a vague way, probably, Vera realized that in leaving behind her beasts of prey of the type of old Hazzard, whom she had so signally confounded at that memorable dinner, she was entering a country in which the dangers were of a new sort. She was a woman; she was not ignorant, therefore, of the interest she had inspired in Forster. And she was a woman who had been exposed, almost from her childhood, to the more or less frankly revealed pursuit of men. About her there had been always something different; something that held her aloof from the common run of those who worked for Gudge and Bartlett.

And, just for that reason, some things had been denied her. She was pretty, but she was not pretty in the Gudge and Bartlett way. She dressed as well and as neatly as the pay she had received allowed her to do, but it was not in the Gudge and Bartlett fashion. She had always preferred neatness to what her sisters of the shop called style; she had been foolish enough to insist always on wearing shoes that were stout and sensible rather than cheap imitations of the sort of shoes to be seen in Fifth avenue. As a result her feet had not looked pretty, but, as another result, she could stand for hours without the necessity of seeking hot water to relieve aching feet when she got home.

So she had been compelled to rely upon Hazzard and his innumerable prototypes for masculine attention. Decent, hard working young fellows, who might have courted her, with matrimony and a three-room flat as the ultimate

aim of their courting, preferred girls who reflected more credit upon them at Coney Island and the cheap dance halls beloved of their kind. It took a certain discrimination to see the charms of Vera. It involved a distinct feat of the imagination to see her, as Hazzard and these others did, arrayed in good clothes, daintily shod, with silk stockings, queening it in

Not that young people think of sex consciously, or deliberately. They don't, of course. They are natural in their thoughts, and therefore unconscious. That is, the ultimate implications of what they are thinking don't come to them. They are unreasoning, illogical. Which is as it should be—and as it was with Vera. She didn't analyze certain rather subtle thoughts

and emotions. But she had them. And in her case, of course, environment and a pretty harsh experience had tempered her ignorances. She had been forced to a too complete understanding of the baser side of sex; she knew more than was good for her peace of mind concerning the sex life and desires of men like Hazzard.

And so, having that knowledge, and, too, having escaped a cunningly contrived series of snares and pitfalls, the chief of which had been the incessant struggle for a bare living, and the easy escape that Hazzard and his sort offered, she was not blind to Forster. Something of his innate decency had struck her on the day of her dismissal. He had not been importunate; there had been reserves in his manner. He lacked the crudity and direct brutality of a Hazzard. But she did not allow herself to cherish any illusions about him. He wanted, in all probability, just what the Hazzards wanted, and, though he was willing to pay more, and in different coin, he was not ready to meet her on equal terms, to make a surrender that was as great as hers, even approximately.

She had never feared Hazzard; she did not now fear Forster. And therein lay her chief peril, of course. It seemed to her that she had cleared the shoals; that she was out, now, in the open sea, and dependent only upon herself. With her thirty dollars a week she imagined

herself safe from the temptations of poverty. As a matter of fact, of course, she was only now really to experience them. It is never the poorest of the poor who face the acutest temptations of their estate. The really grinding form of poverty is that in which, after the bare costs of keeping alive are met, there is a little surplus. There is never quite enough. It is not the laborer, with his tiny, but fixed, wage, who runs into debt. It is the man who is just well enough off to be tempted to purchases beyond his means. And it was into this class that Vera, with her thirty dollars a week that loomed as big to her as three hundred, had passed.

Vera spent the day Forster had given her in getting settled in her new quarters. Her new room was far uptown. She had to pay five dol-



She had Dropped, Temporarily Tired Out from a Bit of Vigorous Action, to a Property Bench. Beatrice Swept Over to Her with the Languorous Movements She was Just then Affecting

the dubious restaurants of the lobster belt. And the gentry who saw her with such eyes were afflicted by astigmatism when marriage was in question. They might marry, some time, but the victim would not be Vera.

And having rejected all such attentions, Vera had been, in a measure, starved. She was a very human girl; I have done my task poorly, indeed, if you have not gained that idea of her. Wherefore she liked men, and she had thoughts of sex. There is nothing inherently wrong about sex. There is no reason why a young girl or a young man should not think of it. Indeed, if they do not, there is something wrong with them, as a rule. There is nothing delicate about nature. Her one interest lies in seeing to it that the race shall continue to increase.

lars a week for it, and, until she considered what would still be left of her new wage, that seemed like a sinful extravagance. But she soon decided it was worth it. She found that she had made a lucky discovery in her search of the small advertisements of rooms to let. Her new landlady was employed in a magazine office downtown. She lived simply, but well, in one of the new elevator houses that followed the opening of the subway, and, as she explained to Vera, she wanted the five dollars because it would just pay for the maid she employed. The apartment was a small one, but Miss Greene had some good furniture, and Vera's room seemed to her to be palatial. From it she had a view of the Harlem river, and on her first night in it, which was about as hot as any night was likely to be, the heat was tempered by a breeze that she knew came straight from heaven itself for her comfort.

From the success of her first attempt to act

before the camera a certain reaction was inevitable. Vera didn't anticipate it and she was disappointed and filled with a certain fear when she had practically nothing to do for a week. Forster, busy with a feature production, and un-easily conscious of the fact that he had already given up too much time to her, both actually and in his thoughts, paid little attention to her. The rest of the company, too, though disposed to be friendly enough, simply didn't have time to bother with her. Only Beatrice Brewster noticed her.

And there wasn't anything cheering or inspiring for Vera about the attention that the star paid to her. It was too much like the notice a cat gives a canary in anticipation of a succulent titbit for dinner. For Beatrice, angry and alarmed, had determined on her line of action. She had been clever enough to see that open hostility would serve her badly, after Vera's veiled insolence on the first day of her appearance with the Syntax company. In fact, Beatrice's cleverness, rather than real talent, had made her a star. She knew how to use every one of her resources; she, quite as well as Vera herself, saw some of her

limitations as an actress and appreciated them. In that discouraging week, therefore, Vera had plenty of chance to reflect on the step she had taken. She had given up the sort of work she knew and understood, poor as it was, for something entirely new. But it was only when she allowed her mood of depression to control her that that worried her. In the end she squared her shoulders, much as a boy might have done.

"I should worry, anyhow!" she declared to herself, with intense conviction. "I couldn't have got another job—so, suppose this does go up the flue—I'll be whatever they've paid me to the good!"

She went on two or three times, during the week, in various crowded scenes; as a chorus girl; as a show girl; once in a scene on a bath-

ing beach. And, though she was not conscious of it herself, Forster, watching her, was delighted. She got no special instructions for any of these scenes, and yet, in each one, she seemed to seize the leadership, and the extra people, hired by the day, followed her lead unquestioningly, and without arrangement.

"That kid is going to make good," he said to Beatrice. "Maybe not here—I guess you wouldn't care to have her get anything good here. But she'll land somewhere else—and she'll go booming right along!"

The star lifted her eyebrows.

"Why not here, then?" She asked. "Harry, do you suppose I care what she does? She's simply a member of the company to me! And I certainly want the pictures to be the best we can make! If she is well suited to any part you have, give it to her, by all means. I quite agree with you, I think she has unusual talent. Underdeveloped, of course. She's crude, in a good

color that the brisk exercise, reinforcing the rather unusual experience of a week in which she had had plenty to eat, had given her. She looked up, every faculty on the alert, as Beatrice, dressed in a magnificent gown, the creation of a famous Parisian costumer, swept over to her, with the languorous movements she was just then affecting.

"Hot, isn't it?" said Beatrice. "But you look cool, my dear!"

"I ought to," said Vera. "Wearing a costume like this is one of the rewards of a figure, on a day like this one!" She looked up impudently as she said it. "Thought I'd beat you to some remark about that," she explained. "I didn't pick it out, you know."

The star's laugh rang out honestly. While it was true that Vera's costume was scanty, it was by no means unusually so. Beatrice herself, indeed, would have thought nothing of one far more frank in its revelations. But Vera,

unused to the modern costumes of the bathing beach and the ball room, had had a struggle with herself before she had been willing to appear in her bathing suit. And Beatrice understood her feeling, with the first kindly sentiment she had had for the girl since her appearance at the studio.

"You absurd child!" she said. "Your costume is very pretty, and it's very becoming to you, too. Just forget about it. I can assure you that no one else is paying any attention to it."

Vera was silent. She was trying to determine whether that remark was catty or kindly. And for the first time she was in two minds about Beatrice.

"You haven't forgiven me for the way I behaved at the store, have you?" Beatrice went on. "Well, I'll own up! It was the meanest thing I ever did, and I'd be dreadfully sorry if . . . But I'm not."

"You're not?" said Vera. "Well, it's a cinch I'm not! If it hadn't been for that—where'd I be, now? Selling dress goods still—at Gudge and Bartlett's!"

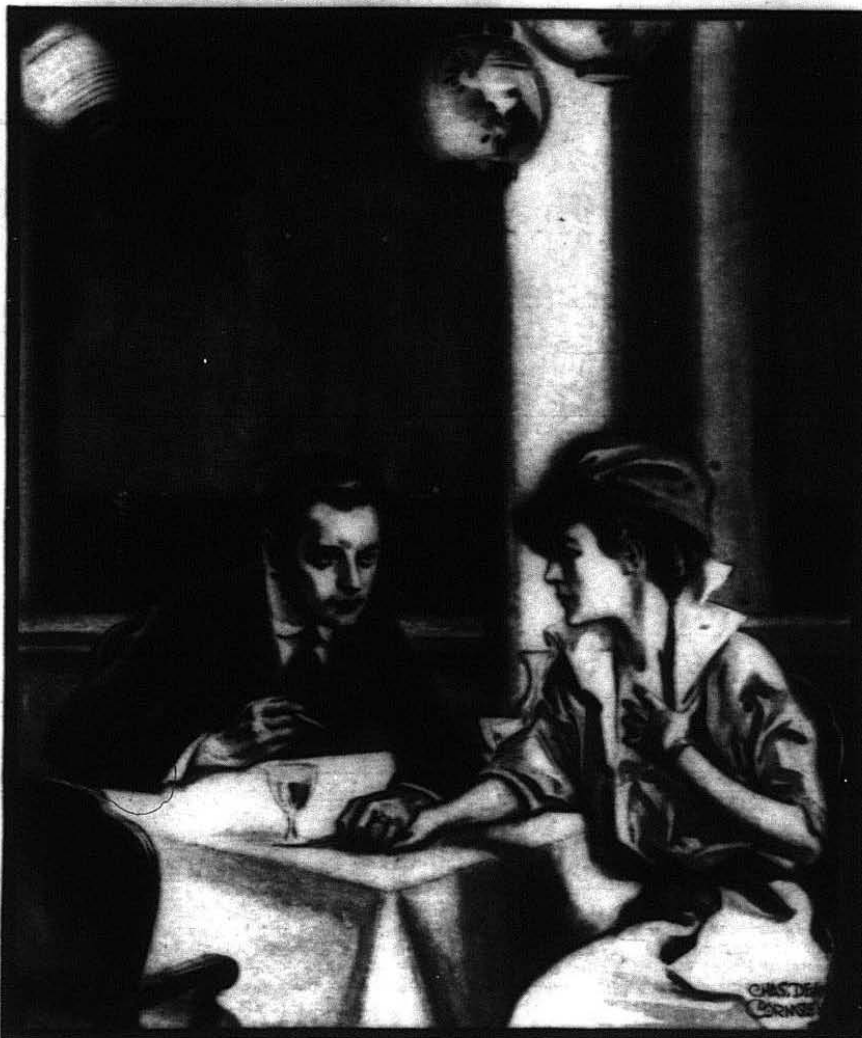
"Well, if you're not sorry, can't you see why I'm not? It isn't any excuse for the way I behaved that it turned out so beautifully. But

that's why I'm not sorry. My dear, I believe you've got a future in the pictures. I admit I was catty the first day I saw you here, but at that time I was still hot. You made me furious in the store—I've got a beast of a temper, you know. But—"

"Say, I wonder if I got you wrong?" said Vera. "Maybe it was just temper—and if that's all, I'm willing to call it off if you are! I've got some temper myself! I'd never hold anything a person did or said when they were hot against them after they'd cooled off. But—well, I got an idea you didn't like my style, all the way. And—well, maybe I'd better not say that."

"What?"

"Well, I thought you thought maybe Mr. Forster was taking too much of an interest in



One of Her Hands, Thip. a Little Worm, Lay on the Cloth. He Covered It. Absently. She Eyed Him Closely But Made No Move to Free It

many ways. But with a little polish I think she'll do very well."

Forster said something under his breath, and looked at her, curiously. He moved away shaking his head. And when he turned around, for another look, he was surprised to see Beatrice making her way toward Vera. What passed between them would have surprised him still more. He thought he knew Beatrice pretty well. But he was to learn that she had resources he had never suspected.

Vera was to come on again in a later scene, but without a change of costume. So she had dropped temporarily, tired out from a bit of vigorous action, on to a property bench. She looked absurdly young in the bathing suit she wore, and she looked absurdly pretty, too, with the high

me. And I want to say right now that that's not so. He's behaved like a perfect gentleman. He's done a whole lot for me, but he keeps on telling me that it's only because of what I can do."

Once more Miss Brewster's laugh pealed out. That laugh was a survival of the days when she had cherished hopes of appearing some time "on Broadway;" it had been her greatest stage asset.

"My dear!" she said. "Why should I care anything for what Mr. Forster thinks of you? He's very much his own master as far as I am concerned, I assure you! But if we're going to be friends, and I believe we are, let me give you a word of warning. Unless you want talk about you, be careful about your relations with him and the other men around the studio. You're so fresh, so unspoiled, so naïve, that you are likely, I'm afraid, to be indiscreet. So, just take this as it's meant, and don't give people a chance to gossip about you. Do you understand?"

"Sure—I guess I do," said Vera, cheerfully. "And maybe I'm fresh. I guess I am. And I guess I'm unspoiled, one way, anyhow. But if that naïve thing means that I don't know which way to turn to get out, forget it! I guess there's a few things about men I don't know. But not such an awful many. You never worked in a store, did you? I thought not!"

For a moment the star's eyes snapped, angrily, and a retort in her earlier manner seemed to be on her lips. But she checked the impulse.

"I thought I should warn you," she said. "If you don't need the warning—so much the better."

"Sure, that's all right. I appreciate it, too," said Vera. She jumped up, suddenly. "Well, here's where I get busy again, I guess."

She danced over toward the set scene. And once more she won Forster's notice by the way she entered into the spirit of what was being done. Beatrice did not stay to watch her. She approached Forster, in her stateliest manner, just before the scene was taken.

"Oh, by the way, Harry," she said, languidly. "I don't feel very well. I think I won't wait for those last scenes. Do something else this afternoon, won't you, and let them go until tomorrow? I'm going right into town. It's so hot!"

"Thought you were dining with me?" said Forster.

"I was—but I've changed my mind."

She threw him a smile that was meant to be enigmatic; to show that she was in an elusive mood. But if he noticed it at all he did not in any way make the response she had expected.

"Sorry," he said. "Look out for yourself, Beatrice. Don't get sick till we've finished this picture."

And he turned, immediately, to the crowd that was waiting for him to give the word to begin.

"Picture!" he said, sharply.

He kept his eyes almost constantly on Vera while the scene was being made. His doubts concerning her were gradually being resolved. At first his interest in her had been stealthy; he had considered, always, what Beatrice would think, what she would do. Now he was reaching a point where Beatrice mattered little; he was ceasing to consider her, or to care what effect an affair with Vera might have upon her.

"Wait for me after you're dressed," he said to her, when the scene had been made. "Miss Brewster's gone. We'll quit early. I want to see you. Come to my office."

His tone was entirely impersonal; there were plenty to hear what he said, and he was not minded to give a chance for talk. But Vera studied his eyes rather than his tone. And she went to his office with a curious little smile on her lips. She had anticipated a test of some sort, but not so soon. Still, she was prepared. And, just as when she had faced trouble with the star on her first day, she meant to take the offensive, to attack rather than to defend.

"I'm going to drive into town in one of the cars. I'll take you along," said Forster, when he appeared, after she had been waiting a few minutes. "Say, we might stop and have dinner on the way—eh?"

"We might," Vera agreed, non-committally.

He grinned, but said nothing. He led the way to the car, instead. It was a high powered

runabout, and he slipped into the driver's seat, making room for Vera beside him. She wondered, as the machine started, if he knew the effect that riding in a car had upon her; how it released wild impulses and desires that she had never known herself capable of until that morning when she had come to the studio. And, settling herself into the soft leather cushions, she gave herself up to a complete enjoyment of the moment, untroubled by thoughts of what was to come. Luxuriously she drank in the air that was driven against her face by the speed of the car; when it stopped, and she saw that

they had come to a road house, with a gleam of the water of the Sound beyond, she made no protest.

Forster found a table in a remote corner of the piazza, overlooking the water. A faint light still hung over the shore and the calm water; in the distance, flashing lights winked out, red and white. Miles away a great steamer made her way along, and to their ears came faintly the sound of her engines, beating on the still air like the drone of some great insect.

Vera loved it all. It had the one great charm of charms for her—the charm of utter novelty. Everything blended to intoxicate her; the snowy napery; the gleaming glass and silver; the deference of the waiters. She sighed as she heard Forster, in a low voice, giving his order. She was hungry, but at first it seemed that to eat would break the spell. But it did not. It was only an interlude, after all, and when it was done they seemed to be quite alone, with black coffee before them. Now the glow of the sunset had faded away, and in the deep, blue sky millions of stars shone faintly. There was no moon; the only light outside came from the stars, shining in the water, and the only sound that came to them was that of tiny waves, rippling against the shore, somewhere near.

"Not so bad?" said Forster, at last, breaking a long silence.

"Say, this is the life!" said Vera, with a sigh, as if she were waking out of a dream. "It's sure got the hash houses I've been used to beaten! Gee! Imagine being able to do this all the time!"

"You poor kid!" said Forster. "It's a shame. Because this is the sort of thing you need! It would bring you out—to do all this—and other things you've never seen. You'll get there, too. You've got the real thing—the real talent. It'll be slow, of course—"

"I can wait!" said Vera, blissfully. "Gee! I—"

He leaned over the table toward her. One of her hands, thin, a little worn, lay on the cloth. He covered it, absently. She eyed him closely, but made no move to free it.

"Why shouldn't you wait?" he said, eagerly. "Why shouldn't you have it all—right now—while you're young and can enjoy it? With me? Don't you know I was wild about you the first time I saw you? Won't you let me?"

Vera straightened up, looking at him with a suppressed excitement in her eyes.

"Gee! You're sudden!" she said. "Ain't that a bromide, though? I guess every girl that ever gets proposed to really must say that, though I never thought so before! Say, do you really mean it? Sure—why not? I've got to get married some time, and you—"

She stopped as she saw the look of horror in his eyes. She had to turn away—lest he see the mirth that lit her own.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)



She is Quite Some Girl, is Anna Luther!

Dauntless Anna Luther

DO YOU like to hear about a girl who is very much alive? A girl who loves to ride and swim and drive a motor? A girl who would dare anything—and win out? A girl of many moods—one who runs the gamut from sweetest effeminacy to tomboy mischievousness—all in the same day? And a girl—who, withal, has the face of Sarah Bernhardt! The same poetic mouth—the half glad, half sad eyes, the same pathetic wonderful expression and the same weird mop of unruly red hair.

People who look upon Anna Luther predict that she will become a great actress—and this even before seeing her work. The genius face decides them. On a dare, one time she swam all the way from New York to Brighton Beach. When the following rowboat finally picked her up the girl was almost unconscious. They rubbed her chilled body and forced brandy between her blue lips. Finally they began to get frightened. Then it was that Anna Luther opened her dauntless gray eyes.

"I did it, didn't I?" she said.

She has gone up in an aeroplane while she was at St. Augustine, Florida, with the Southern branch of the Lubin Company. She has driven a high-power car in a picture—and knew scarcely a thing about its workings at the time.

She was blown up in a yacht—also for picture purposes, during her stay in St. Augustine. She has many medals given her for swimming. She is also the proud possessor of several silver cups won in tango contests. Although Miss Luther is a great outdoor girl, she also happens to be an excellent dancer. In fact, she has been called the best amateur tango dancer in America.

She is an odd mixture of sweet sentiment and boyish assertiveness. She loves her work—and she works hard. And she plays hard, too. Her personality is very clean cut. Once met, Anna Luther is never forgotten. She dresses in a style particularly her own, and there isn't a better dressed girl in all Philadelphia. Her car happens to be a low little dark blue Mercer. Her ambition is—simply this—to be a good actress.

"Not a great actress," she says—"Just a good one. I laugh and smile a great deal—and people don't always think that I am in earnest. But I am—very much so. And all my heart is in my work!"

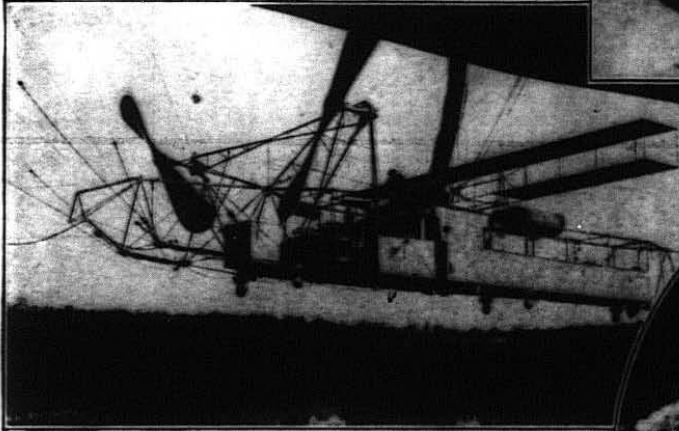
After several months with the Reliance Company Miss Luther came to Philadelphia to work with the Lubin people. She is at present doing some nice things at their Philadelphia Studio.

Two Bitter Enemies

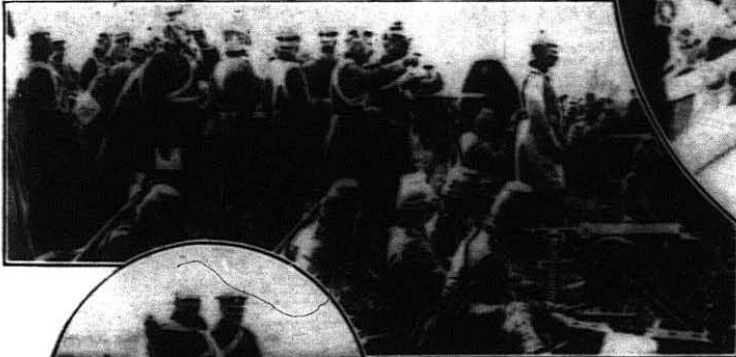
Pictures of the
German and
Russian Armies
in the Field



© Underwood & Underwood
The Hardest Fighters of the Czar's Army are the Cossacks, the Rough Riders of the Russian Plains. This Picture Shows Members of the 6th Regiment Forming a "Hollow Square"

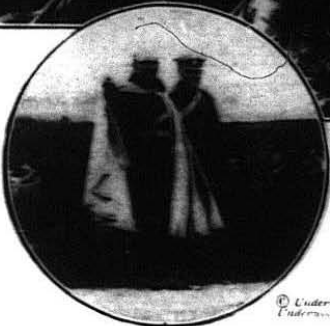


© Underwood & Underwood
A Close-Up View of One of Russia's Immense Dirigibles Which That Country is Using in Spying on the Movements of Germany. An Officer is Seen Standing on the Bridge Directly in Front of the Engine Room. The Cabin is Directly Below and to the Rear of the Bridge and Accommodates 6 to 8 Men Easily



© Underwood & Underwood

The German Kaiser Directing, with Forefinger, His Army in the Field. In the Foreground is Seen One of the New Rapid Fire Guns Recently Adopted by the German Army. These Guns Throw 600 Shells a Minute



Kaiser Wilhelm and One of His Sons in the Field



© International News Service

The German Kaiser and His Six Sons. (From Left to Right According to Their Ages) Crown Prince Wilhelm, Prince Eitel Frederick, Prince Adalbert, Prince August Wilhelm, Prince Oscar, and Prince Joachim



Photo by International News Service

The Most Recent Photograph of the Czar of Russia Reviewing One of His Crack Regiments

Death-Dealing Air Craft

How They Are Being Used in War

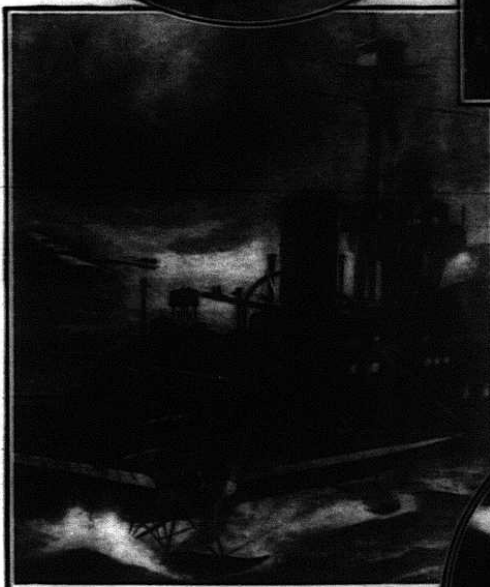
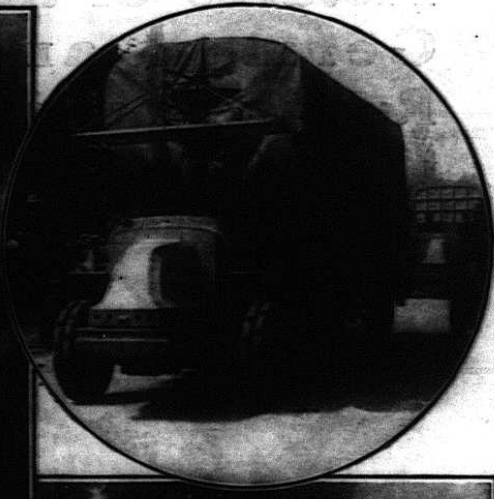
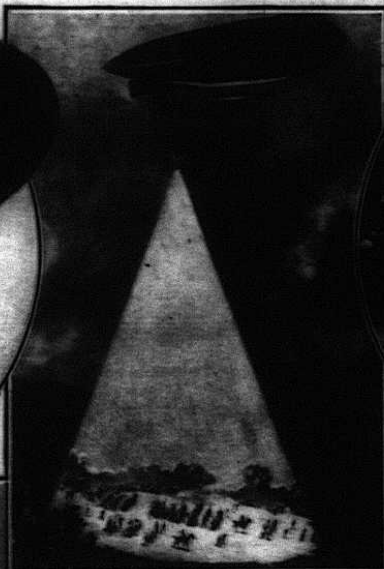
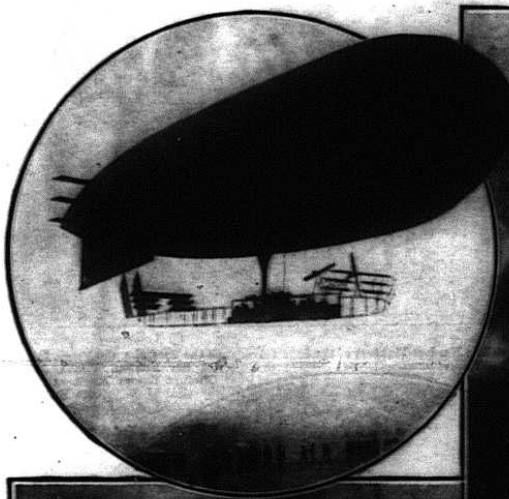


Photo by The International News Service
Aeroplanes and Hydroplanes Skimming About Dreadnoughts

© Underwood & Underwood
The French Army's New Dirigible Giant (Upper Left Hand Corner) in the Act of Rising. The Vessel is 75 Feet Long and is Driven by Two Eighty Horse-Power Motors

Photo by The International News Service
In the Center is Seen a Dirigible Dropping a Parachute Containing a Powerful Searchlight to Point Out the Enemy for the Benefit of Its Gunners

Photo by The International News Service
A French Army Automobile Carrying an Aeroplane Passing Through a Street in Paris During the Mobilization is Pictured in the Upper Right Hand Corner

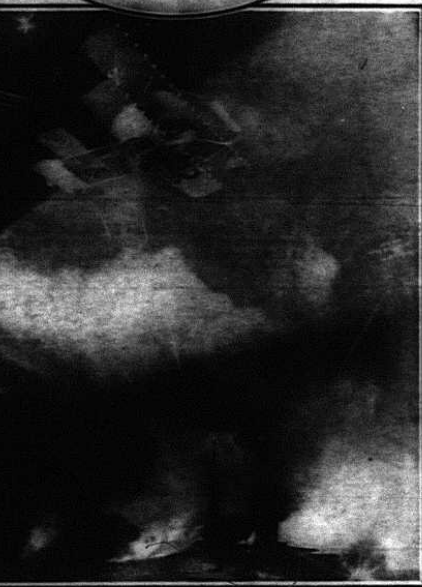


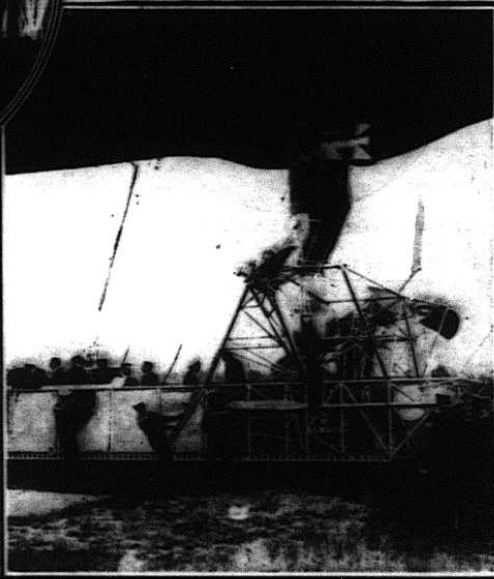
Photo by The International News Service
An Artist's Idea of How Aeroplanes Drop Bombs on the Decks of the Big Battleships Setting Them Afire



Photo by The International News Service
The English Battleship Fleet Off Spithead Photographed at Night. The Vessels Illuminate the Sky with Powerful Searchlights to Guard Against An Attack by Air Craft

Photo by Underwood & Underwood
A German Dirigible Hovering Over the Emperor's Fleet Which is Guarding the Kiel Canal

Photo by The International News Service
A Close View of the Cage of the "Parasol" One of England's Latest Type of War Balloons

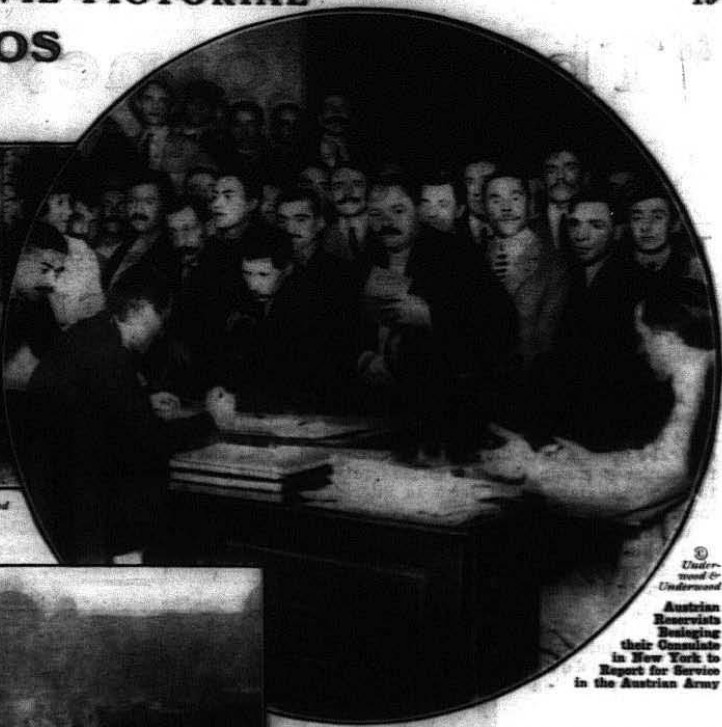


INTERESTING PHOTOS OF THE WAR



© Underwood & Underwood

A Section of the Duke-Ovens of the German Commissary Department Which Turns Out 16 000 Loaves of Bread Each Day for the Kaiser's Fighting Forces



© Underwood & Underwood

Austrian Reservists Waiting their Comrades in New York to Report for Service in the Austrian Army



© Underwood & Underwood

A Street Scene in the Austrian Capital Showing the Intense Excitement in Vienna

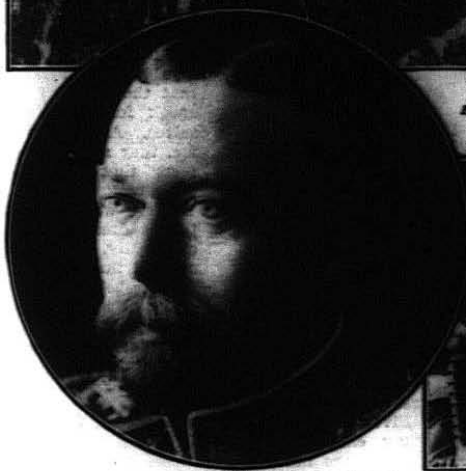


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

The Latest Photograph of King George Who Bent Every Energy and Effort to Avoid War Between Germany, Russia, and France



Photo by The International News Service

A Concealed Gun on the German Border. There are Scores of Such Ambushes Along the Russian Frontier

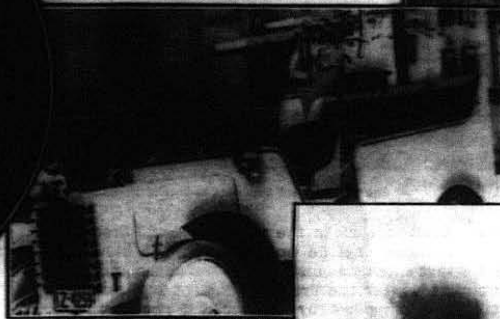
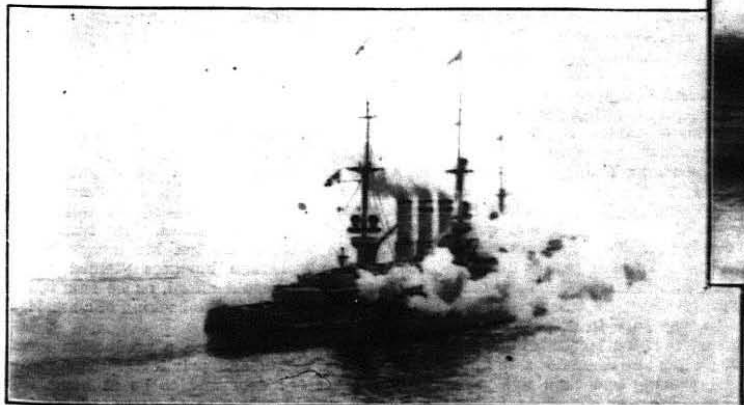


Photo by The International News Service

A German Army Auto Bearing a Special Machine Gun for Use in Destroying Aeroplanes and Balloons



© Underwood & Underwood

One of the Largest of Germany's Dreadnoughts Firing a Broadside

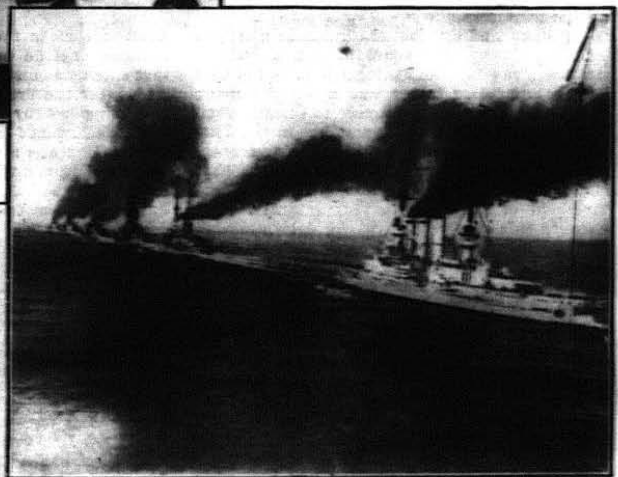


Photo by Underwood & Underwood

A Division of Germany's Fighting Craft in Battle Array

"The Attorney's Decision"

Which Involves the Honor and Happiness of the Woman He Loved

ADAPTED FROM THE SCENARIO OF M. B. HAUERY

By ROBERT KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE LUBIN FILM

IT was while he was waiting in a remote railroad station for a train to carry him back to his home town that John Travers, by mere chance, read of the engagement of Alice West and Norris Dacre. The society columns never appealed to him; he had, however, read everything else in the paper, even to the advertisements. And so, with a smile of tolerant amusement for those who took such trifling stuff seriously, he glanced over the list of functions and the ordinary gossip that newspapers print of those whose amusements seem to interest so many readers.

As he read the brief item he started. His face whitened; then a wave of angry color spread over it. Throwing the paper away he began to pace the platform.

He had been called away on this trip, owing to sudden complications in an important receivership, in which he figured as counsel for the receiver, at a critical stage in his relations with Alice West. But—he had seen her the night before his sudden departure, and there had been nothing in her attitude to indicate that she did not fully understand. For some years he had known her rather well, ever since, in fact, they had been children together, and close neighbors. But, with the coming of maturity, both had seen hitherto unsuspected things in one another. Their friends smiled wisely when their names were mentioned; the whole city, indeed, looked for the announcement of their engagement and considered the match as made.

Only a scrupulous sense of honor had restrained Travers from asking her to be his wife long before. Her father was a wealthy man; he was not prepared to propose to the girl until he was in a position to support her in the comfort to which she was entitled. Travers enjoyed a comfortable income; comfortable, that is, for a bachelor. And now he was on the threshold of his first great opportunity. The issue of this receivership would determine his future, at least for some years to come. Successful, he would step at once into first place among the younger lawyers of the city. It would mean an assured position; an income that would justify him in asking any girl to share it.

Failure would not push him down; it would mean only a postponement of his success. Everyone connected with the law, and with the larger mercantile and corporate interests of the city recognized that John Travers was the coming man among the younger lawyers. But he wanted to be sure.

The trip from which he was just returning had settled matters. Failure was impossible now. He had seized the chance that had been suddenly laid open before him, acting with a vigor and a readiness to assume responsibility that were wholly characteristic of him. And he was well rewarded for having taken a chance. He might have been badly beaten; as it was,

courage had accomplished wonders, as it nearly always will. It was one of his axioms that success was not to be had without risking defeat; that caution, while a good thing, might well be overdone.

The news of the girl's engagement, however, drove his personal and professional triumph quite out of his mind. He was not the sort to have his life ruined by the defection of a



She was Married Suddenly to Norris Dacre

woman; even in the moment of the first shock he knew that he would survive the blow. But that shock was distinct; it was sharp and heavy. And, after the first moments of realization, he was consumed by a great and growing anger. True, he had not declared himself in so many words. She was not bound to him, technically. But, morally, she was under a certain obligation to him. At least, it was cruel, it was bitterly unfair, for her to allow him to learn of her decision in such a way. For she had known; she would not be a woman did she not know his feelings and his intentions, and did she not discern, despite his silence, the reasons for his reserve. They were reasons that were honorable; that much he knew. And so he was angry.

And his anger persisted, moreover, while he made his way back, on slow trains, and in considerable discomfort, to the city. He was at white heat when he reached her home. He wondered if she would see him—it was quite possible, he reflected, that she would not. But Alice West had a courage as fine and as high as his own. She had known from the first that she must face Travers; that he was entitled to the explanation he was sure to demand. And she was not the sort to shirk meeting him.

"Alice!" he said, when she came down to him, after keeping him waiting less than five minutes. "Is it true? Are you going to marry Dacre?"

"Yes," she said, almost coldly.

The calmness of her reply, the immobility of her face, wrung a cry of anguish from him. For a moment she showed her emotion. But for a moment only. The next instant her face was frozen again.

"Alice!" he cried. "Didn't you know? Didn't you understand that it was agony for me not to speak before I went away—and that I couldn't do it, until I had won my fight, until I could lay something more than my love at your feet? Alice—you let me think you cared, too! You let me think you wanted to share my hopes—that you cared whether or not I succeeded."

"I am sorry, John," she said, very gently. "I think I have given you good cause to hate me—to despise me. But—all I can say is that I am sorry, and that I hope you can soon forget."

He stared at her incredulously.

"You admit everything, and that is all you can say—that you are sorry!" he cried. "Alice, am I to believe that you are nothing but a flirt, that you are the sort to play fast and loose?"

"You must believe what you will," she said. "There is nothing more that I can say. I—I am afraid that the facts must speak for themselves. And, believe me, they are facts—facts that nothing can alter."

There was in her tone a dreadful sort of finality. He recognized that quality. And, rebelling furiously, he had still to admit defeat. He left her, almost hating her. And two

days later she was married, suddenly and with great haste, to Norris Dacre.

Five years of marriage are enough to work many changes, as a rule. Sometimes the changes are normal, and those that everyone expects, or, at least, hopes for. But in the case of the Dacres this was not so. They had grown apart. They had had few interests in common in the beginning; the years had not drawn them together. Alice, interested in art, in music, in the higher forms of literature and the drama, found herself compelled to live a life entirely individual.

Dacre, in repose, in relaxation, typified the tired business man. He found his amusement in entertainments of the most primitive sort. He had prospered, materially; he was held to be a very rich man. And he had sought diversion, as well as profit, by his investments, if investments they could properly be called, in certain theatrical enterprises. In truth, he cared little whether he got his money back, even. His brokerage business yielded enormous profits; he could afford, as he saw it, to lose many thousands in the backing of a musical comedy.

For the backing of such a production gave him certain rights and privileges. The right to use the stage door and to be at home behind the scenes was one of these, of course. And another was the right to secure places for

ladies who enjoyed his favor in the chorus, or even in the cast. Sometimes, too, he discovered young women in his pilgrimages to the region behind the scenes who pleased him greatly. His influence, as an "angel," was great, they hardly dared, even were they so disposed, to refuse him anything he wanted.

Alice Dacre was not ignorant of these things. It was impossible that she should be. Dacre was notorious in the city. His "love" affairs; his flirtations; his mistresses, were discussed everywhere. He spent money like water; scarcely one of the women he patronized failed to make more of a show than his wife. But, in justice to him, it must be admitted that this, at least, was not his fault. Alice had the privilege of charging anything she wanted to buy at all the leading stores; there was an account in her name, for instance, at the greatest jewelry store in the city. She had bought nothing there since it had been opened, and yet the house sent heavy bills to Dacre. But they were for purchases made by him, and delivered to the women of the half world.

Had Alice been willing to enter into his life, had she been ready to employ such arts to please him as came naturally to the loose women who took her place in his life, Dacre might have been, within certain well defined limits, true to her. But that she could not do. And so, with five years of marriage behind them, while both were still young, they were man and wife only in name. Only Alice's rather old fashioned view of marriage prevented a divorce. Marriage, in her eyes, was a sacrament. To her there was a solemn meaning to the words "Till death us do part."

Dacre, on his part, was very willing, though he had long since tired of Alice, for her to remain his wife. She was a protection to him. He was married; everyone knew he was married. And he was able, therefore, to pursue his career among women without the slightest danger of being entrapped or inveigled into a marriage with one of the designing sort. Any woman who entered into relations with him did so knowing that he was not free, and that he could not win his freedom. He was a free lance; he was responsible to no one. Or so he thought.

Meanwhile, Travers, as well as Dacre, had prospered. He had succeeded so brilliantly in his first big case that he had risen to a high position at the bar. And now, just about five years after the blow that Alice West's marriage had dealt him, he was persuaded, in consequence of a great wave of reform, to accept nomination, which was equivalent to election, as district attorney. He did not like criminal practice, but he took the place because it seemed to him that it was his duty to do so. There was much crookedness and corruption in the city, of a particularly insidious sort. And one of the first moves he was required to make, after his election, was an investigation, begun at the instance of the governor of the state, of certain brokers.

These brokers were not legitimate members of the stock exchange. They were really operating bucket shops on a

BLOOD WRITTEN "W"

"W" is for War—the Wreaths the victors Win—bright Weapons gleaming in long Waving lines and Weighted down With death—and Wealth and Wide dominions Wrested from the Weak—

"W" is for War—the Want and Woe and Waste, the Wide-spread suffering and Wanton devastation that follow in the Wake of marching men—the Wildness of lust unleashed—the teeming fields made Wilderness—the Wan and Wistful eyes of starving babes—

"W" is for War—the Weary, Wretched Women Who Work and Wait and Watch, Without hope and Weeping—Wives crucified upon the Wings of death and Wrapped about in the Weeds of Widowhood—Weeds Watered by the blood of those they loved—

"W" is for War—the Wounded, Writhing, Weak, in agony—the While the Wheeling vultures overhead Watch in grim and narrowing circles, Waiting until the White soul of him who died in Willing obedience to World Wisdom that Went Wrong shall face his Maker and ask "Why?"—

"W" is for War—and for the Worship that must be given even in the midst of Woe—even While those Who Worship Wonder at the Ways of God, Who permits upon the earth such Witness of His Wrath, the Which is Worse than hell.

huge scale. That is, they did not, except in rare cases, actually execute the orders their customers gave them. They simply gambled on the result. And so, when their customers lost, the profit went directly to the bucket shop men. This was against the law; it was, indeed, a criminal offence of the most serious sort. But for years these brokers, among whom Dacre was numbered, had held themselves above the law. They had been in alliance with the political ring that controlled the city; consequently they had been immune from prosecution.

Travers went after Dacre with a joyful zest. He was not ignorant of the way Dacre had treated Alice; the knowledge, naturally, added to the eagerness with which he determined to convict him. And his earliest investigations, conducted with great secrecy, made him certain that, no matter who escaped, Dacre could not

evidence against him, he spoke.

"Now I know I've got you, you crook!" he said. "There isn't money enough in the United States to buy me—on your account, Dacre. You're a crook. You're a scoundrel. You're lost to every impulse of decency. Get out of my sight and don't approach me again. I know all about you!"

In his extremity Dacre went home to the wife he had insulted and abused. He had some faint glimmering of her feeling, not for him, but for their marriage. And he was low enough, base enough, to want to use her to save himself now. To his surprise, he found her waiting for him.

"Norris," she said, quietly, "you know that I've never interfered with your business. But, there are strange stories about you. You are being accused of dreadful things. Are they true?"

"True?" he cried. "No! It's all a dirty lie! My enemies see a chance to ruin me, that's all! And your old friend John Travers has swallowed everything they've told him. He's going to try to smash me!"

And he rushed on frantically, shamelessly, with his plea to her to use her influence with Travers in his behalf. At first she refused utterly. But he swayed her in the end. There were tears in his eyes as he made his final appeal.

"I know I've been a rotter!" he cried. "But, Alice—if you save me now I'll reform! I swear I will! We'll go away together and make a new start!"

He had touched the one chord to which she could respond. And so, in the end, she went to Travers. Somehow, she humiliated herself to the point of appealing to him. And she prevailed. Reluctantly he agreed to lighten Dacre's burden.

But, even while she made this sacrifice, Dacre was planning a final and crushing betrayal and humiliation for her. Hitherto, in all his affairs with women, he had been cold and ruthless. But now, for the first time, he was infatuated with a little cabaret singer. For this woman, utterly abandoned, anxious only for his money, he was actually prepared to do what he had never even thought of before, openly to abandon his wife. His financial troubles hastened his plans. And he

He was the head of the whole crooked business.

It was not long before Dacre himself grew aware of the danger that threatened him. But he was slow enough in realizing the peril to give Travers time enough to get him in the toils. When Dacre finally understood, he was almost hopelessly involved. Travers, in the vernacular, "had the goods on him." Panic seized him at once. High, loose living had sapped his energies; his original courage had deserted him. And, badly frightened, he made the egregious blunder of going to Travers with the offer of a bribe!

Travers heard him out, quietly. He listened to Dacre's plea; finally, when Dacre had offered him the great sum of fifty thousand dollars to destroy the



Dacre, Suspecting Her Plan, Had Followed Her

(Continued on page 29)

Feature Film Reviews

Reviewed by Vanderheyden Fyles

My Official Wife

A five part drama of Russia, by Richard Henry Savage. Picturized by Marguerite Bertsch. Photographed and produced by the Vitagraph Company of America, Vitagraph Theatre, New York.

Arthur Bainbridge Lennox.....Harry T. Morey
Baron Friedrick.....L. Rogers Lytton
Basile Weletsky.....Arthur Cozine
Sacha.....Earle Williams
Constantine Weletsky.....Charles Wellesley
Helene Marie.....Clara Kimball Young
Laura Lennox.....Rose Tapley
Marguerite.....Mary Anderson
Eugenie.....Eulalie Jensen
Olga.....Louise Beaudet
Sophie.....Helen Connelly

IT WOULD have required considerable ingenuity to make an uninteresting photoplay of "My Official Wife." The late Richard Henry Savage looked out for that long before he could have dreamed of motion-picture dramas as they are today. Few novels of the last half-century—or, for that matter, of any other time—have plots as gripping, active and exciting as the Colonel's book. For his inventiveness, he was rewarded by seeing his story "appropriated" for melodramas, farces, musical extravaganzas and almost every other sort of play. The screenplay produced by the Vitagraph Company is reasonably good—quite up to the average—but it could have been fifty per cent better if the producers had gone to the expense of engaging a scenario-writer, and a producer as well, of imagination. It really seems a thousand pities to have wasted such exceptional material in turning out a film that is only up to the average.

The story of "My Official Wife" is known to almost everyone, in one form or another. Arthur Bainbridge Lennox is a successful American business man of middle age and conventional type, very susceptible to feminine allurements, but prosaic and not unfaithful to his wife. Their daughter has married a Russian nobleman. Some point in connection with her settlement calls the Lennoxes to Russia. They are in Paris. At the last moment, Mrs. Lennox feels ill, so her husband makes the trip alone. At the frontier, a beautiful woman in distress appeals to him. She has lost her passport. It is imperative that she get to St. Petersburg without delay. She introduces herself as the wife of an old friend of Lennox. In her predicament, she proposes that he take her across the border on his passport, made out for himself and wife. She will leave him as soon as they get into Russia. Lennox demurs; but finally the woman's charms overrule his objections and he takes her over the frontier.

Immediately he becomes aware that they are

watched. An official introduces himself, explaining that he is a relative or friend of the Lennoxes' son-in-law. He travels with them to St. Petersburg. Thus Lennox and his "wife" are introduced to society in the capital in their false relationship before they quite realize what is happening. That is, the man is caught in a predicament he had not foreseen; the woman planned the whole thing. She is a Nihilist, sworn to avenge the murder of her parents by soldiers of the Czar.

The main scene of the novel, of the play, and of the photo-play, is a ball in St. Petersburg, which the Czar and Czarina have indicated their intention of attending. The Nihilist sees her opportunity. As Mrs. Arthur Bainbridge Lennox of New York, the Nihilist will have entry. She insists on going. In the lace and chiffon of her ball gown, she conceals a pistol. Lennox suspects as much. He makes sure. Under the protection of his name, she purposes murdering the Russian Emperor. The American is terrified. He knows that argument will be useless, while exposure will involve himself, his absent daughter and even his wife. Almost at the last moment, he recalls a very powerful drug he has been taking to induce sleep, which has deserted him since his realization of the perils his official wife has plunged him into. He dissolves a strong dose in the glass of punch he hands her after dancing. She swallows it and collapses almost at the foot of the royal dais, her weapon in her hand.

The film-play, made by Marguerite Bertsch, tells this interesting story lucidly and with good dramatic effect, though the humor that lightened and humanized Colonel Savage's narrative—arising chiefly from the comic aspect of a commonplace, middle-aged American business man plunged into the vortex of romance, anarchy and murder—is wholly lacking. Evidently it was deliberately avoided. Perhaps Miss Bertsch thought audiences would not accept simultaneously the horror of Russian tyranny and the humor of an agitated philanderer in a check suit. Still, she might have put some trust in Colonel Savage's discernment. If he never ranked high as a litterateur, he unquestionably was a past-master of the art of story telling—and he certainly did not "write over the heads" of any of us.

The most serious shortcoming of "My Official Wife" as done by the Vitagraph Company is its lack of "atmosphere." A few good views suggest Russian desolation, but for the most part the hubbub might be going on in Rahway or Jamaica Plains. That is what reduces what might have been a sensational film to just an ordinarily good one. Clara Kimball Young appears as the Nihilist, and is not only eloquent and dramatic but very beautiful. She was an ideal choice for the part. The scenario-writer has eliminated practically all character from the other persons in the story, so all the other actors have to do is to fill up space. A few very vivid views of convicts trudging through the drifting snows of Siberia are uncommonly impressive and show what might have been achieved. The sinking of the yacht on which the adventurers seek to escape from Russia is about as thrilling as a moonlight chromo on the walls of an ice-cream parlor.

The Scales of Justice

A five-reel adaptation of the drama of the same name by John Rhinehart. Produced by the Famous Players' Film Company, Strand Theatre, New York.

Robert Darrow.....Paul McAllister
Frank Dexter.....Harold Lockwood
Walter Elliott.....Hal Clarendon
Philip Russell.....Mark Price
Edith Russell Dexter.....Jane Fearnley
Alice Dexter.....Catherine Lee
Angelina.....Mary Blackburn
Miss Tripp.....Beatrice Moreland

THE only thing that is not familiar about "The Scales of Justice" is the absence of yellow paper covers. People in our parents' and grandparents' days used to read that sort of "romance of love and martyrdom;" we can see it: that is the only difference. But there are advantages in a story so obvious and so old, acted by characters who immediately label themselves. For instance, if one's attention should wander to the fact that one had come out without stopping to order anything sent in for dinner, it is the simplest thing to run out, do the marketing, and getting back within the hour, pick up the plot without any doubt at all as to what transpired in one's absence.



The Horse Thief Accuses Elliott of the Murder

Edith is the fair and tender granddaughter of Mr. Russell of Russellville, one of those stern old patriarchs who are born solely to turn female virtue from their doors—preferably in a snowstorm, if that can be arranged. Although it goes against tradition, it must be admitted that Mr. Russell has right on his side. His granddaughter is determined to marry Frank Dexter (a name that any melodrama fan could tell her should arouse suspicion) and the old man sees that he is worthless. He disinherits her and turns her out to search for the most disheartening garret left standing since the days of "Under the Gaslight." Edith finally finds the garret and her husband finds the nearest booze emporium. One day, while rolling from one gin-mill to another, Frank Dexter is struck by a motor-car and killed (thus driving home the moral that it is a wise lark that sticks to one bar).

The accident to Dexter introduces the hero of the play, acted by Paul McAllister, who, with Jane Fearnley, the impersonator of Edith, is "featured" in the piece by the Famous Players' Film Company. The photography, by the way, is uncommonly good, even for this firm. Mr. McAllister is Robert Darrow, a young lawyer with a heart that almost bursts through his bosom. Darrow takes charge of the injured man, who presently expires; and thus he comes to know Edith. Also, Edith's child—for you must know there is a child. She is a little angel, sent from heaven to wheedle Grandpa Russell as deftly as a showgirl with a banker's chinless son and heir. Darrow has endeavored to reconcile old Russell and his granddaughter, but it is really little Alice who turns the trick. She kisses him somewhere between the nape of his neck and his baldspot, and grandpa is as putty in her hands. It would be interesting to hear more about little angel Alice when she grows up.

Edith's troubles are by no means over. Grandpa has forgiven her and made a new will; but two more reels are yet to show. When he turned her from his door, the old man adopted Walter Elliott (Hal Clarendon), son of an old friend, and made him his heir. After his reconciliation with Edith and the alterations in his will, Elliott falls in with the old man's wishes; that is, that his daughter and his adopted son



The Usurer Hand in "The Scales of Justice"

(Continued on page 32)



A Frail Little New England Lady Who Was Born and Brought Up in Boston Presides Over This Great Workroom and Directs the Activities of Twelve People

The Wardrobe Lady

She Has Become One of the World's Greatest Costumers

YOUR attention, good Sir and Madam, is called to the title of this article—"The Wardrobe Lady"—

especially to the word lady. As a matter of fact, all who know the little lady I have in mind as the subject of this story—and most people in the motion picture profession do—would naturally use the word lady in preference to the more commonly used word, woman.

Suppose we call her Mrs. Smith, for the sake of convenience, though of course that is not her name. If I wrote down the illustrious name she was born to, there are members of her family, close relatives, who might see this article and say:

"How extremely annoying! Really Amelia should be more careful. One of these days she will be telling everybody exactly who she is." Most embarrassing, what? They need have no fear, however, for Mrs. Smith hates the very idea of publicity, which is the reason why I would not, for anything, use her own name.

She is not an imposing person, this gentle little lady. She is tiny and frail, and her dress, though it is always becoming, is usually shabby. Her hair is soft and wavy and gray and her voice is soft, and her eyes are getting a little dim—she needs stronger glasses every year. There is a wistful look about them, and a wistful smile about her mouth, and over all an air of refinement and dignity that one seldom meets with nowadays.

Mrs. Smith comes of New England stock. She was born and brought up in Boston, where she was taught to speak a little French, to embroider beauti-

By WILLIAM RICHARDS

fully, to courtesy gracefully, as well as to dance the stately old-fashioned dances and to sing old-fashioned ballads to her own accompaniment. She was very good, very pretty in a fragile way, and very much discontented with her very dull and uninteresting life, which fact is very significant. Most girls of her class were very well content. Her father and mother, and her elder brother and sister were very kind and very cold to her. They did not believe in any demonstrations of affection.

Now Amelia Smith wanted to be loved. She wanted to be caressed and kissed with real affection instead of receiving the perfunctory salutes with which the family honored her. And most of all she wanted to play. How she envied the boys and girls who were allowed to romp

and run on the Common or in the Botanical Gardens near her house. And sometimes she did manage to get away and have a hilarious game of tag, only to be found by one of the family and taken home, rebellious and hot and rosy cheeked.

But families are very stupid. Amelia's love of romping, her "tomboy" inclinations, caused the family to meet in solemn conclave and it was decided that Amelia was to be sent to a finishing school for "young ladies" and to a finishing school "up state" she went, in spite of her most vehement protestations. Amelia was seventeen at the time. And it was while she was attending this school that she met the good looking son of the local Justice of the Peace, and this in spite of the close watch which the head of the school kept on her girls.

At eighteen she ran away with this young man and married him—but alas! his father dis-

owned him and her family, while offering her a home, refused to allow her husband to enter their house, or even to see her. The youngsters—they were mere children—did their best, but after a two years' bitter struggle against poverty and illness, the boy died.

When Amelia, a sorrowful, pathetic little figure, appeared before her family they told her plainly and coldly that they were willing to give her enough money for her bare living expenses, but that they refused to let her live in the same town with them, an everlasting disgrace to the proud name they bore. It was then that the same blood that flowed in their veins, the blood of generations of proud ancestors, asserted itself, and Amelia refused their



Costumes of Every Description are Made in the Studio and Kept on Hand Ready for any Emergency

terms, absolutely and without any hesitation. She had but one accomplishment that would be of any practical value to her, and that was her ability to do beautiful embroidery and fine sewing. After several disappointments, she obtained work with a dressmaker at starvation wages, it is true, but in a small shop where she quickly learned all that her "boss" knew and more.

She took the fancy of an actress, a famous one too, who told her that she was wasting her time with ordinary dressmaking and that her talent for quaint effects would have a better market with some theatrical costumers. She backed this up by getting Amelia a place in such an establishment in New York and after a while took her along as maid on her tours. The years drifted on and Mrs. Smith worked first with one theatrical company and then another and finally became what is known as a wardrobe woman. She finally landed in a well known San Francisco house which supplies the west coast with costumes, but as she grew older her usefulness decreased and her sewing became faulty and she was discharged. Too proud to apply to her own people she tried everything she could think of and finally took to selling papers in the streets to get enough to eat. It was while at this occupation that the actress who first took her up discovered her, bought her clothes and took her to her hotel. She was with a motion picture manufacturing concern now—she too was older and past leads and was doing character parts, and she went to the manager of the concern and told him that she knew of a little woman who could not only look after the wardrobe but who had a genius for designing and whose education embraced every historical era. Thus it was that Mrs. Smith found comparative rest and a haven of refuge and the motion picture concern found a treasure.

The costume department of this particular company is far more comprehensive than that of any theatrical supply house. It covers the

the property man came, together with the assistant director and a long, long list of what would be required. And here is where the genius of little Mrs. Smith came in. The period was described and among other things a particular costume was wanted and Mr. Assistant Director described the costume.

"Oh no," remarked Mrs. Smith, "that would not be quite correct you know." And she proceeded to tell the men just what was right for the period and backed up her arguments with a book she selected from her small library.

In the end they left it all to her, which was just what she wanted. Then ensued a long interview with the designer after which Mrs. Smith went down town and ordered the necessary goods and the next day the sewing machines were busy making classical costumes for over one hundred extra people as well as

So and So (mentioning one of the principals). She treats me with unvarying courtesy and friendliness. Once a week she will insist that I go home with her in her automobile and take dinner with her. Then there is my old friend who got me my position. She is always pleased and if there is anything which does not suit her she will call me to her dressing room and point it out, for things will not always go right and she knows it. Last week she came to my desk just as one of the young actresses who is



So Great Has Been the Vogue of the Costume Play, That Every Studio Has a Large Stock of Quaint and Graceful Ones



One Hundred and Fifty of These Pirate Costumes Were Made in One Studio and are Now Kept in Stock, Ready for the Next Call



The Costumes Worn in "How the Earth Was Carpeted" Were Wonderful, and Mary Fuller, as the Caliph's Daughter was Particularly Magnificent

top floor of an enormous building built for the purpose, the lower floor being used as a property room. At one end of the top floor, the workroom is situated and here a dozen men and women work. One man operates an up-to-date pressing machine and not far off is a modest desk where Mrs. Smith holds her gentle sway, taking orders from the property men through their directors, and directing the dozen people under her. A special designer with his drawing board works near a window and behind them all are rows upon rows of costumes hanging on racks from rollers which are suspended clear across the building. On shelves innumerable are hats of every shape and size, boots, shoes and even gloves—there are very few wants indeed which cannot be immediately supplied.

A big four-reel costume play was about to be put on while I was talking to Mrs. Smith and

their costumes. When one of the big firms started making some of their own the city costume houses were wrathful and one or two even refused to supply them at any time and in so doing they ruined themselves with that firm. For it was decided then and there to put in their own tailoring and dressmaking departments and not to be dependent upon outsiders for their needs.

I asked Mrs. Smith at one time how she was treated. "They are a delightful lot of people as a general rule," she said, "and I get far better treatment now than I did when I was with the theatres. I find that when there is rudeness or trouble that it does not come from those higher up but from the little people and especially from the extra women who seem to think that they create a better impression if they adopt a supercilious air and speak rudely. Now take Miss

for every member of the company. The cost was large, of course, but nothing to what it would have been to hire those same costumes for the period over which the making of the photoplay would extend and the hired costumes would not have been as good. It is in such matters as these that the improvement in the manufacturing of films is so marked. Not so very long ago companies were content to go on hiring

young actresses demanded it should be and was brought to me by the assistant director who wanted to know 'who the dickens made it—the period was wrong.' I did not say anything but my friend did when she heard of the incident.

"It is astonishing how much we do in a day here. The work starts very early in the morning and I am here at seven. The costumes are given out every morning according to the requirements of each company and an account of every item going out is kept and the costumes, etc., are returned every evening and checked off. This sounds cumbersome but it is not, it is merely a matter of system and saves time. This morning, for instance, we gave out a number of sea faring costumes and several officers' costumes to one company who started off for the beach. Another producer was supplied with sixty Colonial costumes for men and women, and another with fifty fancy ball costumes.

"Added to this there were seven other companies which required costumes of one sort or another and all of them will be returned before I leave tonight. Yes, it is hard work, but I find it very pleasant. As wardrobe woman with a travelling company I found the work even more arduous and certainly more unpleasant."

The last time I saw little Mrs. Smith I took her a bunch of flowers and an old engraving of the Back Bay district in Boston. It must have awakened memories for there were tears in her eyes as she thanked me. I told her friend, the character woman, of the incident and she said

"Don't you worry about Mrs. Smith. When she wants to retire she will never want for a home for she shall come with me and I will be glad to have her."

But it looks as though the "little wardrobe lady" would be able to retire on her own savings at the rate she's going now—which is even nicer when you come to think of it.

"Their Worldly Goods"*A Young Husband's Thoughtlessness Almost
 wrecks His Marriage*

TWO-REEL AMERICAN FILM

CAST

Frank Mason.....	William Garwood
Betty Mason, his wife.....	Vivian Rich
Fred Roberts.....	Harry Von Meter
Mrs. Vonburg.....	Louise Lester
Mrs. Bell, fashionable society woman.....	Charlotte Burton
Mrs. Smythe.....	Edith Borella
Mat Dorgan, of the underworld.....	Jack Richardson

SYNOPSIS

BETTY MASON had been married for some months before she discovered that marriage has its drawbacks. The reason for this was petty enough; it was simply that she could not persuade her young husband, who was infatuated with her, but deeply engrossed in his business, that she needed a new gown. Like most men, he couldn't see that the charmingly becoming dress his wife was to wear to Mrs. Vonburg's dance was shabby. And, of course, he had no conception of what a young and pretty woman suffers in wearing the same dress many times. It is Frank's refusal to get her the new dress that changes the adoring and adorable Betty into the bitter young woman who takes from her husband's wall safe half of the money he has placed there. And it is probable that Betty's deceit would ultimately have ruined her marriage, if fate had not sent one Mat Dorgan to attempt a burglary of the house. Betty summons all her nerve and manages to fight him off until the police arrive and take him into custody. When Frank comes and begins to praise Betty for her bravery, she breaks down and confesses that it was she who had taken the money out of the safe. But in the talk that follows, Frank comes to realize Betty's situation and from that time on everything he owns is really hers as well.

Jack Richardson Plays the Part
 of a Thief

Betty is Alone in the House When a Rough
 Looking Man Comes Begging for Food

Vivian Rich is Always
 Charmingly Vivacious

William Garwood Plays
 the Part of a Thoughtless
 Young Husband. Knowl-
 edgely Well

In Some Way Betty is Able to Fight Off Dorgan Until the Police
 Arrive and Take Him Into Custody

No More Men can Realize What a Tragedy It is
 for a Young and Beautiful Woman to Have to Wear
 the Same Dress Again and Again

At the Vonburgs' Ball, Betty did not, for One
 Instant, Forget the Fact That Her Charming
 Evening Gown Was Woefully Shabby



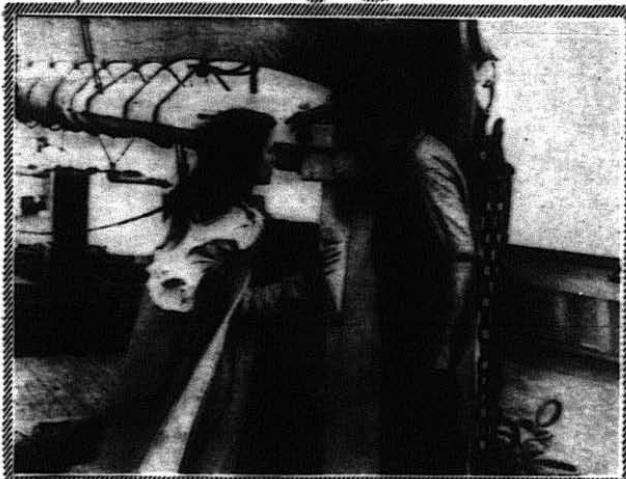
Frank Farrington Plays the Part of Braine, Leader of the Conspirators



Having Assumed Braine's Disguise, Jim Norton Carries Out Braine's Plan of Being Put Ashore with His "Daughter" By the Captain of the Freighter



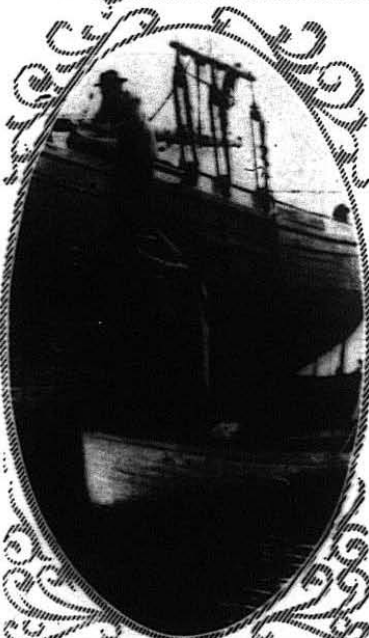
Sidney Bracey who Plays the Part of Jones the Butler



The Sight of Her Lover's Face and the Sound of His Voice, Instantly Restore Florence's Reason



So Dear His Florence Returns to the Fisher Folk Who Rescued Her, That They Refuse to Let Braine, Disguised as Her Father, Take Her Away



The Freighter on Which Jim Norton is Shanthaied, is the Very One Which Picks Up the Survivors of the Conspirators' Ill-Fated Yacht

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

Thanhouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

Episode 10—Shanghaied

ALL STAR CAST

Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire... Alfred Norton
Florence Gray, his daughter... Florence LaBadie
Jones, Hargreave's butler... Sidney Bracey
The Countess Olga... Marguerite Snow
Braine, leader of the Black Hundred...

Frank Farrington
Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter... James Cruze
Susan Farlow, Florence's companion... Lila Chester

SYNOPSIS

AFTER Florence's disappearance from the steamer sailing for Europe, the conspirators move heaven and earth to find out what has become of her. Members of their band, cleverly disguised, are sent up and down the eastern coast trying to get some word of her rescue or death. Other members manage to trap Norton, beat him into unconsciousness and he wakes up aboard an old tramp freighter—shanghaied. One day Florence sees a man struggling for his life in the surf and rescues him. He proves to be one of the conspirators, although she, of course, does not recognize him. He hastens back to New York immediately and reports his "find" to Braine. Disguised and posing as her father, Braine goes back to the village and tries to get the fisherman who had rescued Florence to give her up. This he refuses to do, but the next day Braine and Vroon manage to carry her away by main force. On board the palatial yacht which they have chartered, Florence is held a prisoner. When they are two nights out she sets the yacht on fire, and unable to check the flames, all on board put off in the lifeboats. Some hours later they are picked up by a tramp steamer. Florence meets Jim Norton and immediately her reason is restored. And Norton, by surprising Braine, manages to bind and gag him and leave him helpless in the cabin. Then, disguised in Braine's clothes, he and Florence are put ashore, safe for a time at least.



It Happens to be One of the Conspirators Whom Florence Sees Struggling in the Surf and Rescues

The Moving Picture Game

III--The Scenario Student Sets a World's Record

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY E. DAN NICE

THUS far during my residence in Los Angeles I had managed to evade the importunities of real estate agents who sought to induce me to buy a lot in one of the many beach towns near the city. An irrepressible broker finally "landed" me, however, and I paid the first installment on a lot located on a hill near the ocean. Visiting the property one Sunday afternoon, several weeks after my exploit in setting the big mining-plant scene of the Filipino war drama, I strolled southward along the ocean shore and wondered where I was to obtain the idea for a fitting successor to my first successful attempt at creating a feature photoplay. When about two miles south of the town of Round Beach I arrived at a wild, picturesque spot called Clifton, where a perpendicular, flat-faced precipice of rock towers 125 feet above the ocean shore.

The sand beach at this point is of remarkable hardness and is almost as level as a floor for fully 150 feet oceanward from the base of the cliff wall. When the tide is at the full the water over the sand is about three feet deep. Making my way close to the cliff, at half tide, I halted and gazed admiringly at the beetling precipice and at the booming breakers on the level strand.

Remembering, with a feeling of elation, that a canyon-like nook of nature had afforded me success in my first work as a scenario novice, I wondered whether the cliff and shore could be used as the locale of spectacular, climatic scenes in a feature film. Then thoughts came to me that cavalry horses could dash madly across this floor of sand at full tide, that cavalry battle scenes in the surf would certainly be a novelty and that a multitude of spectators could gaze from the crest of the cliff down on thrilling engagements below.

While retracing my steps back to Round Beach I wondered if there were any seacoast battles in the Civil War. Sherman certainly reached the sea, I mused, and perhaps his men had some sort of a brush with the enemy along the coast. Visiting the Public Library the next day, I got Sherman's memoirs of his famous march and found to my delight that when he and his troops reached the city of Savannah, near the mouth of the river of that name, the rebel soldiers on guard at Fort McAllister, on the coast near Savannah, had a short fight with Sherman's men. I also found, in another Civil War history, an old wood-cut picture of Fort McAllister and, strangely coincidental, the historic cliff resembled somewhat in appearance, the precipice I had admired at Clifton.

I immediately wrote a rough sketch synopsis of a two-reel Civil War photodrama around a battle between Southern and Northern cavalrymen in the breakers near Fort McAllister. I supplied

the synopsis with a drawing I had prepared, showing the beach and precipice at Clifton. Going to Director McRane I began talking of my plans for a cavalry fight in the surf, but he told me he would prefer to have me visit his home that evening, so that we could have a long talk on the proposed war drama. At 8 o'clock in the evening I arrived at his residence and, after an hour's conversation, I had won McRane's approval of the project.

"We will stage this thing at full tide," said McRane, "and have a lot of the cavalrymen shot off their horses, their 'dead' bodies to float in the surf. After the battle I will have some southern women wade out into the breakers and rescue 'wounded' troopers. We can fill the air with burning hand grenades and use a couple of cannon on the cliff to shoot down on the cavalrymen. Write all those thrills into the script and we surely will make those languid Gothamites and Chicagoans lean a little bit forward in their seats when they see this thing on theater screens. These marine films also go well in all the middle states where the people never saw an ocean—except in pictures."

"How about publicity?" I asked. "Would it be all right for me to have press notices printed and get a crowd of spectators there?"

"Get a million if you want to," replied McRane. "Whoop it up. I'll give you two days to write the scenario and then you can slip the newspapers the dope on it."

During the succeeding two days I toiled from early morning until late at night on that two-reeler and then gave it to McRane.

Also I began to assist at preparing the setting for my play, and writing reading notices for the news columns of the papers.

Another part of my labor was the engaging of a gang of carpenters to construct two immense frame platform towers, for the use of McRane and his camera-man, the structures being placed far out in the ocean and weighted

with sand bags, to furnish vantage points for the camera-man to "shoot" the battle scenes with the face of the cliff as a background.

At 11 o'clock on the day of the battle, the wide, table land crest of the cliff showed a crowd of more than 15,000 people of all ages, sorts and conditions eager to witness the making of the films.

Besides the crowd on the cliff, fully 3,000 other spectators thronged the beach shore north and south of the base of the precipice and crowded in so near to McRane's great company of actresses, actors, cavalrymen and horses that for a time it was impossible to film scenes. Calling a score of troopers near him, McRane instructed them to ride near the masses of spectators on the beach sands and tell them that no scenes would be enacted unless they moved to the top of the cliff and thus got out of range of the camera. The strand was finally cleared of the eager onlookers and McRane began rehearsing the mounted soldiers in the scenes that showed how a band of fifty rebel cavalrymen met an equal number of Union horsemen near Fort McAllister and at once became closely involved in a rifle battle.

The incoming tide was then about two and a half feet deep over the strand with a narrow foot passage close to the base of the cliff where the sand was higher than the other part of the beach. Along this pathway beside the booming surf McRane raced to and fro, shouting his instructions to the troopers in the breakers.

Following a half-dozen rehearsals in the battle scenes, the camera-man placed his machine in a position on the sand north of the cliff and adjusted the device so that the lens would "see" southward and oceanward for a wide distance in front of the precipice. McRane stationed himself on a large driftwood box near the camera-man and waited until the two bands of horsemen had gotten into opposing positions to ride out and open fire. The multitude on the cliff and in the canyons near the precipice waited silently for the encounter. McRane put his hands to his mouth in megaphone style, the

camera-man grasped the handle of his cranking machine and then McRane began a rapid-fire fusillade of shouts to the horsemen, yelling:

"W-e-w-i-l-l m-a-k-e it! — C-a-m-e-r-a! — O-n-e T-w-o, T-h-r-e-e! — G-o! Come on there, you rebels! Move in, you Unionists! Begin firing! — You, Grant, throw those grenades! — You, Smith, up there, shoot the cannons! — Now, Bell, ride in and fight Haley with your sword! — Fall off your horses, you men I rehearsed!"

Spectacular indeed was the battle, the air filled with hurting, smoking grenades, the plunging, fighting cavalrymen guiding their steeds in the foaming waves, the cannons belching fire from the brink of the cliff. When



Come On There, You Rebels! Move In, You Unionists! Begin Firing

enough action had been caught on the winding negative film to satisfy McRane he shouted, "Stop, stop!" and the troopers ceased firing and rode in to the shallow water at the shore line. The scene-making was continued until 5:30 o'clock, when dusk set in. "A great day's work," said McRane, after he had told the players that operations at the cliff were completed and that everybody could go home. When we climbed out of the automobile at the studios it was 7:30 o'clock. Rannedy, the general manager of the concern, greeted us with:

"I don't want to hand you fellows anything rough after your hard day's work, but you've made such a corking success out of this drama that I don't dare to ship the film to the New York headquarters in only two reels. It is up to you to dope out another thousand feet of film at once and make a three-reeler out of this thing."

McRane and I both agreed cheerfully to this complimentary order and I went home with McRane. We began work immediately after dinner and kept it up until 2 o'clock in the morning, writing thirty-five additional scenes to the photodrama, one of them the explosion of a rebel troop train by Northern scouts. We pulled off this scene two days later on a branch line railroad track near Round Beach, first planting a lot of powder in newspapers set one foot deep in the dry earth across the track and along under the ends of the ties for 100 feet. We got the use of an old locomotive and four flat cars, "doctoring" the engine with an old-style smoke stack covering made out of black tin, which equipment was placed over the regular smokestack and made the locomotive look like the engines used in Civil War days.

An electric-battery wire was run 150 feet inland from the powder, to light a spark for the explosion. Some old barrel staves and pieces of boards were laid on the ground over the hidden powder, the flat cars were then loaded with seventy-five rebel soldiers and the locomotive engineer was told by McRane to move the train down the track beyond the powder. When this action had been performed, McRane signalled to the engineer, the latter brought the train toward the camera with a rush and the explosion followed, blowing up the ground between the camera and the train and making it appear that the entire railroad equipment had been destroyed, along with seventy-five unfortunate warriors and an engineer and a fireman.

The city newspapers had detailed reporters and photographers to "cover" the cavalry fighting in the surf and the blowing up of the troop train and they did the affairs full justice by printing long news articles and four-column and five-column pictures of the scenes. Meeting manager Rannedy with one of the newspapers in his hand, I said to him, somewhat familiarly: "Some publicity, eh?"

"Don't ever let anybody kid you into the idea that it aint some publicity," Rannedy replied, smiling with glee. "I've been trying to make the boss raise my salary and I think this will land the increase."

He hurried on to his office and I sought out the master scenario writer, Hazelton, and asked him if he had time to take another of our long walks into the hills near the studios. "You bet," he answered. "Come along, we will get out and commune with the greatest and kindest of all mothers, good old Dame Nature."



The Explosion Apparently Destroyed the Entire Railroad Equipment Together with Seventy-five Soldiers

"There are better days coming in this film-making art," said the chief scenario writer, "and sometime in the future every photodrama will

Mr. Wittermood's interesting story of his experiences will be continued in the issue of August 29.

Government Experts Use Moving Pictures

THE idea of a moving picture annex struck the Department of Agriculture officials some time ago, when the primal idea was to get pictures of stretches of road to use in demonstrations. Since then pictures have been taken of the boy corn growers, of demonstrations in canning and the like, and now they are preparing to take a picture of a seed germinating which will necessitate the use of the movie cameras for 48 hours.

The men operating the cameras are experts. All of them have served previously with the big film companies, and, as one official said of them, "they can take a picture of an earthquake and volcano in action at the same time and not once forget to turn the crank at so many revolutions a minute." Their nerve has been tested out on several occasions.

Not long ago, says the Washington Star, one of the operators decided, in conjunction with other work here, to photograph some of the animals at the Zoo. His first selection was one of the polar bears. Placing his camera between the bars, so that there was apparently nothing between him and the animal, the operator started to turn the crank. It took the polar bear about 15 seconds to decide that he did not want the glaring limelight of publicity turned on him. With a wild snort he leaped into the pool and began to swim toward the camera. As soon as he got close enough to give the affair a personal tinge the camera man grabbed

his machine and fled, leaving the bear in a state of stupefied astonishment.

Next the operator went to the cage of an old, dignified and short-tempered lion which was trying earnestly to sleep. The clack of the moving picture machine, continuing with steady insistence, slowly aroused him from his siesta. Stretching himself lazily, he arose and with his great head turned slightly sideways stared steadily at the camera and the movie man behind it.

Like the polar bear, the lion had no use for the camera. He was a conservative lion. After a while his lips drew back in a great snarl, and like a flash, he leaped at the movie man, with his mighty claws outspread. If the movie man had been quick when he dodged the polar bear he was like lightning now. When the lion thudded heavily against the bars of the cage the movie man was already at a safe distance from him.

Some days later they decided to give an exhibition of the pictures taken at the Zoo for the benefit of a few officials in the department. It was a sort of first-night performance. Foot after foot of the reel was run off, and the officials gazed with the bored tolerance of a veteran dramatic critic.

Then, of a sudden, they bounded out of their seats. They gazed at one another in awestricken silence. They were the amazed spectators to one of the greatest nature fakes when

be completely mapped out in a scenario department and no director will be allowed to take liberties with an artistic and original photodrama written by a first class scenario maker. The film footage length of each and every scene will be plainly marked in the photoplay script and then no director can go amiss by making surplus film, committing blunders in sub-titles, wasting the time and money of his employer and so forth. Film pictures are made too hastily these days—there is not enough scientific planning beforehand."

"Many of the world's greatest and most artistic film releases have been made in Europe," I volunteered, "and this fact has led me to believe that the foreign manufacturers in question took more time in planning the scenario than the average American producer would have done."

"To get back to our work as scenario makers," said Hazelton. "I had forgotten until now to tell you that I am to take a vacation of several weeks in the east. I leave Saturday night. While I am away my place will be filled by a man, Bronzel, whom the company is sending here from the New York office. I'll tell him to make use of you in reading the scripts received from outside authors and in the other routine work of the scenario department."

I thanked Hazelton and said that I would try to aid Bronzel in every way possible. I did not see Hazelton again until an hour before his departure. We voiced our solicitude for the welfare of each other and said "goodbye." But his journey eastward was soon ended by a terrible wreck in which he and a score of other passengers were killed. All honor be to his memory.

they beheld a huge lion glowering at them with menacing eyes. They saw its lips draw back with a deadly, malevolent snarl, saw it crouch for a spring straight at them. There came a tremendous splash—and a polar bear was seen swimming toward them in a pool of water. The movie man had kept his nerve while he was taking the pictures, but he had pasted the wrong sections of film together.

That is only one of the incidents of the Department of Agriculture's movie men. Recently the department, with the aid of an automobile, a moving picture camera, two assistants and an operator, was depicting a stretch of road which was ultimately to be thrown on the screen and labeled "particularly bad."

Nobody could deny that it was a bad road. Both of the assistants were needed to keep the camera from jumping out of the car, and the moving picture operator, who was standing on a rear seat, maintained a position which would have led any reasonable betting man to offer 6 to 1 he would break his neck before he finished his picture.

The picture had reached the bottom of one

hill and was bumpily, doggedly climbing onward toward the next crest, when suddenly there came a loud crash from beyond the second hill. The men beheld a farmer's four-horse team, which looked to be about as big as a house, bearing down on them.

Those men were men of action—that is, they all were except the moving picture operator. He was petrified by the gloriousness of his opportunity. He stayed and cranked after his brethren had leaped from the stalled car—which, fortunately, had been drawn to the side of the road—and were shouting good advice to the horses from a safe distance.

Those who witnessed the passing parade declare that it was only by a supreme miracle that the movie man was not killed. The four horses were lunging and plunging like chariot racers, and the wagon travelled most of the distance on one wheel.

Subsequently the picture was shown with its full dramatic conclusion, and there was not a spectator who did not freely admit that for the time being at least it was about the worst stretch of road in the whole United States.

On another occasion the movie man took a picture of an ostrich, the department's idea being that it could be shown later in regions suitable for ostrich farming. The operator started in on the picture in fine shape, but, unfortunately, the glitter of the camera lens caught the ostrich's roving eye. Faunal naturalists have stated that an ostrich has less use for anything that glitters than any other thing in creation. And they also have stated that there are mighty few things an ostrich will not eat.

The bird made a dash at the camera and the movie man, and, without stopping to explain that he was the official representative of a great and powerful Government, the latter ran. He did not hurry back, either.

From thrillers like these to the germinating seed photograph seems quite a jump. But the department's movie men will soon attempt it. The men will be arranged in shifts around one lonesome melon seed. They will turn the crank for a short time, and then wait for 15 minutes. Then they will give a few more turns and again will come a short wait. Thus for two days and nights they will toil until the seed has sprouted.

The Attorney's Decision

(Continued from page 27)



He Left Dacre Lying Dead in the Midst of the Tinsel and Glitter He Loved

was arranging, even while Alice made her plea to Travers, to go to Paris with Mimi, the cabaret performer.

But Mimi had a lover of her own, a violinist, Tom Ferris. And Ferris discovered the plan the two had made. In his fury he assailed Mimi first; she cast him off. And then he saw to it that Alice was told. Alice, startled, outraged, investigated; she found that the story was true. And she made more discoveries than that. She learned that Dacre had lied to her; that he was fully as crooked as the charges against him made him out to be. A complete revulsion of feeling overcame her. And, without even thinking of what it might mean were she discovered, she went to Travers.

In his rooms she broke down utterly. Sobbing, she confessed everything, the reason for her marriage to Dacre, and the torture of her life with him.

"He had my father in his power," she cried. "He could have ruined him, and he demanded that I marry him as the price of his mercy! And now—now I've learned that he lied to me. John, I want you to go as far as possible—to put him in prison! I'm through with him!"

There was a slight movement behind them. Dacre, suspecting her plan, had followed her.

"But I'm not through with you!" he said.

"I find you here—in another man's rooms—and that man a former lover! I can divorce you for this, jail or no jail! If you hound me, Travers, I'll drag you both through the divorce court—!"

"Do it!" cried Alice, proudly.

But Travers was far too deeply concerned for her, now that he knew the truth of her martyrdom, to be so harsh.

"I'll give you my decision at ten o'clock in the morning," he said. "Until then you are safe. Is it a truce?"

"Sure!" sneered Dacre. "I know your sort! You'll keep your hands off!"

Perhaps he was right. Travers might have spared him, for Alice's sake. But Dacre never saw the morning. For, even that night, he could not keep away from Mimi. He went to the cabaret; Ferris, the young violinist, seeing them together went mad with jealousy. And he was armed. He fired once—and left Dacre lying dead in the midst of the tinsel and glitter he had loved.

What Really Did Happen to Mary

(Continued from page 9)

part in a successful play, she has to hold it for two or three seasons. The photoplay actress can go on from role to role, widening her scope and increasing her powers. Then, too, motion picture work gives me an opportunity to keep up my reading and to see good theatrical entertainment as I never could in the days when I was on the regular stage.

Of the exciting adventures of the work I think sometimes that too much ado has been made. I did break my arm three times in the course of a year, once in leaping from a bridge at Owasa, Maine, but I would not consider this the most important part of the work. I have been married, murdered, divorced, set on by bloodhounds, escaped down ropes, raced high-powered automobiles, been kidnaped, rescued from burning buildings and sinking ships, have killed men, been shipwrecked, dwelt on desert islands, committed every kind of murder, died all kinds of deaths. If there's anything melodramatic I have not yet done, I shall probably have to do it within the next year. But I still maintain that this is not the important part of the work. The really important part is the fact that the screen dramas are portraying now the problems of modern life and suggesting solutions for these problems.

There have been times when I have thought of going back to the stage. The art of the stage is at a higher level than the art of motion pictures because the art of the stage has been developing through more centuries than the motion pictures have in years. I have thought therefore that I might get the greater satisfaction to myself out of work in the older art, but I have realized that motion pictures offer the larger field on account of their wider scope. If I could only get plays that would come up to my ideals I think that I would find the work entirely satisfying.

I have tried writing my own scenarios, but I'll confess that not many of them are used. Producers prefer the conventional, and my ideas are revolutionary—not to say anarchistic. I hope sometime to have a motion picture company of my own so that I could make the pictures in my own way. They might not be popular, but they would be different. I have a mental catalogue of the people I want in the companies and I'd like to have a few talented producers. In a way it would be a Little Theatre of the motion picture profession. But that's a dream, not a happening, one of the things that I hope will happen to Mary, but not one of the events that has already transpired. And so it's outside the picture, so that we'll have to end the film.

JOHN BUNNY is causing his friends some particular worry on account of his having added several pounds, lately, to his already over-burdened frame. "Really, John ought to do something to reduce!"

Players Birthday Calendar

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

August 22

FRANCINE LARRIMORE, the pretty ingenue actress, recalled specially in "Over Night" and "The Master Mind," and who this season is to appear in the Selwyn's production of "The Salamander."

DANIEL FROHMAN, the successful theatrical manager, whose activity in the motion picture field is daily more and more apparent, due largely to his admirable executive work as managing director of the Famous Players Film Company.

FRED MACE, the one and only, who as actor and director has caused laughs to spread around the globe and from whom, as head of the new corporation, Fred Mace, Inc., we may expect to hear some very interesting announcements soon.

FORREST HUFF, of the Shubert musical comedy forces, last season seen with Gaby Deslys in both "The Little Parisienne" and "The Belle of Bond Street."

GUS SOHLKE, the musical comedy producer, than whom we have few better, and who lately announced his intention of devoting himself to London productions for some time to come.



August 23

FRITZ WILLIAMS, whom we are delighted to see again amid congenial surroundings, being one of the shining lights in the cast of "A Pair of Sixes," at the Longacre Theatre.

CHARLES A. MILLWARD, lately seen in "The Things That Count," and now touring Australia, appearing in "Bought and Paid For" and other plays.

WILLIAM T. CARLETON, the veteran comic opera favorite, of the immortal Carleton Opera Company renown.

ARTHUR RITCHIE, who for several Summers past has been a leading member of the Columbia Players, Washington, D. C.



August 24

ARTHUR STANFORD, who has appeared in countless musical productions, but who recently tried his hand at straight dramatic work, appearing at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago, in "The Call of Youth."

CLINTON, PRESTON, who has played juvenile roles in a number of Charles Frohman's companies, and who lately tried his hand at picture acting, appearing in "The Seats of the Mighty," the first film to be manufactured by the new concern, the Colonial Motion Picture Corporation, which will be released some time this Fall, with Lionel Barrymore and Millicent Evans featured.

H. A. DU SOUCHE, the dramatist, author of those two successful farces, "The Man from Mexico" and "My Friend from India," which latter has been set before the camera by the Edison company.



August 25

BLANCHE BATES, who is to appear this season as the Countess Zicka in the Frohman star-revival of "Diplomacy," in which she will share the center of the stage with William Gillette and Marie Doro.

MURDOCK J. MACQUARRIE, of the Universal forces, whose work is attracting no end of attention these days, as actor, producer and scenario writer, a few of his biggest recent triumphs being in "Richelieu," where he did never-to-be-forgotten work in the title role; in "The Embezzler," "The Mystery of Whispering Creek," "The Old Cobbler," and "The Hope of Blind Alley."



MABEL FRENYEAR, a recent recruit from the stage to the studio, being a member of the Pathe comedy company, under the direction of P. G. Hartigan, which has lately been quartered at the Zodiac studio, at Los Angeles.

EMMY WEHLEN, the Viennese prima donna, seen here in such musical pieces as "Marriage à la Carte," "The Winsome Widow" and "The Girl on the Film."

August 26

GEORGE WOODWARD, the unctuous character actor, who for the past three years has been playing the role of Uncle Billy in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," supporting Charlotte Walker.

GEORGIA ETHELLA COHAN, daughter of George M. Cohan and Ethel Levey, and who this day attains her fourteenth birthday, with every probability that she will some day soon adopt the profession in which her parents have flourished these years past.

JOHN T. KELLY, the Irish comedian, of immortal Weber and Fields renown, and who now plays in vaudeville.

August 27

FRANCIS CARLYLE, who recently concluded his contract with Pathe Freres, with whom he has been doing any amount of admirable work, chiefly in the role of the villainous Hicks, in "The Perils of Pauline," though it must not be overlooked that he has also done some immensely clever work in a number of two-reel Pathe films, such as "Victims of Vanity," "The Parasites," and "Wasted Years."

EDWARD MACKAY, the popular juvenile leading man, lately seen in "The Five Frankforters," since when he has been doing some special picture work, notably with the Famous Players Film Company, with whom he was seen as *Richard Burbank* in "Clothes" and *Frederick Augustus* in "The Port of Missing Men."

T. TAMANOTO, the exceptionally talented Oriental actor, yesterday well-known behind the footlights, while today he has a following distinctly his own with patrons of Edison pictures, as recall for yourself his effective acting in such pictures as "The Price of the Necklace," "The Double Cross," "Three Knives and a Heathen Chinee," "The Adventure of the Missing Legacy," "A Deal in Statuary," and "One Touch of Nature."

HARRY FISHER, whose own peculiar brand of comedy makes such an admirable foil for George W. Monroe, both these fun-makers now being to the fore in "The Passing Show of 1914," at the Winter Garden.

OWEN JOHNSON, the distinguished novelist and dramatist, whose play, "The Comet," was produced some time ago by Madame Nazimova.

August 28

SIDNEY DREW, who after long service upon the dramatic stage has now become an enthusiastic picture player, gaining his early spurs with Kalem, while these many months past he has been one of the greatest favorites with followers of Vitaphone releases, being specially happy where his talents as a comedian have an outlet, in such pictures as "Goodness Gracious," "A Model Young Man," "Never Again," "Innocent But Awkward," and "Too Many Husbands."

FREDERICK BOCK, the sterling old character player, who recently tried his hand at the motion picture game, with surprisingly happy results, appearing with Arnold Daly in "The Port of Missing Men," as produced by the Famous Players Film Company, and one enthusiastic film reviewer has this to say of him, "In the acting all honors go to Frederick Bock as the aged monarch. He was entirely realistic every



moment, and occupied the screen fully as much, if not more, than any other character." Congratulations!

JOHN BRAWN, after long service under David Belasco's management, notably with Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way," "The Case of Becky" and "The Secret," has now allied himself under the Vitaphone banner, having especially happy chances as "Oiley" Curley in "Uncle Bill," while at the moment he is stationed at Hendersonville, N. C., where he is playing in a special set of mountain pictures, under the directorship of Ned Finley.

ALICE DOVEY, the dainty light opera favorite, specially happy in "The Pink Lady," and who divided last season between "The Merry Mar-tyr" and "The Queen of the Movies."

Injuns

FIFTY "heap big Injuns," clad in war-paint and native regalia, descended upon Ithaca, New York, but their visit was a peaceful one. They consisted of a band of Onondaga reservation Indians and were there to participate in the Wharton moving pictures.

The Indian tribe arrived from Syracuse on a special Lehigh Valley train at East Ithaca and were taken on a special trolley car to the Wharton studio in upper East State street. The delegation included forty Indian men and ten squaws.

The Indians worked under the boiling sun in Aztec village scenes, which were laid in the Fall Creek gorge. Theodore and Leo Wharton were in charge of the picture taking. The real Indians were assisted by a number of Cornell students, including a number of prominent athletes. The men were scantily dressed in Indian war costume, an appropriate attire for the heat of the day.

Wall Street in the Movie Game

THE millions of persons who daily pay five or ten cents to go to moving picture shows do not realize that they have been instrumental in opening for Wall Street a new field for financial speculation or investment.

Recently three film companies, with an aggregate capitalization of \$4,500,000, were floated by a Stock Exchange house. A few days ago a single enterprise was incorporated for \$2,000,000—an alliance between a large film producing concern and some of New York's most powerful theatrical interests. The stock issue was underwritten by New York and Philadelphia bankers. About the same time there was a \$5,000,000 merger of three film producing companies, backed by Pittsburgh and San Francisco capital. A \$25,000,000 amalgamation is being talked of.

The boom struck London first. There the promotion of motion picture enterprises has been a feature of the securities markets for some months. Their bonds, debentures and shares are now regularly bought and sold in the City. The majority of these British concerns, however, are huge exhibition projects, while the American companies are manufacturers and distributors of films—corporations that have established a world-wide market.

A New Camera

OFTEN called the "Polish Edison," K. de Proszynski gave the first demonstration of his new amateur cinematograph camera at the Royal Photographic Society, London. The film was used, not in a narrow strip, but in a broad sheet, and the very small pictures were impressed upon it, 16 to the line, backward and forward, very much as in a sheet of typewritten matter. About a foot length of this film, said Mr. Proszynski, was equal to 100 feet of ordinary cinematograph film, and whereas the cost of 100 feet of ordinary film, lasting for little more than one minute on projection, might be about \$5, the cost of a sheet of the broad film bearing the same number of pictures would only be 16 cents. Among the records shown on a small screen was the only cinematograph picture ever permitted to be made of Paderewski.

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

THERE is plenty doing in the film world, and not the least important has been the "get together" movement of the Photoplayers Club. There was never anything really wrong but a lack of interest, and now there is to be something doing all the while. The send off is a supper to the ladies and the follow up, an entertainment fashioned after the Lamb's Club Gambola. Carlyle Blackwell has arrived and there is much speculation as to where he will locate and who he will have in his company. He will have a host of people applying for jobs. At the Reliance studios I found everybody talking about the remarkable work of Henry Walt-hall in "The Avenging Conscience." His acting in this play stamps him as one of the best actors in the pictures. David Griffith continues with "The Clansman" with the full strength of the Reliance-Majestic companies. In "For the Last Edition" being directed by F. A. Kelsey there have been quite an unusual number of incidents. Irene Hunt burnt her hands quite badly sliding down some fire hose, in the dynamiting of a freight car, another car took fire and had to be rescued, an extra man fell off an automobile and was badly hurt and a small boy was injured by an outsider's auto and Kelsey rushed him to the hospital. Kelsey is glad the picture is nearing its end. Roscoe Arbuckle of the Keystone Company is probably the heaviest man to make an aeroplane ascent to date. The last time he flew, the aviator had some fun at the expense of the company and passed so closely over the heads of the director, camera man *et al* that they all ducked, "ducked without getting wet" chuckled Roscoe. Mabel Normand's prize Persian cat did some acting when it was put on a board and pushed into the water. Some good close ups were taken and pussy was the only one present who did not enjoy the fun. Aubrey Forde, who was until recently assistant director to Al. E. Christie, the well known Nestor Comedy director, has taken up a similar position with Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber of the Bosworth Company. Aubrey is the father of Vicky Forde and husband to Eugenie Forde of the "Usona" brand. I met several of the photoplay writers this week. Jimmy Dayton of the Universal was mopping his brow after finishing an "Alkali Ike" story for Harry Edwards and Louise Glaum. It was the eleventh reel he had written in nine days—think of it! Russell E. Smith of the Mutual told me he had received a circular offering to teach him how to write scenarios for ten dollars and Smith is one of the most prolific writers in the game!

Whilst at the Lasky works I learned from Theodore Roberts that he is building a bungalow close by the studios, looks as though he was going to settle down somewhere in California. Jesse L. Lasky has arrived in Los Angeles and will spend a business holiday here with his old colleague Cecil De Mille. There was a time when they always went away together to shoot and fish and to forget theatrical worries. Lasky is delighted with his studios and surprised at the general activity. Max Figman and Lolita Robertson will soon be on their way East to see to the finishing touches to their big new home at Great Neck, Long Island. Myrtle Stedman of the Bosworth Inc., keeps up that dreadful double life of hers. All last week she was taking the female lead in Hobart Bosworth's "Pursuit of Phantom" in which Bosworth divided the men's honors with Courtenay Foote and which story Bosworth wrote himself. On Saturday night Miss Myrtle "doubled" by appearing at the hotel Virginia at Long Beach where she sang to the guests. Wilfred Lucas and Company are still taking pictures of "The Trey of Hearts" at San Diego and Lucas is getting a taste of the work required for one of these serials. He is working day and night and that with a bone out of place in his shoulder. H. Pathe Lehrman has started making comedies and has a stage in the Universal studios which was especially erected for him. Over at the Sterling studio I found Little Gordan Griffith, his elder sister, his

father and mother all working under the "serious comedian" and all doing well, this is something of a record. L. Frank Baum the president of the Oz Company is an actor as well as a writer for he took the leading part in "The Maid of Arran" for two years. He is a lecturer of note and has published no less than twenty-six books and this is the man who does overalls and plugs in with the best of them at the studio. At the Kalem Company George Melford is busy on a four reel production "The Menace of the Real," no—not reel, real. Douglass Gerrard is doing some splendid work at the Kalem Company. Jerry, as he is known, is one of the members of the board of control at the Photoplayers Club. I hear that Otis Turner, the famous director, is severing his connections with the Universal next month, and that William Worthington will direct Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little. Raymond B. West of the Thomas Ince outfit is one of the few combined camera-men

and directors in the business. Ray Smallwood is another and E. S. Porter is the dean of them all. There are very few men who can do both things at once.

Out at their pretty Hollywood studios Marshall Neilan and Ruth Roland are turning out a lot of footage and have completed six one-thousand-foot comedies in three weeks and director Hale at Santa Monica is about equalling this with split reels with John E. Brennan in the leads. Charles Ray and Barney Sherrey take the parts of son and father at the Kay Bee in "The Word of his People" and they have had the same relationship in pictures a number of times. They like acting together for both are natural and sincere. There are two actors at the Kay Bee with wonderfully rich voices, Barney and Marshall Mayall and it is a pity their voices cannot be heard in the pictures. I had two visits and two presents from Selig stars this week. Adele Lane brought me a wonderful enlarged photo to hang in the office and Stella Razeto contributed a big posy from her garden. Miss Lane is busy with an emotional part at the animal farm and Miss Razeto is being featured in "C. D.," a detective story.



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The Time—The Place —and the Man

(Continued from page 7)

ing the Servians, with Billy Reynolds turning his crank behind them, fell upon the Austrians who had just bridged the rushing Drina at a place regarded as impassable, and drove them back. The camera had spied out a movement that the Servian scouts had overlooked; Taggart's keen eyes had saved the Servian army from being flanked by a force double its number. And his condition had been granted, that he should have the privilege of recording the first real battle of the war!

Late that afternoon the general sent for Taggart. He threw his arms about his neck.

"I owe my victory to you!" he cried. "You shall see that Servia knows how to be grateful! I give you an escort to Nish. Thence you can reach Bucharest and the sea, and so get your films home. And I shall send a letter to my King, begging him to grant any request that you may make. You shall accompany the Servian staff. When Russia sends her troops to aid us you shall take such battle pictures as you wish, you alone!"

"I hope he means it," said Taggart, cynically, five hours later, when the journey to the sea had begun. "But we'll see, Billy—we'll see!"

The Scales of Justice

(Continued from page 22)

should marry. Elliott has gambled and lost heavily; and as Russell's secretary, he has robbed him and doctored his accounts. One evening, during a party, which does not appear to be either at Lenox or at Newport, Russell and young Darrow examine the books and discover Elliott's duplicity. A little later, while the old man sits on the veranda and ruminates on villainy and ingratitude, a hand steals through the railing and plunges a knife into him. Edith is accused and arrested, chiefly because she has been seen with a knife, which actually she intended sticking into her own heart, for reasons best known to herself.

A long trial-scene follows. Darrow is the district attorney. The scenes of his political campaign have supplied the best pictures of the play. He resigns rather than prosecute Edith and send her to what seems inevitable death. But angel Alice once more comes to the rescue. Her great-grandfather having expired, the child had to have some one to coddle, so she lighted on a horse thief. Alice was for practicing her arts on all kinds. Every day she took food to the horse thief in his cell. This so softened his misguided heart that, when he felt the play had run long enough, he secured a temporary release from jail, hurried to the courtroom, swore that he was passing the veranda and saw the murder, and pointed the finger of fate at Elliott.

Thus is villainy confounded, virtue triumphant, while we are turned toward home with the comforting recollection that, in any case, we did remember to send things home for dinner.

Burns' Official Photographer

WILLIAM J. BURNS, the world's greatest detective, who is becoming well known to the readers of *THE MOVIE PICTORIAL* because of his untiring work in aiding them to solve the baffling "Million Dollar Mystery," has an official photographer like other notables. He is Frederick J. Stein of New York City. Mr. Stein makes all of Mr. Burns' photographs, and, as they are the only authorized photographs of the great detective, he copyrights them. We used a photograph of Mr. Burns on a recent cover of *THE MOVIE PICTORIAL* and in the rush of having the color plates made, the engravers omitted the usual copyright notice, and in our hurry to get the magazine printed on time, the omission was overlooked. Mr. Stein called our attention to the matter and we are very glad to set the public right as to the identity of Mr. Burns' official photographer.

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of Players In and Around New York

ROSE TAPLEY'S cheerful smile and personal magnetism have won her many friends, as was shown in the birthday surprise party given the Vitaphone players lately when about thirty of her friends and neighbors stormed her home in East Orange, N. J., and spread yellow and green decorations through it from top to bottom.

A race between Harry Eyttinge and Harry Linton is one of the events to which the Edison players look forward. The object is to determine which is entitled to the distinction of being "champion fat man" of the Edison studio. As each weighs 250 pounds the race promises to be a big thing.

Christy Mathewson, the New York Giants' "Gibraltar," has signed a contract with the Universal company to appear in a series of pictures which will be made at the Imp studio. The intention is to work him into photoplay plots in such a way that his prowess on the diamond will be shown, not as an exhibition so much as a part of the story. Who will play leads opposite him has not yet been determined.

Maudie Fealy has at last yielded to the insistent demands made upon her by theatrical men for her services, and will soon be seen on the legitimate stage. The winning personality and dramatic ability which have made Miss Fealy known as one of the most popular and talented actresses at the Thanhouser studio will stand her in good stead in the narrower field of the speaking stage.

Ethel Clayton has again forged to the front row in popularity contests, her latest victory being second prize in the Onyx Club's Photoplay Favorite contest. Miss Clayton is gradually learning how many more people know and like her than she thought had even heard of her, this being the fourth club contest in which Miss Clayton has been entered and has received either first or second prize.

The finish of "The Winsome Widow" also meant the finish of Wallie Vans' perfectly good straw hat. When he got back to shore after playing the hero in a motor boat rescue he would gladly have traded his honors for a dry suit of clothes, and a little information as to who had been so thoughtful as to put that big slice in the crown of his hat.

Steve Snake is back at the Thanhouser studio, and now New Rochelle can go back to sleep. Steve, a 14-foot python, was adopted by the "Mystery" cast on the belief that he was a perfectly respectable snake, but he turned out to be a tramp instead. He deserted his wicker basket home some time ago and was the cause of much worry in the town until he recently turned up a few days ago, apparently in search of excitement. After arousing a good bit of that nervous quality, Steve took refuge in the flower gardens of Beacon Hall. Lila Chester, one of the "Mystery" cast, was responsible for Steve's capture. The snake was originally intended to be used in one of the series pictures, but escaped before his part was due, and another snake had been obtained as a substitute.

Edward J. Peil's favorite occupation, next to playing leads in Lubin films, is playing baseball. He declares there is more healthy excitement in the game than in any other sport, barring none. Mr. Peil's spare time, however, is not all spent at the national game, for, though a graduate of one of the leading universities of the West, he is still a student and spends a great deal of his time delving into books for information which can be used to advantage in the advancement of the silent drama.

John Bunny was asked to chaperon a baby in the Fifth Ave. parade which concluded Mayor Mitchell's "Better Baby" week in New York. But, for some reason, he declined the honor. Whether or not John was afraid that the carrying of said baby would discourage the growth of his hair, which is having its own fight for existence, or that it would leave Bertillon traces on his shirt front and collar, is not known. At any rate, he refused, which is a mystery in these days of the popularity of "kid" plays, and especially when his part consisted in nothing but "safety first" tactics vs. a most animated infant during a five-mile drive in the hot sun. Clearly, the reason for his refusal is a mystery.

Clifford Bruce has left the Pathe St. Augustine company and will hereafter work regularly in the stock company at the main studio at Jersey City.

Director F. A. Kelsey of the Reliance has succeeded in getting a novel bit of realism into "Vengeance of Gold" which features Mary Alden, Vesta Pegg and Ralph Lewis. One scene shows a burro absolutely panic stricken at the sight of a rattle snake and the burro is not acting either.

In "The Price of Crime," written by Dot Farley, and produced by G. P. Hamilton at the Albuquerque studios, Winnie Brown leaps from the back of a running horse to a mail train. In another scene the horses, ridden by Jack Conway and Buck Connors, fall with their riders. All the three people mentioned are skillful equestrians and put over some big riding stunts from time to time.

Elmer E. Redmond of the Blache company got mixed up in a bit of realism in a recent scene that wasn't included in the scenario. It was a runaway scene and Redmond was to stop the horse. When he reached and grabbed the animal's bridle the spirited thoroughbred took the bit in his teeth and made a wild plunge, throwing the plucky leading man violently. With the exception of a severe shaking-up and a wrenched knee Redmond is none the worse for the experience, and feels fully recompensed by the thrilling result registered by the camera.

Being the possessor of a swimming championship won in Scotland and held there for four years, Stuart Paton was recently accorded the honor of falling from the bowsprit of an old ship into the briny deep some forty feet below. In producing the picture to which the scene belonged, "On the High Seas," Frank Crane's Imp company, of which Paton is a member was housed for a whole week on an antique, rat-infested ship which some enthusiastic property man scared up for the occasion. None of the players were heard to voice any protests when the time came to leave for terra firma.

Peggy Bourke's one bug-bear is working in yacht scenes. Not that she objects to a sail on the river when everybody at the Thanhouser studio is sweltering in the heat which the glass refuses to about 105 on cool days, but because it necessitates her wearing tennis slippers which have the happy faculty of nearly torturing a person to death when used for street wear to and from the studio.

Matty Roubert, the "Universal Boy," received a warm welcome from the Columbia University students some time ago when he attended a banquet given in celebration of one of the crew's victories. One of the features of the evening was a series of pictures showing views of interest in and around the University and the series was released in which Matty is shown meeting Captain Rice and other members of the crew.

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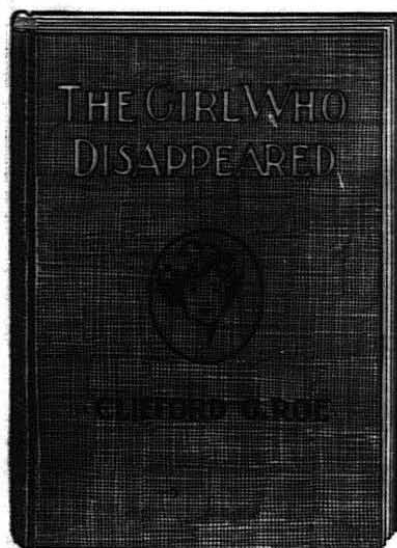
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Information Department Answers to Questions About Plays and Players

MARY L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Eclectic feature "The Waif" was taken abroad and we haven't a cast sheet showing who any of the players were.

ALGERNON B., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Miss Irene Hunt took the part of Douglas Williams' sweetheart in Reliance's "The Mountain Rat." The picture was produced under the direction of James Kirkwood and not David W. Griffith as you thought.

"THE TWINS," LINCOLN, NEB.—The Thanhouser Twins are Marion and Madeline Fairbanks and before beginning their work at the Thanhouser studios were at the New Theater in New York City and with the Winthrop Ames Company at the Little Theater. They are about as near alike as twins ever were, and each weighs seventy-four pounds, each is four feet, ten inches tall, and each has light brown, curly hair, dark hazel eyes and a fair complexion.

O. U. S., VERNON, NEV.—O. A. C. Lund was the Mike of Eclair's "At the Crossing" and pretty Barbara Tennant was the daughter of the Judge in the same picture. We can't find any record of the other film you mention. Are you sure it was a Vitagraph?

FLORENCE B. FAIRFIELD, N. J.—Yes Winifred Greenwood of the American Company is married. In private life she is Mrs. George Fields.

PATSY, HALSTED STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.—Yes the Briggs whom the "Mutual Girl" visited is the same Briggs who draws cartoons for the CHICAGO TRIBUNE and world famous for his "When a Feller Needs a Friend" series of sketches.

MARY T., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Herbert Rawlinson was "Larry Duffy" in Gold Seal's "One of the Bravest." Yes, Mr. Rawlinson was at one time with the Selig Polyscope Company. The Usona brand of films has not been shown in the middle west to our knowledge. They are made in California and probably before long we shall see some of them.

JANE W., NEW YORK CITY.—Miss Valentine Grant is, we understand, the leading woman with the Olcott Feature Players, so we assume she played the leading feminine role in the drama you mention, although we haven't a cast sheet of that release and so can't say positively.

"INQUISITIVE," MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.—Yes Irving Cummings and Mignon Anderson, both of the Thanhouser Company, are engaged and soon to be married.

PUZZLED, BRIAR CREEK, PA.—Yes, Kathie Fischer is related to Margarita Fischer. The popular Beauty star is little Kathie's aunt. Harry Pollard, it naturally follows therefore, is Kathie's uncle by marriage, for you know he is Miss Fischer's husband in real life.

UNIVERSALITE, GIBSON, OHIO.—Jack Newton was Ned, the woodsman, in Victor's "The Little Mail Carrier." Leah Baird is no longer with the Imp Company. She has gone back to the studio in which she began her work—Vitagraph. Lon Chaney appeared as Pauline Bush's cousin in that Rex picture, "The End of the Feud."

BETTY N., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Belle Adair, the Eclair leading woman, was on the stage in "The Fascinating Widow" before she began her picture work. For several years previous to her musical comedy engagement she appeared on the "big time" vaudeville circuits, so it is possible she played at some of the theatres in your city.

NELLIE MCG., LINCOLN, NEB.—Your query is such a foolish one that we can't believe you sincere, hence we hope you will permit us to ignore it.

EXHIBITOR, MASON CITY, IA.—Yes, it is true that George Kleine is to produce such comedies as "Officer 666" and "Stop Thief" in America with American players enacting the leading roles. We can't tell you, though, just when they will be released. The MOVIE PICTORIAL is sure to comment on them when they are ready for public exhibition, so if you watch our pages closely you will undoubtedly learn when they are available.

Cecil De Mille, with H. B. Warner, is making a great picture of "The Ghost Breakers," and Jim Neil and Robert Edison are directing "Where the Trail Divides," together and the popular Robert is being featured of course. Max Figman and Lolita Robertson are about to start in on "What's His Name," from the story by George Barr McCutcheon.

Billy Wolbert and Jack Prescott have been living the next-to-nature life at Catalina for two weeks now, and say there is nothing like it. Both are tanned and look like red Indians.

E. B. L., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—A letter addressed to Richard Traverse will reach him if addressed care of the Essanay studio, Argyle Street, Chicago, Illinois, and Alice Joyce will get her letter if you send it care of the Kalem Company, 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York City.

"INTERESTED READER," GREENFIELD, IA.—No arrangement has been made to have "The Star of the Vaal" done in motion pictures, but it is possible, of course, that some film manufacturer will want to use the story in that way. Sketches of the players you mention will probably appear in future numbers of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL. Yes, they will undoubtedly answer your letters if you write to them in care of the studios in which they are employed. Wallace Reid is now working in Mutual films and Dorothy Davenport, we understand, is resting. No, there is no limit to the number of questions you can ask at one time, only you must not be selfish—leave a little room for some of the other answers that must be given.

JOSEPHINE O., DES MOINES, IA.—No. Florence Lawrence is not married to the man who played opposite her in that picture. Why believe that she is married at all?

ELSIE G., TAWSON, MD.—Address Robert Leonard, care of the Rex Company, Universal Film Studio, Los Angeles, California.

E. C. K., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Yes, Jack Richardson and Louise Lester are married, as you imagined from what you read—it only happened recently. Ed. Coxen is the husband of the girl seen occasionally in films as Miss Borelli, and Winifred Greenwood in private life is Mrs. George Field.

C. K. F., PAWNEE CITY, NEB.—Address Romona Langley, care Universal Film Studio, Los Angeles, California.

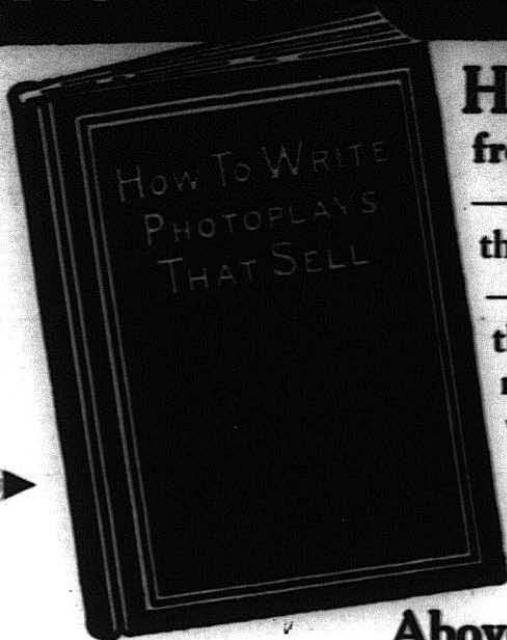
M. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Never heard of the studio you mention, but would advise you not to invest any money learning to be a moving picture actor at anybody's school. Regular film studios do not secure their stars in that fashion.

MABEL J. I., GREAT BEND, KAN.—Neva Gerber was the man of mystery's daughter in Kalem's "Mrs. Peyton's Pearls." Adelaide Wise was the society woman, Mrs. Peyton, in the same film.

VIRGINIA W., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Yes, that lady was Warren Kerrigan's sister, but she is not steadily in the employ of the Universal—was specially engaged for that one picture. Write Mr. Kerrigan, care of the Universal's Pacific coast studio.

ROBERT K., PITTSBURGH, PA.—Sorry, but we haven't a cast sheet for that particular Lubin release. Yes, Charles Chaplin will undoubtedly be interviewed in some future number of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

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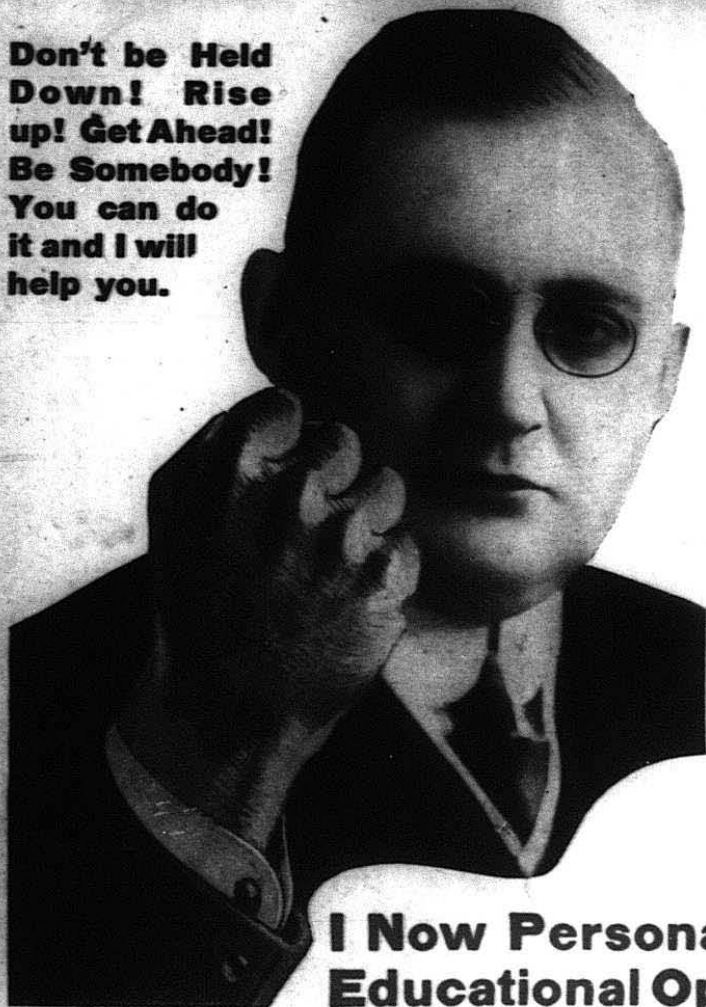
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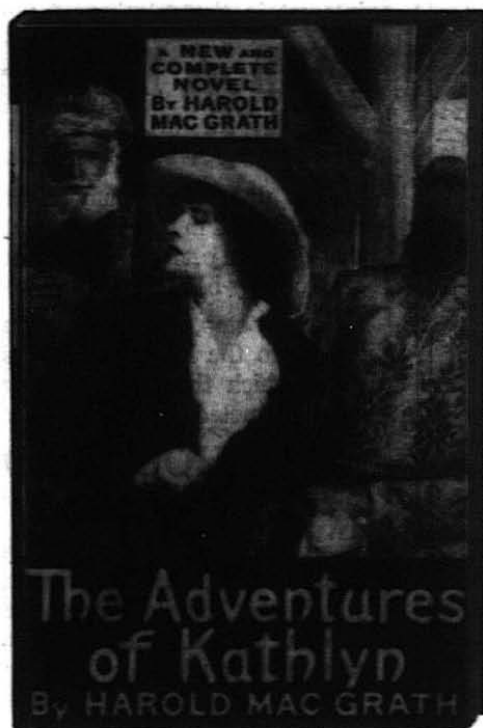
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, AUGUST 29, 1914

NUMBER 17

Mystery of the Sleeping Death

A Story of the Re-incarnation of Two Indian Lovers

By RICHARD DALE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE KALEM FILM, FEATURING ALICE JOYCE

SCENARIO BY C. DOTY HOBARTZ

BEFORE I tell the story of what has happened to me I must set down something about myself. It is likely that I shall not be believed in any case; it is only common fairness, therefore, to myself and to another, even more deeply concerned than I, that I should make a brief explanation.

In the first place, then, my name is Guy Harrison. I am, I suppose, what is called a member of the leisure class. That is, I certainly have money enough to make it ridiculous for me to try to earn any more. Such affairs as occupy my time consist chiefly in approving what my agents do. I own a great deal of real estate; I have tried to see to it that it is properly managed. I have always insisted, for instance, that no sort of illicit business shall be done in any house owned by me, even though, at various times, very heavy rents were offered by those who wanted to use the property in such a way. And when tenants, honestly in difficulties, have found it hard to pay, I have insisted that they should be allowed plenty of time to catch up.

But this has not taken up much time, of course. I have always been fond of sports and games; I am rated, I believe, a fair polo player; I have accomplished a few things in other sports. And I have done a great deal of traveling. And in that connection a thing came up once, when I was in India, in Hindustan, of which I have lately been reminded, though, at the time, I attached no significance to it.

It was several years ago. I was traveling with a young Englishman, an army officer, with whom my polo had led me to strike up a considerable friendship.

"By the way, Harrison," he said one day, when we were riding through a native village. "See that temple? It's a relic of the past glories of this place. Long ago, long before the English came, this was a great city. It was the center of a wealthy province. But that's all that's left. It's regarded as particularly holy. But I think they'll have to let us see the chief place of interest."

His influence was enough to induce the priests to comply with his requests, and we were taken to a place where two tombs were laid side by side. I don't know why, but, as I looked at them, I had a very strange sensation. I felt as if I were looking at my own grave! It made me shudder, for a moment. But I am very matter of fact—not at all imaginative—and I shook off the feeling in a moment.

"There's a legend, of course," said my friend, the officer. "You see there the tombs of a man and a woman. They

lie under those stones sealed by the centuries that have passed. And yet—they are supposed to be, not dead, but sleeping. They loved, long ago, in dishonor and they were caught. So they were sealed in a deep, hypnotic trance. And there their bodies lie. Their souls, the legend says, wander in other bodies. And once in every hundred years the bodies that contain their souls meet—but they never know it! Always, so runs the tale, they leave their mundane

bodies, at the moment of what we call death, and fly here, to commune, in spirit, over these tombs. And the day is to come when they are to meet—and know, both of them, who they are. Then the spell will be broken, and the bodies in these tombs are to melt into dust. But now, if we are to believe the legend,

those bodies are there, beneath the stones, as fair, as perfect, as on the day when they were placed there!"

He told it well, with a touch of that belief that men who live for any length of time in the mysterious East have when they speak of its mysteries. But I was fresh from the West, and I—laughed at him.

"All right," he said, good naturedly. "Laugh if you like. But, my son, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in your philosophy. We get to know it here. Kipling knows it—and he's no mystic, no dreamer. He's of the earth, earthy—and so am I. As much so as you. And yet—I tell you, frankly, I neither believe nor disbelieve such tales. I simply admit that I don't know—and I let it go at that. Come on, we've waited long enough. There's an awfully good chap, in the police, a few miles on. He'll give us tiffin."

Why the memory of that visit to an obscure Hindu temple, in a squalid village that had degenerated from a proud city, should have stayed with me, I don't know. It is one of many things I am about to tell for which I do not pretend to account. But it did. Long after I was home again, in New York, playing on Long Island, sailing along the coast, that legend haunted me.

So I am brought to the beginning of the events that have overturned my whole life. I have tried to make it plain that I am neither emotional nor mystical; that I am decidedly sane, normal. To begin, then.

I was sitting, all alone, in the library of my place in Long Island a few weeks ago. It was pretty late; all the servants were in bed. I was reading up some new books that had just come over from England that interested me immensely, and I'd lost track of the time. So it was pure chance, if you care to call it that, that made it possible for me to hear a queer little noise that didn't belong, out on the porch. Usually I'd have been sound asleep an hour earlier. Now, because I was awake, I investigated, of course. I didn't go to the door, where the noise was; I slipped around the side of the house.

And so I got to the side of the piazza just in time to see a girl, using a pocket flashlight, getting into the house through one of the big French windows; she'd abandoned the door, evidently. I



I Got to the Side of the House just in Time to See a Girl . . . using a pocket flashlight getting into the house through one of the big French windows; she'd abandoned the door, evidently. I



There Were Few Words between Us When We Met, Secretly, in the Moonlight

laughed. After all, a girl was nothing to be afraid of. I slipped back, and into the house again. I wanted to catch her. But I didn't. I only scared her off. She got away, quick as a flash. I chased her, but she was too quick for me—had too much of a start to give me half a chance, anyhow.

I got sight of her, though. She was running along the road, which was pretty well deserted there, in spite of the fact that there are quite a few houses, and I saw a couple of rough looking chaps jump out and stop her. She cried out, though I couldn't hear what she said, and pointed back toward the house. I kept on moving, and then suddenly, one of them hit her, on the head! That was a bit too much; I jumped forward. I heard a police whistle; then I was on top of them. And one of them swung a billy—I think that's what the thing is called, and it's mighty effective, anyhow—and I went down and out—beside the girl.

Now begins the strange part of the story. I went down and out, I say—and yet, I didn't. Because my brain was preternaturally active. I've been knocked out before, often enough—I used to go in for boxing a bit. And when you're knocked out by a clean blow, as a rule, you don't know anything. This time I did. I remembered it all, right up to the point where I was hit. And for a second I had a flash of the girl, too. Then I began to fall. I fell through miles of space, it seemed to me, and there were clouds and stars all about. And I could see the girl, and remember that she was the one who had tried to rob me—and yet she wasn't the same girl, except for her features. Everything else was different.

Her face was dark, and her clothes were changed. She was wearing a loose, white robe, and she was veiled, and wore a great many ornaments, ropes of pearls, and other jewels in quaint and barbaric settings. There were great earrings, too, of pearls, and, as I looked at her, while we fell through those miles of space, I saw that her face was changing, too, and had become gentle, and sweet. It had lost the sharpness that distinguished the face of the girl who had tried to rob my house. There was a noble dignity about her that stirred memories that must have lain deep in my subconsciousness for—how long? Lord knows!

Now, of course, I can try to explain some of that—that knock on the head had submerged my conscious self; my subconscious identity was in control. There are text books about that sort of thing, if you want to look them up. I have read them all, since this happened—but

don't know any more than I did before.

We stopped falling, and I lost her, then. It seemed to me that, just before she disappeared, she waved her hand to me. But that may not be so. All I can be sure of is that I felt solid ground beneath my feet. And then, too, a strange change came over my mental attitude. I still remembered, dimly, vaguely, that I was Guy Harrison, of New York. Yet there seemed nothing unreasonable, nothing outlandish in what met my eyes. I took in the waving palm trees, the moon that struck white roofs and minarets, the myriad sounds of the East, all as a matter of course. That double consciousness is what has puzzled me most. It is something for which none of the books I have read can account.

India! I was in India. But it was not the India I had known. One thing struck me at once. There was no trace of English rule. There were no English houses; the roads I could see were not the roads I knew and remembered. I was in the outskirts of a great city. But suddenly my eyes fell on one building that I recognized. It was a temple, and, with a start, I knew it for the same temple I had seen that day when I rode with my English friend. But nothing else was familiar; everything had changed.

Then a man approached, and began to talk to me in a tongue I should not have known—but did. I answered him in kind. All at once I seemed to know why I was there, and that I was a slave—the captive of one who had conquered my people in war. I was fairer than the others who crowded about; they asked my story, and I told them, for we were all slaves. And they told me why I was there. My master, they said, had promised me to Afghah in return for his daughter's hand, and Afghah had consented. Raneer, she was called; they extolled her beauty.

I saw her first as she sat beside her father. At once I knew her. Still my mind went back and forth. I remembered—there is no other word—things that had not yet happened. The legend my friend the Englishman had told me came back to me. I looked at the temple. All the time I moved in a daze, as it seemed to me, like one asleep. And yet my feeling was not that of a man in a dream. Our eyes met; I saw her start, as I had done. And her brows wrinkled, as though she were trying to remember . . .

Later I saw her . . . alone. Or so we thought. Many times. She was betrothed, to my master, who would cease to be my master on the day he took her from her father. I loved her. There were few words between us, when we met, secretly, in the moonlight. We knew, both of us, that we braved death with every meeting; we cared nothing for that. There was that between us, as we told one another, that had drawn the one to the other. We had known in that first moment when our eyes met.

With her I remembered nothing, thought of nothing. It was only when I left her that I had that elusive memory of things that were still to happen, centuries hence. With her I thought only of the passing moment, of our love. We made up our minds, at last, to fly. And not until we had traveled for a day, and were nearing the shelter my own people would



And Not Until We Had . . . Were We Overtaken. It was the High Priest Who Caught Us

have afforded, were we overtaken. It was the High Priest who caught us. He gloated, and we learned that, almost from the first, he had suspected the truth, and had spied upon us.

He it was, too, who decreed our fate. Not death. The sleeping death, they called it; hypnosis. There was a long rignarole. I was very weary. I understood little of what he said as he passed sentence upon us. But I knew his wicked eyes and the message they bore as he looked at Rane. He, too, desired her; despite his office. And then we were led into the temple, and I saw, for the first time, those stone tombs my English friend had pointed out. I remembered, and cried aloud. But then, in a moment, I slipped into a trance.

How long it lasted I may not guess. Strange dreams assailed my rest, at broken intervals. Dreams in which I saw the English come; in which I fought in mighty wars, now on one side, now on the other. In each dream I saw Rane—once. And, as our lips were about to meet, she faded away and the sleeping death claimed us once more. Once I was a crossing sweeper, in the streets of Paris, and she was a lady of the King's court. Her carriage passed over me, crushing me, and she stepped into the mud, and bent over me. And, as her lips neared mine I died.

And then, suddenly, in a new phase, I seemed to be out of the living tomb. I was in a place where for the first time I could distinguish odors; never before, since we had been laid away, had I done that. And the odor was that of a hospital; carbolic acid, lint. I saw a bearded man, with a (urban wound about his head. He spoke to me, in Urdu, and I answered him—and saw the others stare. He, too, was astonished. But he plied me with questions. And I heard him turn to the others, to the doctors and the nurses, and intone, in English, the story of the legend I had heard in the old temple—the legend I had been living.

Then he was pushing them all away, gently, but firmly. Once more he spoke to me, again in Urdu.

"Now!" he said, and his voice was tense with excitement. "Now! Thy hour has come, chosen of the Hindu gods! Make what use of it is in thy power—it has struck, and will never come again! Choose life and the fulfillment of thy destiny—or death, and the never opening tomb!"

I turned, to see the girl before me. I saw her again in her shabby clothes, the girl who had tried to rob my house. But the face was the face of Rane. And she greeted me in Urdu.



I Turned to See the Girl before Me . . . the Girl Who Had Tried to Rob My House

"I see thee again, my well beloved!" she said. "I do not understand. I only know that I have waited—and have been so near to thee—ah, so many times—only to lose thee again!"

I held out my arms to her. And then, in a trice, she changed again, and started back.

"Why? Why?" she said. "You're the one they tried to make me rob—"

I spoke again in Urdu. And she only stared at me, baffled, trying to understand, seeming to be dimly conscious. But now, for the first time, I was doubly conscious.

"What's it all about?" she said. "I—" She passed her hand before her eyes. "I seem to remember you—lookin' different—"

"It means this!" I said, fiercely. I seized her in my arms, and our lips met. "Now, do you understand?"

Her lips clung to mine. She freed them, and leaned back in my arms, to look at me.

"I don't need to!" she said. "Ah, yes, but I do—my love."

And—that's about all. I think the Indian understood. He looked very bored when the doctors talked wisely of amnesia. And he and I seemed to share a secret, though when he spoke to me in the Urdu he assured me I had understood before, I could not comprehend a syllable—and neither could my wife.

Her story? Yes, there is one.

Clutch of circumstance—but, as our friend Kipling would say, that's quite another story, you know. I don't pretend to understand or to explain. But—there are more things in heaven and earth than our philosophy has taught us. My English friend was right—thank God!

Thompson Defends Movies

A HUMAN dynamo of good cheer—the man with the big, round, roly-poly, sunshine face—master of dramatic art and vaudeville—that is an inadequate epitome of William H. Thompson, character actor.

Somewhat or other it seemed as if William H. Thompson really belonged in the quaint summer cottage at Siasconset.

Over the door frame one read the cottage name, "The Captain's Cabin." The door looked like the door of a ship's cabin, because only half of it—the lower half—was closed.

Looking into the big, comfortable living room one could see the actor busy writing at his desk over at one side.

"Good morning, sir!"

The big head turned quickly. A smile came. Mr. Thompson arose to his feet and came forward with outstretched hand—a great big, glad-to-see-you kind of a hand.

"Ticked to death to see you," he greeted in a hoarse voice. "Come on in." Open went the lower half of the door. "Take a chair—have a cigarette? I'm sending back one of those darn manuscripts. You know people keep sending me manuscripts to read, and most of them are rotten."

His whole great round face gives color to his speech. His dancing blue eyes intensify everything he says. So do his big man-hands, that gesture every minute. In a word, William H. Thompson talks all over. His light poncee Norfolk suit of pearly gray, had a Thompson-

look about it, and the red sweater vest, peeking through his open coat, lent just the needed touch of color. Perhaps it was his gray shirt, open at the throat, that gave him the look of a hale and hearty sea captain.

"What percentage of these manuscripts of would-be playwrights have any merit at all?" the reporter was asking as the actor licked the stickum on an envelope.

"One per cent is big," he laughed. "Why, it is impossible to conceive how human beings can write the stuff that they do."

He began to pace back and forth across the room, talking as he walked.

"These college graduates," he continued, "write about 10 moving picture scenarios, and out of the 10 they get one taken by accident. Then they immediately think they are full-fledged playwrights. I am one of the poor boobs who suffer from such thinking."

"I haven't the heart to write them that the stuff is rotten, so I thank them very kindly for their clever little manuscript and return it with regrets. Then when it never gets by anywhere they pooh-pooh around and, waving my letter in the face of some manager, cry, 'Well, you see what Thompson thinks of it!'"

"You spoke of the movies a moment ago. What do you think of them?"

"Oh, they are great," he answered. "They have promoted thought in children, and they have given the servant girl the chance to feel the thrill of being a swell. I mean by that that

the low price charged at the moving picture theatre has forever killed the old family circle in the theatre. No girl is going to pay 50 cents and climb up two flights when for a dime she can sail majestically down the orchestra aisle of a movie theatre. And then, too, these movie theatres are such fine places to rest in. You remember Bernard Shaw said that church was the very best place in which to rest and think. One gets the same effect in the movie theatre."

William H. Thompson seems to act out everything he talks about. While he was telling about the girl going down the aisle in the movie theatre he was taking the part of the girl. He assumed the gait of a woman as he walked across the floor. His expression was that of a person who felt that he was "some pumpkins." He keeps one in a gale of laughter all the time.

"People nowadays are tired of listening," he was saying. "They like the action of the movies and the soothing music that goes with them. They don't go to learn anything. They want to be amused."

"Do you think the movies have killed the drama?"

"Haven't killed it," he answered, "but they have done their share in commercializing it. Very little art is left in the 'legit.' Anything goes as long as there is a dollar in it. People are sick of the mushy highbrow stuff. Yet I think some of the old type of romantic plays will be seen again. Politics has given the artistic side of things an awful bang."

So now it is up to the movies to reincarnate the good old days of the drama.

An Actress of a Viking Land

Gerda Holmes of Essanay

By KATHERINE SYNON

A DARKENED theater with speeding films running off pictures of tense dramatic interest, telling the story of a beautiful blind singer; a critical audience of photographers, directors, editors, and managers watching the run; a breathless moment of tension at the climax where the girl of the pictures flings back her head as if she were about to burst forth into song; then, suddenly, a glorious voice filling the miniature theater, flooding it with golden melody, rising to the rafters and rushing out to reverberate through the great building of the film factory; this was the way in which Gerda Holmes of the Essanay became a prophetess in her own country.

her as the possessor of a wonderful voice. "The Song in the Dark" has made film history, but nowhere has it been the surprise that its production gave to the audience at the Essanay plant.

Since that time Gerda Holmes's gift has been one of the social assets of the big studio on Argyle street in Chicago, just as Gerda Holmes herself has become one of the most popular members of the big family of players who labor under the Essanay banners. In the great room on the upper floor from which the dressing rooms of the players open, the dark-haired, dark-eyed girl is usually the center of a group of men and women, grown-up children of the photoplays, who assemble sociably while awaiting their calls to work. It was here that she worked at costume-making the other morning while a less industrious crowd of watchers surrounded her, listening to a merry tale she was telling of a disaster that had befallen her roadster. The laughter of the group went with them when their call came and they had to leave Gerda Holmes to the sewing that she gayly termed her own destruction.

"I hate to sew," she announced frankly, "but what can I do if I have to be a rich girl in all the pictures?"

"Do rich girls have to sew?"

"Perhaps the really and truly rich girls don't have to prick their fingers while they sing 'The Song of the Shirt,'" she said, "but I know that photoplay actresses who play rich girls have to wear elaborate frocks; and to have elaborate frocks for heiress roles the actress sometimes has to make them for herself. Did you ever see an heiress wearing an old dressing

sack or anything at all like one?"
"The only heiress I ever saw wore something that looked like a gunnysack."

"She wasn't a movie heiress," said Gerda Holmes severely. "Movie heiresses are always magnificently attired. They are as the lilies of the field. But the actresses who play them have to toil and spin to have sufficient wardrobes. That's why I have a soaring ambition to play ragpickers' daughters."

"Really?"

"Not really," she admitted. "Singing's my real ambition."

"How did you come into the movies?"

"It's a long story," she said. She set aside the sewing to tell it. As she talked her brown eyes lighted with the fires of memories, of hopes, of ambitions. Gerda Holmes has the sort of beauty that responds to her every emotion. Stately, rather serious in repose, almost regal in manner, she becomes as she talks of her life and her work vivid and brilliantly animated. It was an interesting tale that she told, although she left out some of the most interesting parts. She eluded gracefully her romantic marriage with Rapley Holmes, who is so well known for his roles in the Essanay films and whose relationship to her has been the subject of the frequent question, "Is she his daughter, his sister, or his wife?" She's his wife, and he's not nearly as old as he looks in many of the parts that he plays; and he's a refutation of the aspersion that nobody loves a fat man. With a certain un-American reserve, however, his wife dismissed comment upon her husband with a blush and a smile. On other topics she talked more freely, telling a story unusual even among the cosmopolitan gathering of film players.

Gerda Holmes was born in Chicago something more than twenty and less than twenty-five years ago. Her people had come to the United States from Denmark. For five years she lived in Chicago. Then her father and mother returned to their native land, taking the little American girl with them. For eleven years they lived in Denmark. In that



Gerda Holmes is One of the Most Popular Members of the Big Family of Players Who Labor under the Essanay Banner

You who have seen "A Song in the Dark" will remember the scene in which the blind girl, played by Gerda Holmes, begins to sing. You might have guessed from the manner in which she holds her head that she has mastered the form that is one of the characteristics of a good singer; or, it may be, that you thought her as exceptional in the acting of that role as she is in so many others that she has played. But if, at some public performance of the film; the same voice should echo through the theater, the audience who heard it could never experience anything like the thrill of surprise that went through the audience at the Essanay trial theater when Gerda Holmes began to sing. They had known her as an actress—an exceptional one, as the films were proving—but no one but the director who staged this *coup d'état* had known



She Made Her First Appearance with Essanay in "The Song in the Dark," a Film That Has Made History



But Nowhere Has This Film Seen the Surprise That Its Production Gave to the Audience at the Essanay Plant

time Gerda Holmes forgot every word of the English language she had learned in her few years of babyhood. She acquired, however, that remarkably cosmopolitan quality of manner that distinguishes the Danish people. She developed, too, the talents that she has since revealed. Denmark is a country of endeavor for women as well as for men. The little girl who had been born in the United States absorbed the ideals of her father's land. When she came back to America at the age of sixteen she had determined upon her career. She was going to be a singer.

Her voice, the beginnings of that wonderful voice that so startled her fellow-workers in the studio when she first revealed its beauty to them already showed its promise. Her gift of mimicry however outdistanced it. Her beauty brought to her offers of stage work that she at first refused. Later, with the realization that the training would be invaluable to her if she determined upon grand opera as a career, she accepted the role of Echo in "The Roundup."

The part called for the ability to ride. Gerda Holmes didn't even know how to get on a horse when she went to the first rehearsal. It is characteristic of her, however, that she mounted the animal—from the wrong side—and held tight. Before the first night she could ride as if she had been raised in the saddle. She played Echo for so long a time

square room of the studios, clad in the simplest of white summer gowns, she looked more like a Tadema painting of a Greek maiden than like a girl of the most modern development of drama. It was of most modern conditions, however, that she talked, principally about the roadster that she has made famous down the length of Sheridan Road.

"I love to run it," she declared with rapture. "There's something

"Perhaps It is My Interest in Everything Musical That Makes Me Respond More Quickly to Plays Concerned with Music"



A Moving Scene from "The Seventh Prelude," Another Musical Melodrama in Which Gerda Holmes was Starred



She is Always Willing to Submerge Her Beauty in Any Part That Will Give Her an Opportunity for Character Drawing

Gerda Holmes is an Artist to the Finger Tip, Ambitious, Energetic, and Determined

never intrudes on her present work.

"I believe that motion picture acting is the

best sort of training that any woman can have for stage work

of any sort," she said. "It is a finished art of itself, in no way dependent upon any other art, but, being an art, it must naturally enrich the earnest artist. I think," she continued, "that all the talk about photoplay work injuring other kinds of art is tommyrot. . . ." She paused over the word as she does sometimes over American slang, a reminder of the fact that she returned to the United States from Denmark without knowing one word of the English language. "I believe that good, sincere work in any kind of art enriches the artist so that he or she is able to do better work in any other artistic line. Don't you think that sincere study in drawing would aid a writer who had tried both?"

"I don't mean dilettantism," she explained hastily. "I can't abide that. That's one good thing about motion pictures," she declared with conviction. "There aren't many dilettantes. Of course, there are show girls. Every profession has those. But the work's too hard for the dawdlers. And I'm glad of it."

She looked like some winged and armed victory as she stood, waiting for the call that would take her to her work. The pose, unconscious as it was, somehow represented Gerda Holmes so well that it is the picture of her that remains most vividly in one's memory. Energy, ambition, dreams of artistic beauty shone in her eyes. Power aureoled her dark head. Determination flung back her shoulders. Like some goddess of the northern pantheon she stood, about to enter Valhalla. Times change, and ways of expression; but the dominant spirit goes down through the ages.

that she says that she still dreams of Indians and shooting. She played the part, in fact, until she went into the movies. Her first part in the films was with the Thanhouser company where she appeared in "Robin Hood." She declares it a very complete appearance, for she wore tights in the role. From the Thanhouser she came to the Essanay Company where "The Song in the Dark" was her first appearance and "The Seventh Prelude," another musical melodrama, her latest.

"I don't know why I seem to run into musical dramas," she mused, after she had skimmed over the facts of her life. "Perhaps it is my interest in everything musical that makes me respond more quickly to action in plays concerned with music." Even as she talked about music and its relation to photoplays her face glowed with animation. Now Gerda Holmes is very beautiful at any time with a romantic quality of beauty that indefinably characterizes her as a child of a more temperamental race than ours but when she thrills to memories of music she is one of the most beautiful women in the drama, film or otherwise. There, in the unadorned

thrilling about the purr of an engine and the feel of the road underneath when you let her go."

That one sentence may explain Gerda Holmes to a psychologist. The feeling of power that comes to the driver of a car as primarily the same emotion that comes to the artist who drives over his work to the goal of results. Gerda Holmes is artist to the finger-tips, ambitious, eager for work, restless under any enforced idleness, industrious, determined. One need only see the eagerness with which she goes into work when her call comes to know that she has the artistic gift of genuine love for the work itself.

Remarkably free from vanity, she is always willing to submerge her good looks in any part that will give her opportunity for character drawing. She is a tireless worker, avid of experience in her art, and willing to labor under all those conditions that so eminently discourage the average performer. "More work and better" would seem to be her paraphrase of Browning's motto for living. While she is ever conscious of her ambition ultimately to become a grand opera singer, her intention

Helps to the Solution of

The Million Dollar Mystery

By WILLIAM J. BURNS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE

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REVIEW OF NINTH EPISODE:

The conspirators were immeasurably pleased over the success of Olga's plot to separate Norton and Florence. It left the way open for more daring moves. Physicians, who were under orders of the Black Hundred, signed an insanity certificate, so that Florence would be regarded as an insane person and be unable to make any one believe in her claims. The newspaper story brings in some interesting details about Norton and his newspaper associates, who express their doubt that there ever was a man named Hargreave. The story also tells about the meeting of Norton and a man whose arm was carried in a sling—they went to the hangar, discussing matters regarding the treasure-box that Jones had dumped into the sea. This is the same man, apparently, to whom reference has been made in past episodes—the man who was shot at by the conspirators; the man who has kept in touch with Norton. The films show Florence, accompanied by Susan, bound on a shopping trip. She remained in the taxi while Susan entered a store, and the Black Hundred's agents took charge of her, displayed the lunacy certificate, and hurried her to an ocean liner, where her condition was whispered about. Florence was to be taken abroad, but she learned that the boat would pass near to the fishing banks of Newfoundland, or at least near the American shore, and that night stole out of her state-room, and with a life-belt around her, plunged into the sea. Unconscious, she was picked up by fishermen, and taken to a little coast village, but her mind was a blank, and she wandered aimlessly down to the beach, vainly attempting to recall events that had preceded.

ONLY incidentally shall I make mention of this episode. The most important facts in it are obvious—the continued daring and cunning of the Black Hundred. What I am going to tell you is this: I can lay my hands on Stanley Hargreave! Let me qualify this statement only in this particular: I can bring to light the man who has all the facial resemblances of Hargreave—the shadow that has lurked in the background—the man whom we have sought. For surely there can scarcely be more than two men who look so much like Jones!

You will say that I have seen Hargreave—have talked with him—have perhaps shaken him by the hand. Do not be too hasty! It is possible to know that a man exists without seeing him; to learn where he is hiding without calling on him; to delve into his intimate history without interviewing him. With your patience, therefore, I shall trace the truths I uncovered in my visit to New Rochelle, N. Y., where most of the scenes of the Million Dollar Mystery are staged.

How could a detective, internationally known, enter the Mystery camp without his presence being suspected? The average individual, unschooled in the art of detection, looks for the theatrical sleuth—expects mystery to precede the coming of an investigator. But the modern

detective is business-like, and he enters upon scenes not with professional mannerisms, but with logical reasons to fortify him. He comes with no more heralding than would precede the postman, or the grocer's boy—and operates without arousing suspicion. These methods are so contrary to accepted beliefs, that the amateur always fails, while the skilled detective succeeds. And in a natural, reasonable manner I entered into the Thanouser stronghold, chatted with the Mystery principals, watched them work, studied their personalities, their manners, their characteristics—and from out of the maze of moving, chatting figures whom we have learned to know as Jones, the butler; the Countess; Norton, the reporter; Susan, the teacher; Braine, the arch-conspirator; Florence, the long-suffering heiress; Vroon, Felton and

touch with each other's movements—and I was soon convinced that so long as Jones was before me in the flesh, then not far away must be Hargreave!

Where did Mr. Bracey live? Maybe some one among his neighbors might bring to light some truth about his strange counterpart! But at his home, they had seen him come and go—and knew him well. Did they know Hargreave? Had they ever seen a man who might answer Hargreave's description? But Mr. Bracey had covered his tracks around his domicile, as well as in the studio. No one had seen Hargreave. The more they denied it, the more convinced was I that Hargreave lived—that he was near at hand—that Stanley Hargreave was waiting for the moment to return. If there was no knowledge of him at Bracey's home, then Bracey was very cautious, and shielded his counterpart in the picture drama even in his every-day affairs. That was unusual, almost uncanny. But wait! At the House of Mystery some clue might exist.

It must be some clue that has already been revealed to us in the story or in the films. What basis have I for believing in Hargreave's existence?

In the third episode, at the time of the warehouse raid, when Norton attempted to lead the Black Hundred into a trap, there appeared a shadow of a man—a man's profile—against the partition or door. That shadow was sufficiently distinct to cause the conspirators to rush toward the spot, with Braine actually directing operations. Braine had seen and was sure he knew. He was confident that Hargreave himself had cast that shadow. Again, at various places in the plot, Norton is in communication with some mysterious person—some one who is sending messages to Jones. For a long while, it looked as though it might be the aeronaut—but that probability faded away in view of other evidence.

Always in the background there has been something unexplained—and the strong likeness between Jones and Hargreave has pointed to a possible solution. Therefore, if any person answering Hargreave's description had visited the Mystery mansion, surely somebody must know about it. And—somebody did!

There, finally, I found my clue. I came to the conclusion that Hargreave must exist—was still in the shadows waiting—watching—for the time to come when he must step out into the open to protect those for whom he had suffered so much and so long.

And still, I am not saying that Jones is not the real Hargreave. I am simply taking two characters in the abstract, one of whom is known as Jones, and the other of whom is known as Hargreave. And these two persons still operate and co-operate as separate and distinct entities, so all the evidence insists.

You will say, "If Hargreave is still alive, why does he not come back?" Or—"when will he appear?" This I can not say. I can not look forward; I can not picture scenes that have not occurred. I merely know that there is organized force back of the Hargreave interests—and out of this assurance comes another startling pos-



Braine Suspected Hargreave's Presence in the Warehouse—He Had Seen a Shadow He Recognized

the others—from these, I repeat, I fashioned my own pattern, and saw that it was shaped to fit the plot as I have built it in my mind—as I have helped you trace it through these various discussions. Now, if Jones knew all about Hargreave in the make-believe world of the Mystery, he must certainly know as much about him around the studio, or on the broad, velvety lawn of the House of Mystery, or out on the roadway between the Thanouser buildings where the actor-folk are wont to congregate. But would Mr. Bracey tell what he knew? Scarcely. However, a man tells things without the employment of words; he tells them with gestures, through facial expression, and in a hundred other odd little ways that I have made it my business to master.

Would not Mr. Alfred Norton, playing the Hargreave part, tell me considerable? But where was Mr. Norton? Every one professed ignorance! Mystery was shrouding a real human being as surely as it was surrounding a character on the screen! Nobody would tell anything about the man who played the Hargreave part. Still, it was certain that Jones—meaning Sidney Bracey—knew him. Surely, no two men could look as much alike as these two (Hargreave and Jones) without keeping in

sible phase of the situation!

Suppose Hargreave is and always has been a member of the Black Hundred, working with them beneath the shadow of his mask, hearing their plots against Florence and against Jones and himself? Suppose that during these waiting, nerve-tense years, Stanley Hargreave has sat in the inner councils of the conspirators? If this were true, then would Mr. Bracey take chances of permitting even his neighbors to see Hargreave? The pictures are causing as much interest and comment in New Rochelle as they are in California. Do you not believe that many a person there has turned amateur detective, and has tried to anticipate scenes?

Ten thousand dollars needs must be a sore temptation in the very environs of the Than-houser plant, and it is just as essential to exercise caution in and about the studios as it is to preserve secrecy as far as the great public that reaches from coast to coast, and from Northern Canada to Mexico is concerned. But, remember, there were those in the neighborhood of the Mystery Home who believed that Hargreave lived—who "fancied" that they had seen him—but were not sure. They never saw him come or go, but they were mystified! Their point of view was just a little different from ours. We saw the shadow at the warehouse on the wharves, and we have read much about some one who is meeting Norton. We have never seen this character come or go—but have sensed his presence.

Each of the Mystery cast was quite certain that nobody knew or can know how it will all end. They were telling the truth about it. They do not know. Mr. Lonergan does not know. But, on the other hand, they have built a blind around Stanley Hargreave, and are hiding him from the view even of the townsfolk. Yes, many had seen Hargreave when he appeared in the first episode. They saw him ride out to the house of mystery and back to the studios. But beyond that, they have been kept in the deepest ignorance, with nothing to guide them. I state, therefore, that here is a mystery that is being lived out beyond



Has Hargreave Remained in the Black Hundred? Has He Been Protected through Unbroken Alliance and His Black Mask?

the studio settings. Not even the most inquisitive in New Rochelle could have any more dependable knowledge than you have, without respect to where you reside. Loiterers come in droves to the Than-houser plant, but go away empty-handed. They are baffled—and knowledge of these facts gave me still greater enthusiasm. If I had found even one person who would have said, "Now, the plan is this—," I would have felt that the public had been dealt with unfairly. But the Mystery folk are as close-mouthed as though they had committed some deep felony, and feared the hand of the law! They live out the mystery away from their work as much as in the studios!

Can you imagine a more carefully plotted story than this? Have you ever heard of a film plot that was housed in with so much painstaking

have been—because we have been bewildered by a plot so cunning that we have been blinded by actualities. We have been led astray by the hardships of Florence and the heroism of Norton! The things we have seen the most were dust-clouds that were aimed at our reason, our deduction, our thought, with so wonderful a maze of plot that we must admit we are dealing with master minds in mystery building.

Time and time again, the simplest settings have led to the most amazing situations. What a beautiful vehicle the Black Hundred would be to convey Hargreave unseen through the episodes! How easily might he not be one of them, without their ever suspecting his identity! For has Braine not said that only a few know him—and that the Black Hundred, as a body, is made

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Would Not the Mystery of These Meetings of the Black Hundred Make Hargreave's Presence Possible? Many of the Masked Faces are Always Half Hidden in the Shadow of the Background

"Extras" I--The "Supes" of the Motion Picture Stage

By RICHARD WILLIS



darkness of the employment offices where extras are to be found has more material for the psychologist than have the more ordered dressing rooms where the stars are shining.

To anyone desiring to study human nature in some of its most interesting forms, to those looking for stories with what is known in the profession as "heart interest," I recommend spending some time around one of the big studios, particularly in the employment bureaus. Most of the larger film companies have their particular offices for the employment of extra labor, for they have outgrown the time when they allowed men and women to enter the confines of the studios to make application for work. At the Reliance and Universal plants there is a steady stream of humanity seeking "extra" work all day long. Particularly in the early mornings and at the smaller manufacturing girls and boys stand near the entrances to solicit jobs. The majority of those who apply do not get work excepting when some particularly big scene is to be put on, but it is astonishing how persistent some of them are.

It is interesting to size up the different classes

The Extras' Outing on a Lunch Wagon Resembles Closely a Run on a Bank

who try to get into the motion picture game. There is the professional extra, the aspiring amateur, the man who wants occasional work and not too much of it, those temporarily out of employment, girls who are attracted by the work and who firmly believe that all they want is "the chance" to make good, and the professional rough-neck who will do any old thing to earn a dollar or two and who will offer to

The Better Class of Extras Have a Social Opportunity to Meet on in Society Places Where Their Smart Clothes and Sophisticated Manners Count

MOTION picture stars are made.

"Extras" are born. Like the dupes of the old-time gamblers, there seems to have been one born every minute, if their number may be judged from the crowds that beset the motion picture studios of the country in an effort to obtain employment as supernumeraries in motion pictures.

Like the poor, the extras are always with the companies. And, like the rich men of the world, the regular members of the companies maintain a haughty disdain of their brethren on the fringe—the attitude of the holders of all professions toward the outcasts who crowd up closely for the purpose of looking in.

There is a tradition in stage life that the "girl" is responsible for all the opprobrium that sensationalism has attached to the theatrical profession. There is a well-established idea in the newspaper world that the "lance" of journalism is at the root of the evil charged against the news. And there is a certainty in the studios that the "extra" is the cause of the malodorous headlines that beset the most disrepute upon motion pictures. For an unbiased opinion of the life of the extra, I am going to the dressing rooms and leading men and women players assemble. In the rough have characterized the interest to the jewel cut gem, so the outer



In a Stock Exchange Scene the Professionals Wangle with the Extras to Show Them "How" in Order That Retakes May be Avoided.



do impossible things either to gratify his natural love of adventure or for the sheer love of it.

The professional extra covers the men and women who have had experience on the stage as a rule or have acted in pictures for some length of time. There are those who have grown old in the acting game and who have for various reasons lost all ambition but who can do nothing else. There is one old actor, a fine looking man with a great crop of hair and a resonant voice and who knows his Shakespeare backwards. He is a good actor, too, and at one time was well known as a "second" man to stars and was always sure of an engagement in stock—for a time. His fault is that lack of reliability that characterizes so many of his class. And, as reliability is one of the most important characteristics demanded in film work, his days in any one studio are limited. And so he becomes one of the rolling stones that gather neither moss nor polish as they go down the hill.

There are a number of good actors and actresses who take "extra" parts for no reason whatever than the fact that they have not the "get up" to go properly after a steady position. They are content to act for wage by the day, to do their work without soul or ambition and to loaf around the studios. Some of them stick to one studio and others drift from one to another.

Then there are the men or women who cannot get a steady job because they are types. There is one very little man who is desirable for certain parts which do not happen along very often and another who is very tall and thin and suited to one line of work and not good enough to be a comedian—he has no sense of humor whatever. There are little elderly women and big elderly women

who are useful in certain parts only, and who cannot be taken on regularly to the profit of

any firm. They are used only in a few scenes. All of these excite one's pity somewhat and

In a Scene Such as This the Extras are Generally Employed of the Company, Property Men, Scene Shifters, Etc.



Great Fains is Taken in the Selection of Characteristic and Individual Types for Such a Scene, Reproducing the Atmosphere of an Exclusive London Club.

Slap-Stick Comedy Extras Usually Stick to One Company as Much as Possible



all are tolerably sure of getting in two or three days a week. The employment bureaus keep their addresses and telephone numbers and often have occasion to call them up. They are all useful—at times.

Sympathy flies when it comes to the younger fry, however. There is a certain class of young man who dresses in cheap and rather flashy style and who borrows freely of his neighbor's clothes, who eternally smokes cigarettes and who is too lazy to do any-

thing else. He prefers to be known as an "actor" and proclaims the fact loudly on the cars and in the saloons he frequents when he has the price. As a general rule he is good natured enough but he will never be able to do anything more than walk on in a scene or take some small part which does not call for expression or brains.

I know a little knot of these boys who are all about the same build and who interchange their clothes and live on each other's earnings. You cannot dislike them. They are always cheerful and blatant and are beyond the reach of sarcasm or advice. They spend all their money as fast as they get it and thoroughly enjoy themselves, but they are LAZY and will never be anything but what they are; poor members of society. It is these young men who often cause trouble around a studio. They know everybody's business and discuss the life in the studios down town and they always seem to know more about what is going to happen than anyone else. Their stories have some basis at times but more often they are purely mischievous and do individuals and concerns considerable harm. In brief, they are utterly

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J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

IX--When Popularity Beckons

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

JACK WALLING walked leisurely west in Twelfth street, gazing listlessly at the Ghetto throngs, and speculating on a multitude of theories that raced in upon him, and haled him away from his accustomed haunts in Chicago where he was likely to meet friends. There were periods when Walling wished to be very much alone, and right now he was thrilled with a new ambition. It was a nameless sort of desire, such as men become obsessed with occasionally. He aspired to do something big—and he lacked only direction for his thoughts.

A crowd of smutty-faced youngsters surged into a five-cent house, and without asking himself why, Walling joined them in their harmless pastime. He could at least lose himself in that rabble, and it would be dark—even though the odors of the unwashed arose to assail his protesting nostrils.

The films were largely of the dare-devil western type, crowded with cow-punchers, lady rough-riders, Indians and the like; the very manner of pictures that would most appeal to the youth of the Ghetto, with its restive crowds and its penury, its lack of opportunity, and its stereotyped excitement.

After the third reel had been shown, a slide was flashed on the murky screen. Its message was in Hebrew characters, that looked as though one could read them best by standing on one's head.

The children began to cheer, and the cheering endured until the slide was withdrawn—and for some moments afterwards.

"What did it say?" Walling asked of the dark-eyed boy next to him.

"Aw, you know!" the youngster replied banteringly, as though he suspected his neighbor guilty of a jest. "No, I don't." Walling assured him. "Tell me what it said."

"It says that Shekels is loose tonight."

"Who's loose?"

"Shekels," the boy returned cautiously. "Only, it don't do you no good if you ain't saved your coupon. Then if you find him, you get twenty tickets, good any time."

Once or twice—and occasionally three times—weekly, the People's Theatre published the fact that Shekels was abroad, but Shekels was never the same person twice in succession. He would walk along every street of the Ghetto once—usually in the early evening—and the first boy or girl who approached him and said, "You are Shekels," and could produce the current coupon handed out to every ticket purchaser, was entitled to twenty free tickets. Consequently, on the evenings when Shekels strolled at large, every man was stopped by the ticket-mad youngsters. It was manifestly a nuisance that should have been suppressed, but it kept the name of the People's Theatre on every youthful tongue most of the time, and caused them to watch for coming bills. That was advertising.

Walling had often thought about a "hidden treasure" proposition; that is, hiding a sum of money, or a due-bill for the money, in some park or in some neighborhood, but that endangered sidewalks, lawns and trees, for when there is anything of value to dig for, children are not particular where they do their digging.

Out of the idea of Shekels, was evolved the Walling conception of making any film a mystery play—and of incidentally stirring up interest in the neighborhood and helping friendly merchants and, in return, receiving these dealers' aid.

As was his wont, Jack Walling talked the matter over with Dolly, who was ever so demure and penitent these days, since the bogus nobleman had attempted to blackmail her because of her father's past. She welcomed no one else with quite so much fervor as that display when she greeted Jack, and Walling real-



There Were Periods When Walling Wished to Be Very Much Alone, and Right Now He Was Thrilled With a New Ambition

ized that some of the old spirit of triumph that Dolly Ewing had once manifested, had taken to the ebb and was waning rapidly.

"I want you to help me work this idea out to a conclusion," Walling urged, more to take Dolly's mind from her brooding, and put the rose-tints back into her pallid cheeks. She looked smaller than ever, and her mouth was drawn and her eyes lacked their former lustre. It is always that way when some sinister spot-light decides to illumine the interior of one's sacred secrets.

"I can't think of anything," Miss Ewing confessed abstractedly. "I'm not supposed to think, anyway. Only, I should imagine that a scheme could be worked out something like this: Here is an ordinary reel. It begins and ends in the customary way. But what did a certain character say or plan at some given time? What did somebody think about at some certain point in the picture? Why couldn't you make that the mystery, and then offer your rewards on the correct solution? You don't advertise it in the papers; you do not even use circulars for it, but you—well, you could co-operate with some grocer, who would wrap up the answer with a pound of coffee, or a package of sugar or a loaf of bread."

Walling thought earnestly for a minute or two, and then agreed enthusiastically that Dolly had struck the key-note, just as he intended she should do from the start.

In order to not complicate matters, the Ewing-Walling string of movie houses confined this contest to boys and girls—and here

was the idea: Each evening, a slide would be run preceding a reel, and the slide would be something like this:

What Did Mary Say to Frank When They Met Beneath the Tree? One Word of the Answer Will Be Found in Each Purchase of 10c and Up at the Following Stores:

Hand in the correct answer within one week and receive 5 tickets good for any show at this theatre.

Every available merchant in the neighborhood was in on the plan: the bakers, the grocers, the butchers, the delicatessen shops, and the candy and stationery stores. Suppose the reply were this: "Mary said, 'John, I called you up by 'phone this morning.'" This sentence was printed on strips of colored cardboard, and then it was cut up into words, and sets of the complete sentence were handed to the merchants, who inserted words in packages. No charge was made for them, because the dealers permitted Walling to put up hangers in their stores and posters in their windows.

Inasmuch as practically every merchant in each neighborhood was patronized in this way, none of them felt hurt or neglected. Besides, Walling found that the average correct answers was under ten each week, and the cost was fifty tickets, or five dollars. It kept the young boys and girls busy, and the busier they were, the more determined they became to not miss a show, because the prize offers might appear one right after another, or come every second or third night. The uncertainty of it fostered vigilance.

To win a prize it was necessary that the words be pasted together, so that the sentence was complete, and Walling was careful to write sentences so that they could be put together with the least effort.

Barter and exchange was set up in the neighborhood, and the boy with too many "thes" would trade with the boy who had too many "vents," until the average began to climb. One week's set would be printed on blue paper, and the next week's on brown paper, or one week the type would be gothic and the next week Charter Oak, so as to identify each week's sentences.

This idea led to another, which also was intended for the children. It was the cut-out proposition. Walling purchased a large number of sets of "cut-outs," covering a variety of subjects. With each ticket there would be given one piece of a cut-out, the total number to make an elephant, or a doll, or something similar. In one cut-out, there might be forty pieces, but parts would be handed out at every show for two weeks, and the barter-and-exchange business thrived more than ever.

They had to take what was handed to them, and as a result one child would have three trunks of an elephant, but no tail or legs, and another would have several duplicates of parts of the body. Every child bringing in a complete cut-out within a week after that set closed, would receive five tickets—and the diligence was startling. It was suggested by school teachers that it took precedence over "home-work," but it was good advertising—and when children are alive to an offer, their parents help live the details. They can't get away from it.

As the days wore along, Dolly began to revive and she was planning on new conquests through the Sensational Film Company.

Being diminutive, she could play any part from a child to a grandmother—and it was Dolly's mind that conceived the plan to put out a series of two-reel features showing a character from childhood to old age. The plot was not so substantial as some plots, but the purpose back of it was this:

As a child, Dolly had her playthings—some dolls, a tricycle and a toy-house, etc. As a young lady, she had jewelry. As she grew older, in the films, she owned a pony, and later an automobile. The various objects she possessed, were to be actually duplicated and given as prizes in a great popularity contest, open to all houses using the Sensational Films, and including, of course, the Ewing-Walling string of theatres, which now embraced a dozen in Chicago, one in Milwaukee and three in northern Indiana towns.

The contest was to cover a period of six months, and every theatre participating was to subscribe for a definite service during that time, receiving folders and posters announcing the contest, and securing ideas for advertising it, and pushing it through various channels.

This contest was based on votes. To each ticket purchased there was attached a coupon, and each coupon entitled its holder to five votes. One could be cast for the most popular family in the neighborhood, another for the most popular man, still another for the most popular housewife, and another for the most popular young lady, and another for the most popular child.

The family polling the largest number of votes in any community was to receive a piece of furniture, with a choice of numerous articles, such as davenports, brass beds, rockers, dining room furniture, etc. The most popular man was to receive any one of a selection of a dozen male necessities, such as watches, canes, suit cases, etc. The housewife had her selection of furs, jewelry and the like. Young ladies had their choice of jewelry, jewel-cases and other requisites. The child who won the largest number of votes was to receive a beautiful doll—for a girl; or a bicycle for a boy. The actual cost in each neighborhood was to total about \$100—and there were more than one hundred theatres subscribing to the service. But beyond all these prizes, the family receiving the highest number of votes in the country was to have an automobile; the man receiving the greatest number of votes in the country was to be given railway and Pullman fare anywhere on the continent not exceeding two thousand miles for the round trip. The most popular housewife in the country was to get any make of sewing machine she named. The most popular young lady was to be presented with a one-carat solitaire ring; and the most popular child was to receive a Shetland pony.

The total outlay for the presents was to run over twelve thousand dollars, and there would be ten installments of two-reel Dolly films during the service. The margin left for the Sensational Film Co. was liberal, and the object was to keep every subscribing exhibitor's house filled during the six-month period.

The voting at the end of that time was to be through the process of turning in the coupons, and filling in the names of the persons voted for, with the number of votes written after each name.

Once ambition settled upon any housewife or family, or man, or maid or child, then the race was on, and the aspirants labored tooth and claw to block their rivals. Some of the en-

thusiasts would go to see every show in a day, and others—determined to be at the top of the list—would buy scores of tickets at a time, tearing off the voting coupons and giving the tickets to children. In their Chicago houses, Dolly and Walling aimed to always have a different show at each house, so that those who wished to "make the rounds," would be able to see something different. In the daily papers in every town represented, a little card was run to show the standing of the leading contestants. This helped many to "get their names in the papers," who had suffered through mediocrity and oblivion all their lives.

At different times, various articles offered for prizes would be exhibited at the theatres—perhaps up on the stage, or out in the lobby, surrounded by glass show-case walls, or chains.

Walling was standing outside of the Trojan one night, when a party of vote-hunters came swooping down upon the house. There were fully forty of them, and they purchased about five hundred tickets—but the tickets all had to be used up within a stated time, or their value would cease to exist; that is, with the exception of their voting power. Had this not been done, some families would have been supplied with tickets for months after the contest closed. In Chicago, the limit for use was two weeks; in most other places, one month.

To stimulate the interest, additional lots of voting coupons were awarded for special services. The boy or girl who peddled bills the most faithfully would receive blocks of coupons as compensation. Merchants offered these coupons as premiums with their wares. Aspiring brokers advertised them in the classified columns. Some traded them for various articles, and others used them for paying boys and girls for running errands. These voting adjuncts of the regular tickets came into power such as wampum had done in the Indian days. They were regarded as being worth a certain sum of money, the value varying at different periods, because nobody knew whether the winning votes would swell into the millions, thousands or hundreds. If anything ever ran the gamut of a speculative market, then it was the voting value of these coupons.

The number of tickets sold was always in excess of seating capacity, but when pride is in the balance, who cares for expenses?

"I'm four thousand ahead of Lizzie," Walling heard one young lady whisper to her escort, "and she's giving a party tomorrow night, and invited everybody except me. Now, I really didn't care about beating her, but watch me from this time on!"

Long Envelopes, Perfumed Missives, Telegrams, Flowers, Candy, and Heaven Knows What Not, Poured into Her Office



"It creates brotherly and sisterly love," Walling chuckled to Dolly. "We never know what firm friends we are to one another until somebody brings up the question of who is the best, or of who has the largest following."

"I notice somebody has been voting for me, although it is understood I can't compete," Dolly sighed absently. Indeed, she was running well in the lead in the Chicago and national contests, and the popularity idea had finally bitten her. She wanted to win—and even Walling wanted to see her win, although both had specified in the contract that no one connected with the Sensational Film Co., with the Ewing-Walling Syndicate, or with any house running the service, could secure a prize.

There is usually a period in any big feature when interest sags. Just why this should be so, no one can say definitely. However, it is that way with reform, and it is that way with Congress, so why not with popularity contests? Whatever promised to work up the pepper was resorted to. The newspapers printed coupons, and thirty of consecutive dates would entitle the owner to five tickets and one hundred votes. The newspapers purchased the tickets at the box-offices of the local theatres—and devoted considerable space to talking about the theatres and the contests—and in return the theatre managements patronized the papers for advertising space.

It was decided finally that Dolly should make a tour of the houses running the service, and this was played up with the blare of trumpets and the flash of huge lithographs. Dolly put in two months traveling, and was greeted with newspaper interviews as well as by the ever-curious, who wanted to see the heroine of the Sensational dramas in the flesh. It was a tiring jaunt, but it brought the little actress into closer touch with the public, and made every patron who had seen her feel that she was just a trifle nearer to the hearts of each audience.

Walling breathed more easily upon Dolly's return, because there were dangers—very grave dangers—even though her mother did chaperon her. Wealthy young men with leanings toward theatrical ladies might fall in love with a girl of Dolly's type most any day—and many of them did, and their flattery brought back much of the fun of living.

Long envelopes, perfumed missives, telegrams, flowers, candy and heaven knows what not, poured into her office for a month after her return. There were avowals of undying love, and some rather flippant notes, and others promising to break up homes and desert spouses if she would consent to their proposals. When a girl sees all sides of human nature, she loses a little of its romance, and the more the boobs, fops, zooks and others pressed in her direction, the more she admired Jack Walling, who had been blessed with eyes to see her back in New York when hunger gripped, and there were no pretty clothes to set off so charming a face. After all, it is to those who "find" us that we owe the greatest debts. The breakfast food that is advertised most is the kind that is most readily sold. And the face that looks out from the screen upon countless thousands each week, is a face more easily remembered and admired. Great

beauties gain their reputations after they have acquired beautiful clothes—and great men are at their best when their names and photographs are most in print.

The total number of votes cast in the 104 houses using the Popularity Service—covering a period of six months—was 57,824,802. This was an average of about half a million to each theatre—and included, of course, all the voting coupons given away as special inducements, as well as those purchased with tickets.

The family winning the automobile received over 3,450,000 votes—and this ranged down to about 1,678,000 for the most popular child.

Every theatre subscribing for the service had cleared greater profits by a large margin than for any similar period, and the Sensational Film Co. had done handsomely. That is the most definite that can be said, for it was rumored that the profits were enormous. Dolly wouldn't tell, and Walling wouldn't tell, but they were satisfied—and they looked the parts. True, factions had sprung up in various neighborhoods, but then, there are always factions. People may as well quarrel about popularity matters as about local politics. Without divergence of opinion, what would the world amount to?

It was decided, after the affair was closed, that the Ewing and Walling interests had



Dolly Had a Far-away Look in Her Dreamy Eyes That Did Not Seem to Correspond with the Fishing in Hand

earned a vacation. That is why Dolly, her mother and Bobby undertook to entertain Walling at the newly-acquired Ewing lodge in northern Wisconsin; up where the fishing's good and the bob-cat still stalks through the slashings.

They were angling one day, with considerable success, and Dolly had a far-away look in her dreamy eyes, that did not seem to correspond with the fishing in hand. She was dwelling on the subject of popularity.

"What's the big idea?" Jack queried, as he baited her hook.

or bass or muskie. Only when we're caught with the goods do we become suckers. Besides, when it comes to a popularity contest, you can always have my vote. How many more do you need?"

Although Dolly didn't reply, she realized that one vote of the right kind, is a plurality for anybody who has grown weary of angling—for men—and dollars.

(The next one of the series of J. Rufus Walling stories will appear in the issue of September 12.)

What Color is Ham in the Movies?

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG probably is the best two-handed, catch-as-catch-can illustrator in America. He is other things, too. Prolific is his other middle name, the Montgomery representing merely his parents' inability to foresee their son's future range of activities. Or maybe they thought that actions speak louder than words. Hence the swell moniker.

At a recent meeting of the Dutch Treat Club Flagg made quite a point of the gentle art of posing for the movies. Irvin Cobb, another Dutch Treater, says that to be a regular movie actor all one has to do is stick close to center stage, look blissfully at the immediate neighborhood of the camera lens, demand red-letter posters, and "be the guy that keeps the eye on I."

Cobb ought to know. He posed for the movies recently, when he got into Our Mutual Girl serial with Miss Norma Phillips, and he went farther by writing a number of scenarios for Our Mutual Girl, tossing them off gaily, just like that, and then putting them into story form for Our Mutual Girl Weekly so that there wouldn't be the slightest chance of people who saw him on the screen forgetting that he was the author of the reel.

Flagg recently made a charcoal study of Miss Phillips for Our Mutual Girl serial. The camera clicked him working just as naturally as if he were Donald Crisp or Robert Harron or Sheriff Mackley or any regular movie actor. And then he told the Dutch Treasures all about it:

"I've learned a lot from that stunt," he said. "I used to be able simultaneously to write a story with my left hand, illustrate it with my right, dramatize it with my left foot and set it to music with the toes on the right pedal ex-

tremity. In accomplishing this, I thought I had about reached the limit of ambidexterity and ambipederity, or whatever the word is for fast, two-handed foot-work.

"But, believe me or not, I found that when that chap was grinding out pictures of me while



Flagg and His Charcoal Sketch of Miss Phillips

I worked I could speed up more than I had supposed any artist in or out of captivity could. There was a gentle stimulus in the steady crooning of the camera-handle. And the photographer was such a genial old chap! Just told me to do my work, watch Miss Phillips' draw my picture, and look pleasantly three feet to the right of

the lens all at the same time. Sounds easy, eh?" Here the speaker's voice dropped in contemplation of the memory.

"Did you do it?" a fellow Dutch Treater asked him.

"Did I? You rather bet I did. I used to think that the concentrated extract of firmness, the parboiled essence of discipline, was the magazine art editor. He says, 'You get that picture here on time or you'll get your time.' But you ought to have heard that Mutual director. Quiet? Oh, yes. His voice seldom rose above that of a suckling dove. But was there you'darnedwellbetterhaddojustwhatyou'retoldto-dorightnow-ness in it? There was. And did I do it? I did.

"Did you have to work all day?" somebody queried.

"I did. They brought in luncheon so that we might not lose a moment. And next to the most difficult thing for the movies to do, after keeping inside of the imaginary slice of pie that is formed by the range of the camera, is to eat what is brought in to you if you stay near the mercury lights.

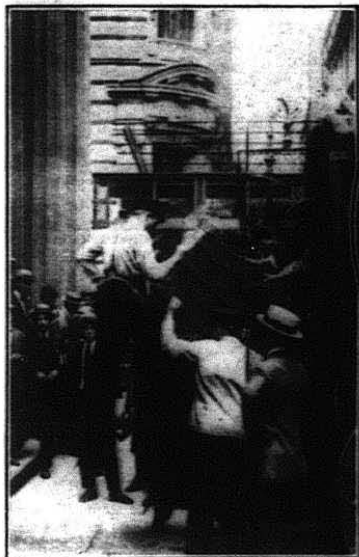
"When you foolishly lift up the lid of a ham sandwich and see purple meat with sea-green borders of fat where you expected pink and white, it's enough to make you change your religion if you happen to have one, and, with a low, gurgling moan, make a dash for good old daylight.

"And the movie make-up! Especially under the lights. Actors look like a bunch of people who have been in cold storage for three years and whose first meal on emerging had been huckleberry pie! There's a difference on the screen. There they look fairly human."

"You too?" an anonymous Dutch Treater asked, the only anonymous Dutch Treater there is, wherefore he is brought into this story.

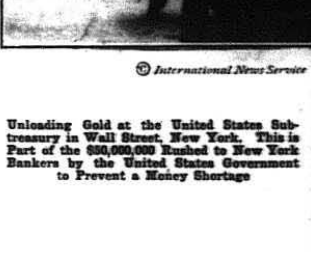
How the European War Effects Americans

**Big Sums of Money Moved.
Foreigners Return Home.
Guns Rush to Panama**



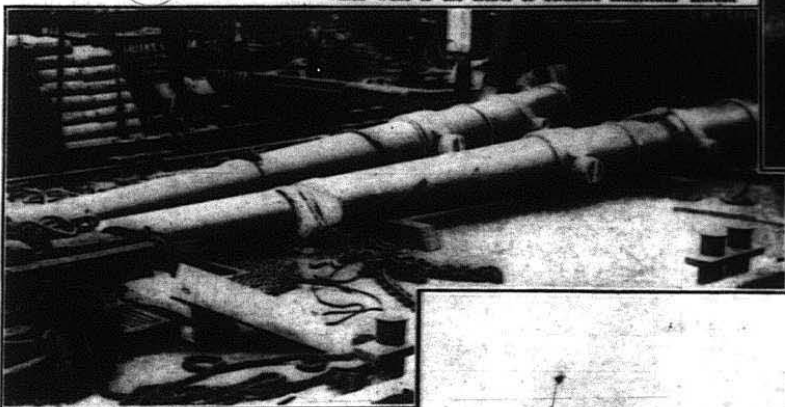
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Unloading Gold at the United States Sub-treasury in Wall Street, New York. This is Part of the \$50,000,000 Rushed to New York Bankers by the United States Government to Prevent a Money Shortage



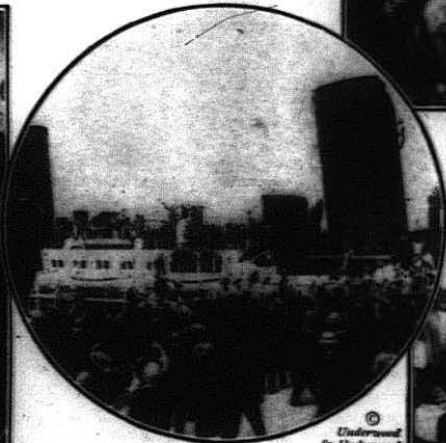
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\$5,000,000 in Gold on a Pier at the Foot of Wall Street, New York, Awaiting Loading on the United States Cruiser Tennessee, Which Went to the Relief of Stranded Americans Abroad



© Underwood & Underwood

The Big 16-inch Guns Which are to Defend Our Panama Canal have been Rushed to Their Destination. This Photograph Shows Two of the Big Rifles Being Loaded on the Steamship "Ancon"



© Underwood & Underwood

French Reservists Aboard the Steamship Lorraine, Leaving for France to Fight Against the Germans



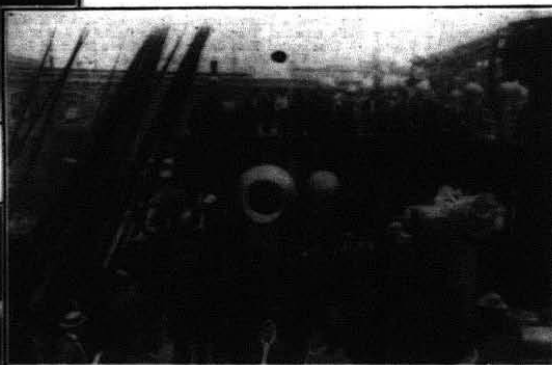
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Storage Passengers on the Oceanic, Returning to Their Native Countries—Servia, Austria and Italy to Join Their Respective Armies



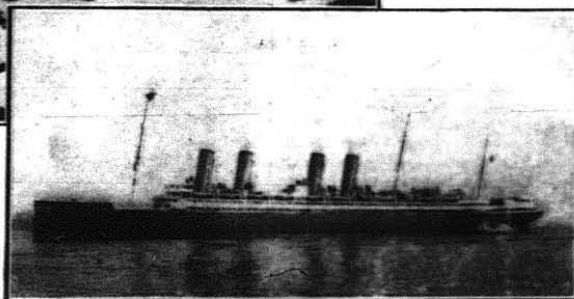
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Austrians Who Arrived in New York on the Martha Washington the Last Ship to Leave Trieste before the Declaration of War. These Austrians Said They were Glad to be Out of the Danger Zone and Had No Desire to Return to Their Native Country



© International News Service

Scene on the Forward Deck of the Liner, Grosser Kurfurst, as She Sailed from New York, Just Before Germany Declared War. She Carried many Slaves Returning to Servia to Fight for Their Country



© International News Service

"Kronprinzessin Cecilie" of the North German Lloyd Line Which Left New York on July 25 with \$10,000,000 in Gold for London and Paris. The War Began When She was Two Days Out and She Turned About and Returned and Sought Refuge at Portland, Maine



© International News Service

Scene in the Office of the Austrian Consulate in New York, Showing Austrians Obtaining Credentials to Return to Their Native Country

FRENCH AND GERMANS RUSH TO BATTLE



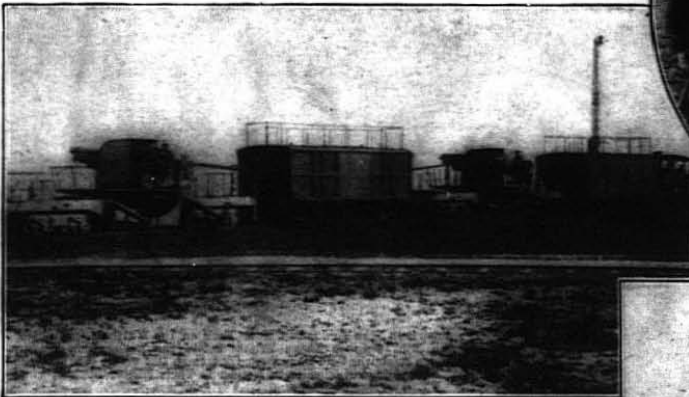
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German Infantry Crossing the Pontoon Bridge During the Invasion of Belgium



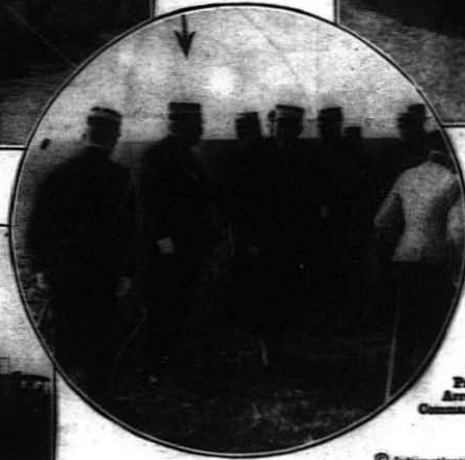
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The Germans Have Always Taken Great Pride in Their Cavalry, But it Remains to Be Seen How the Germans Behave before the French and Russian Troops



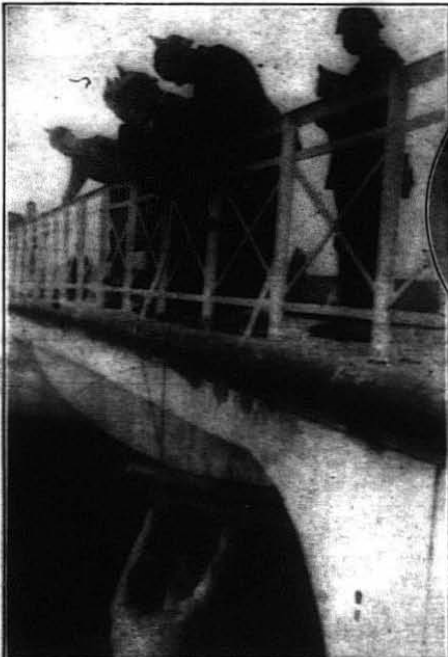
© Underwood & Underwood

Both the French and German Armies Have Several Armored Trains Which are Being Used Effectively in the World's Greatest War. The Above Photo of One of the French Trains Shows Two Especially Constructed Flat Cars on Which are Mounted Large Rapid Fire Guns. They can be Swung and Relocated at any Point of the Company. On the Last Car is a Command Tower from Which an Officer Takes Observation and Directs the Fire



The Large Man in the Center of This Picture is the President of France and the Arms Points to General Joffre, Commander in Chief of the French Army

© International News Service



© International News Service

German Troopers En Route to Haguenau, Waving Good-bye to Their Wives and Sweethearts. Haguenau was One of the First Points Attacked by the French



© Underwood & Underwood

A Busy Scene During the Mobilization of the French Army Showing a Modern Gatling Gun Mounted for the Front and a French Biplane "Adjusted Best" Maneuvering in the Air Preparatory to Going on Scout Duty

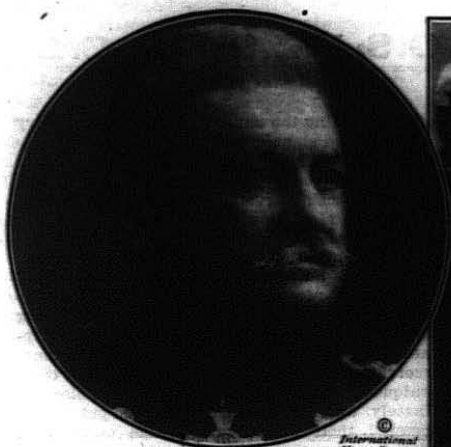


© Underwood & Underwood

German Infantrymen in Trenches around the French Border. At the Opening of the War, 75,000 of These Soldiers Were Put at Work Digging Trenches to Aid in Repelling the French Advance

Practically All the Bridges along the German Border Have Been Mined. This Photo Shows a Squad of Engineers Placing a Mine under a Concrete Bridge along the French Border

PROMINENT EUROPEAN WARRIORS



General Von Bulow, Commander in Chief of the German Infantry

© International News Service



© Underwood & Underwood

General Joffre, Commander in Chief of the French Army, Interrogating Some of the Artillerymen



Grand Duke Nicholas Nikolaevich, Who has Been in Supreme Command of the Russian Army

© International News Service



© International News Service

Lord Kitchener, the Famous English General Who Has Entire Charge of the English Land Forces



© International News Service

Admiral Von Turpitz, Whom the Kaiser Holds Responsible for the Conduct of the German Navy

General Putnik, Commander in Chief of the Servian Army

© International News Service



© International News Service

King Albert of Belgium, Whose Gallant Troops Successfully Resisted the Determined Germans' Attack upon Liege, Until Reinforced by the French Army Corps



© International News Service

Admiral Jellicoe, Who Has Been Placed in Supreme Command of the British High Sea Fleet



Where Travel Films Fail

By Robert Foran, F. R. G. S.; F. Z. S.; F. R. C. I.



W. Robert Foran Was
a Lieutenant in the
British Army

AS a traveler for many years in the wilderness and off the beaten tracks, it has invariably been my lot, when viewing motion pictures of travel, to fall a victim to utter amazement at what has been lost by the producer. The unusual and the human interest side of the various out-of-the-way places of the world have been neglected or overlooked almost entirely. The public have been served only with a very meager ration of the good things that these various countries hold, and the blame for this must lie with the producer in the field.

In order to make my meaning more clear, let us review some of the more recent travel pictures. I am not referring to the Burton Holmes, Elmendorf and other travel lecturers' films, for they deal almost entirely with what I term the "Cook's tours routes." In other words, most of their work is devoted to scenic and architectural features of the countries which are easily accessible to all those who have the price. This is the day of

The Habits and Customs, the Daily Lives and the Industries of Such People as These Will
Serve as the Basis for Many Travel Films of the Future

much travel at little cost, so there are now a great many people who know the beaten tracks of the globe-trotters. But I intend to deal with the films along the lines of Rainey's African Hunt, the Alaskan-Siberian Carnegie expedition, Buffalo Jones' African series, and the Pathe Company's "Sport in Africa." They more nearly measure up with what a real travel film should be.

The greed of the public for unusual things is so great that it is almost beyond the capacity of any producer to satisfy it. There is a rich field for the traveler or explorer who can study what the public needs and then go out to the little known places of the world and get good

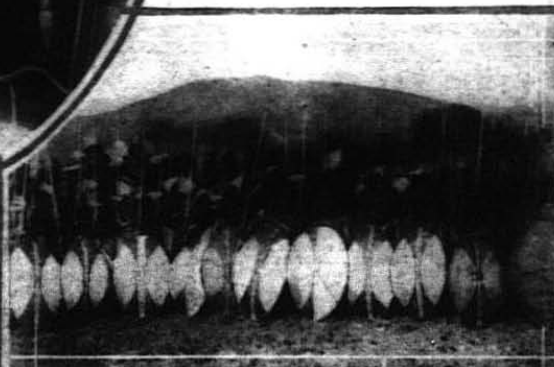
films depicting the unusual. So far almost every attempt has signally failed.

Rainey's African hunt pictures, when first shown, carried the country by storm and reaped a rich harvest. The reason was that they were along new and unique lines.

The photography was bad, but the subject matter made up in originality what it lacked in skillful handling. And the public proved more than ready to forgive the bad photography. The water hole scenes, although leaving much to be desired in the matter of the sharpness of the impression and proper focussing, scored an amazing triumph because of their uniqueness. But the public was not indiscriminately approving. Many of the public expressed their disapproval of the pictures of the lion hunting with dogs because of the cruelty of such a sport. Big game hunters will all agree with this point of view, I am confident.

The widespread popularity which these films enjoyed was almost an accident, as it happens. Rainey had no idea of making money on the pictures, did not even intend that the pictures should be extensively exhibited, but took them chiefly for his own amusement and satisfaction. He sold them for \$15,000 and it was the purchasers who reaped the financial reward.

And yet, beyond the one element, that of newness, these pictures had little to recommend them. Many of the most interesting and significant and picturesque features of that great Central African country were overlooked. It might very well be termed virgin territory which still awaits the man with imagination



Group of Masai Warriors of East Africa Suggesting
Wealth of Material Awaiting Camera Men



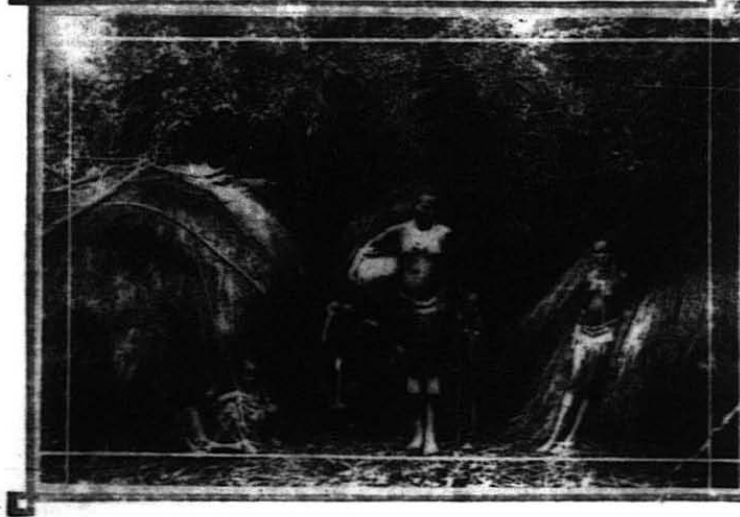
A "Safari" Crossing a Crocodile-Infested River

and initiative to go out there and get the best pictures.

In Rainey's second series, which is now being exhibited, there is little new to recommend in these new reels. One of the worst features, after the paramount one of bad art, is what may be termed almost an insult to the public intelligence. "Still" pictures have been photographed by the moving picture camera and passed off as real moving pictures. It is impossible to understand why there was any necessity for doing this.

Again, the lion hunt reel is made up of a number of sections of film taken in widely different localities, with a different lion on every section. For instance, the first lion is a gorged beast and practically incapable of charging. The actual lion killed is not the one first shown on the screen, and as an exhibition of charging falls far below par. In order to show a charging lion being killed it would be easier and better to show the actual shooting of it, so that the public might see the whole process from start to finish.

Knowing East Africa as I do, and as Mr. Rainey now should, I am surprised that the exhibition does not measure



up to a higher standard of human interest. It is the lives, social and ceremonial, of the natives, the arts and crafts, the other many interesting features of this uncivilized country that make the biggest appeal to the general public. It cannot be claimed that the material is not there, for I know that it is. But, in this case, the producers failed to secure it.

Another example of bad production in travel films is to be found in the Pathe's "Sport in Africa." Where the human interest angle was not handled, it was done in such a cursory manner as to leave much to be desired. One shining instance of indifferent work is to be seen in the giraffe hunt. The killing of the giraffe was cleverly secured, and then the photographers made the mistake of faking the act of carrying the trophy back to camp. The hide of the giraffe in the picture is as stiff as a board, thus proving beyond doubt it had been dead for many days. The public easily picks out these defects, even if the producers do think they are blind to them. It is so very obvious. It must be admitted, however, that the photography is of a high order in these films, but they have missed badly in human interest and general instructiveness. Where there is such a vast amount of excellent and unique material to draw upon, it is impossible to conceive how the producers could have overlooked it. One rightly asks why it is necessary to attempt to deceive or fake in cases where everything is at hand for a reliable and true-to-life portrayal.

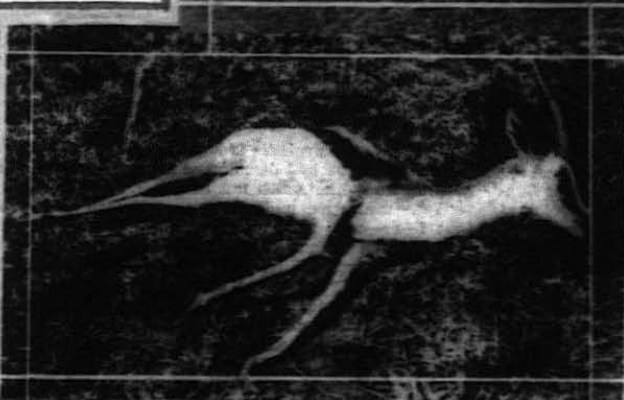
Of all the African reels exhibited, the Buffalo Jones pictures came nearest to success, and even they failed in many particulars. They were really marvelous, but even then they left

ever exhibited can equal them. That they were not a financial success is due merely to lack of proper publicity. Those people who

were fortunate enough to see them are loud in their praise.

The time has come when travel films must

A Herd of
Hind, Zebra,
Native Cattle
and Bushbuck
Photographed
in East Africa.
Such Pictures
Have Been
Done to Death



depart from the present channels of immaturity and strike out into new veins of thought and production. Like all other things, the public requires new sensations. The man who can deliver new and unique films depicting travel in little known countries will surely score financially and earn a reputation as well. Exactly how this new field is to be tackled it is easy to see. Big game hunting, wild animals in their native environment, and scenic wonders have been worked to death. What then is now required? The answer is undoubtedly,

Pictures Such as This
Have Lost Almost All
Their Value as Far as Pub-
lic Interest Is Concerned

human interest material.

Exactly what is meant by this expression? Simply, the habits and customs, the daily lives and industries of the people who are at best almost mythical to those who know only the civilized countries. Slowly but surely, the rejuvenating hands of civilization are creeping into and over all the hidden nooks of the world. The old order is rapidly disappearing and in its place is coming a new era. Before the change is completed, it would be well to record

(Continued on page 30)

The Big Game Features of Africa Have Been More
Satisfactorily Covered Than Any Others

Captain Foran's Pet Elephant, "Jill"

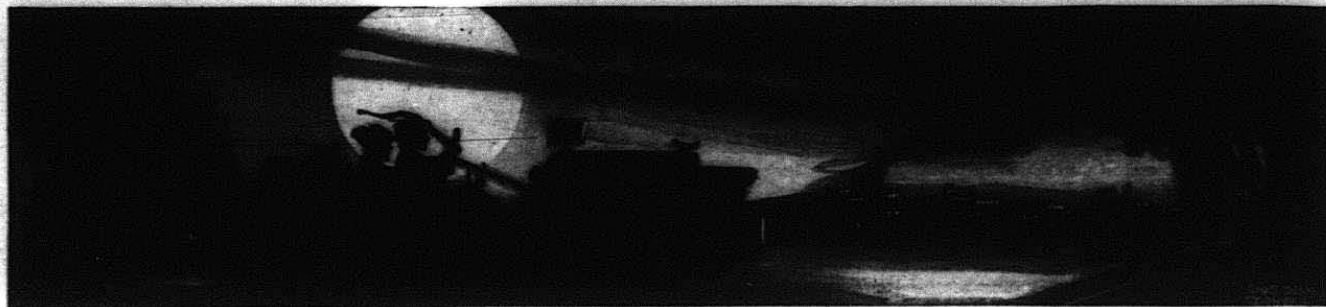
many glaring avenues for criticism.

There has not been one exhibition of African pictures which has measured up to standard or which does the country and the subject real justice. It requires the ideas of a man who knows the country and its peoples intimately, as well as the needs of the public and artistic production, to do the subject matter justice. Whoever first strikes this gait of perfection, of necessity cannot fail to reap a harvest.

There is nothing that appeals to the public's curiosity like the human interest things of life. We are all curious by nature to know how the other fellow lives. The man who goes out and portrays this phase of travel will bestow a great boon upon civilization, as well as acquire films of historical and anthropological interest.

I know of only one set of films dealing with travel—the real, not "Cook-conducted" travel—which has come near perfection in every feature. This was the exhibition of the Carnegie Alaskan-Siberian expedition. In photographic art there was no particle of criticism possible, and for educational value and interest no films





Now and Again Forster Switched on His Headlights. When He Did, Everything was Bathed in a Sudden Glow of Light

The Making of an Actress

By WILLIAM CURRY
ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. DEAN CORNWELL

SYNOPSIS: Vera Hayes, an underpaid sales-girl in a department store, is dismissed at the instance of Beatrice Brewster, star of the Syntax Film Company. Harry Forster, director of the company, and supposed to be engaged to Beatrice, intercedes in vain for Vera, and, greatly attracted by her, meets her outside the store. He plans to "help" her, on the usual terms, but is so surprised by her daring and resourcefulness that he offers her a trial as a film actress instead. Vera accepts, and displays such aptitude that she is engaged as a member of the stock company, though it is plain that Forster, intrigued by her clash with Beatrice, whom Vera puts on the defensive at once, still harbors his first ideas concerning her. After an adventure with an importunate pursuer, an old man, who sees his opportunity in her dismissal from the store, Vera decides to move from her cheap room. Beatrice Brewster makes friendly overtures to Vera when it becomes plain that she is going to develop into an actress. Vera is uncertain, for almost the first time in her life, how to receive them—having the feeling that the star is worried about Forster. And the same night she accepts Forster's invitation to drive her home, and dines with him at a road-house, where Forster startles her by practically proposing that she let him take care of her. Vera startles him, in turn, by her almost stigmatized reception of his offer—which she translates into its blindest form by pretending to believe it is a proposal of marriage, which, to his horror, she accepts.

FORSTER started back, and sat staring at her, mouth and eyes open. He was thoroughly mystified. For this was a new Vera. No longer was she guileless, appealing. This was a woman grown. She had been that, despite her years, of course, ever since he had known her. But he had been obsessed by his memory of the pitiful little girl he had seen coming away from the store after her dismissal, balling her wet handkerchief up against her eyes, bracing herself against a cruel and sudden blow of fate. In that moment the woman in Vera had been submerged by the frightened girl, glimpsing the dangers ahead of her. He couldn't reconcile that memory with the new—but not less charming Vera—who had so suddenly demolished his carefully reared structure, of subtle and involved temptation.

"Er—I—er—I don't know that I understand."

"Oh, yes, you do!" Vera cut in sharply. "Do you think I didn't see it coming? You can do so much for me! And all the rest! Oh, don't be afraid. I knew you didn't mean you wanted to marry me! I'm not green enough for that! But—I couldn't help pretending I thought so! I wanted to see your face!

And it was worth a little trouble to me!"

Once more she had demolished him. He was gasping now, like a fish out of water.

"You—mean you understood that I wasn't—that I—er—that I didn't mean—"

"That you didn't mean to be decent? Of course I understood it!" she flashed back at him. "Oh, no, that's not quite right, either. You're decent enough. You're better than most of them. You're not so crude. You—it sort of turns your stomach a little bit, doesn't it? You don't quite like it? You—I guess you want to do it—but you don't exactly want to own up to yourself that you do. Isn't that it?"

He was speechless under the lash of her tongue. Yet she was not lashing him. He sensed, vaguely, and yet with a certain assurance, that she was hardly even angry at him. Bitter she was; amazingly, incredibly, bitter for a girl of her sort. But that was as far as his limited vision and his still more limited understanding of her complex individuality let him penetrate into the recesses of her mind. Her mood was a mystery to him; an appalling, awful sort of mystery. And then, suddenly, a baser instinct moved him. He relaxed. He thought he had seen a light on the obscurity of her temper. And he laughed, throwing back his head, so that he did not see the furious blazing of her eyes as he did it.

"I—I guess I've been making a mistake about you, all around," he said, more easily. "I thought you were as simple and sweet and guileless as you looked. You're sweet, all right—but, say—you're about as guileless as a Pinero adventuress, aren't you? You got on to me all right—and you certainly had me going for a minute! I might have known, though! You've—er—you've had friends before?"

Her mood had changed again while he was speaking. Her fury had passed; he had insulted her, in those few words, as neither Taggart nor any of the others had ever been able to do. Yet she regarded him almost with pity; in her eyes there was something of that eternal maternal look that women have when they contemplate the blunders of the man who thinks he understands them. It is so that mothers look at their sons when they hear of their first philanderings in love; it is so that they look at their husbands when the husbands, having strayed, return to them, repentant, eager only for forgiveness.

"Now, let's understand one another," he said. He reached across the table to take her hand; she withdrew it, with a gesture of aversion that was more illuminating than anything she could have said, so natural, so utterly spontaneous it was. He started.

"Now, what?"

"Yes," she said, in a changed voice. "It's time we understood one another. Because—you see—it's about our last chance. You'll take me home—and in the morning I'll move

to a cheaper room again, and I'll look for work—the sort of work I know I can do. I may find it—in time. And I may not. I probably won't. But—"

He echoed the word.

"But!" he interrupted. "What do you mean, Vera? Why should you look for work? You've got a good job? Haven't you? Aren't you satisfied?"

She met his eyes fairly then.

"With the job? Yes!" she said. "With what you want me to do—aside from the job—no! You said I'd had friends before. I have—I suppose. At least, they wanted to be what you mean when you call them friends. There was a vile old man—and some nasty young ones. You—you managed to fool me. Not at first. I sized you up right that day Miss Brewster had me fired. But then, after that, when you were so decent—why, yes, you fooled me. I thought you meant it. But you've taught me a lesson. I suppose that's why I'm not angry. Because I'm not. You've taught me there's still another sort of man I've got to look out for—your sort."

The deep color began to come into Forster's face almost with her first words. He shivered a little as he looked at her; as he listened to her arraignment. But then, manlike, he recovered a little of the balance he had lost. He tried still to maintain his lighter tone.

"After all," he said, "it's not so dreadful! All I wanted—oh, hang it. Why do you want to make me crude? I'm a man. I suppose I'm like most men—"

"You are!" she said. It was like the lash of a whip across his face, but he kept on.

"I suppose I'm like most men," he went on. "We're made as we are. I'm sure I don't know why! We want things we're told we oughtn't to want. But I—well, I've never quite seen why we want things if it isn't right for us to want them! I think I'm pretty decent. I mean to be square—"

"Is there anything square about what you wanted me to do?" she blazed out. "Is it as fair for me as it is for you? I could go in with my eyes open—but I'd be doing something that would kill me—one way or another. And you—it wouldn't mean anything to you!"

"Why should it to you?" he asked. His own mood was changing, too, perhaps in some subtle and unconscious response to her influence. His real and habitual cynicism was getting the better of him. Despite himself he found himself disposed to argue with her—though he was sane enough still to realize that his fight, if fight it had ever been, was lost. The subject, the state of his emotion, and the one he wanted to create in her, could hardly survive argument in either of them!

"Why should it to me?" she repeated, gravely. "God knows! But—it would! You know that—as well as I!"

She stood up suddenly, for an instant, but

she was in her seat again before the distant waiter drew near.

"Look at me!" she said. "I'm all I've got—do you understand? And—I belong to myself! I always shall—unless—unless some man comes that I can love." Her voice fell at that. "When he does—I shan't care. He might be married—there might be a thousand reasons why I should have to choose between him and what people call dishonor. But—I wouldn't hesitate—if there was love between us—and that means if each of us loved the other! But for what you want—bah! You were right enough. I knew what you meant because others had wanted it too, and meant the same thing. And now—perhaps you know me. You'd better take me home."

She felt tired, suddenly, weary with the exhaustion that comes from a struggle for self revelation. But she had aroused things in Forster that were clamoring for utterance.

"Look here!" he said. "You've got me beaten! We'll admit that—and now I'm going to fight for what I've lost—your respect, your liking."

"Oh, I like you well enough," she said, wearily. "If you only knew how much better you are than most of the men that bothered me! Not that that's so very flattering. Still—"

"Damn the men—the other men!" he said, hotly. "Look here. You've got to listen! I thought I was in love with you when I came here. I'm not, now—but I'm something better. I want to be friends. And I mean the real sort of friendship, too. You've got to try to understand. You're different—don't you know that?"

She checked the reply that was on her lips. After all, there was something about him now that had not been there before. He had changed, in some mysterious fashion, under the lash of her tongue.

"I've been banging around pretty much all my life," he said, in a low tone. "I didn't have any home when I was a kid—all my people were dead. I went to college—and then, when I got through, I got my money—there wasn't so much of it—and I blew it in. Then I bummed around for a while—doing this and that, and not making good at anything I tried. Until I found something I could do—which was to put on pictures. I can, you know—and you don't want to forget that, no matter what you think of me."

She nodded silently, appraisingly. He was not boasting; what he said was strictly true.

"I didn't have much of a chance to know girls—my own sort of girls," he resumed. "But I've always hoped I would—some time. I've waited. And you—Lord, I don't know how to put it! You got me going from the first. I—well, I wanted you, I suppose, to put it crudely. I suppose you're right enough when you class me with those others. I suppose I'm just the same sort of beast. But—I didn't know it—until you made me see it. I didn't look at it just that way."

They were silent for a moment.

"Marriage!" he burst out. "I'm afraid of it, I tell you! I've dreamed of a sort of life—of

a man and a woman, brave enough to defy the sort of things we're all brought up to regard as a fetish. I'm afraid of being married to a woman. I wonder if I wouldn't come to hate her—knowing I was tied to her. Do you understand? Do you see the sort of thing I was thinking about—way down in the bottom of me? Even at that—I was wrong. I didn't try to put it to you like that. I didn't see you as you were. Would that have made any difference? If I'd acted differently?"

And she laughed at him! Then she shook her head. She laughed because now, at last, she understood him. And she saw that he was not quite a man yet, though he was far from

people understand what you're doing, and why you're doing it, and what you're thinking about it, just by sheer—luck! That's the only word! Do you think I'm going to let you get away from me now—for some other director to find you and make a reputation by developing you? I guess not!"

"Seems to me they didn't come flocking around very much before I met you," she said. "I—"

"We don't usually look for actresses at the dry goods counter," he said, dryly. "But now—well, you wouldn't just look for another job in a store, would you? Wouldn't you go around the studios and try for a chance there?"

Of course you would—and you'd get it, too, sooner or later. No—I've messed things up. And I suppose you'll hate me. But I'm going to hang on to you just the same."

She sighed.

"That's different, of course," she said. "If—you really mean it. I think you do, somehow."

She regarded him curiously. And his searching look at her was just as curious. They had gone pretty far along the road of mutual understanding since the waiter had poured their coffee and left them to themselves. And Vera had gone further than Forster, because she had intuition to help her, while he had only what he thought was experience, and his masculine trick of working everything out by the rules and principles of logic.

"And now we really must go," she said, rising in good earnest.

"All right," he said. "Lord, you've jolted me. Coming to me, though. I don't know whether you're right or wrong. I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry. I don't know whether I like you more than ever—or whether I hate you!"

But he tempered that rather strange remark with a smile.

"I can tell you one thing about yourself," she flashed shrewdly. "You don't like me the same way—and you probably don't like me at all. I saw through you—and I don't believe men like that."

"We'll see," he said. "Anyhow—you'll find out. I tell you—right now I

think I want you more than ever—and in just about the same way."

She drew back, startled.

"Don't be frightened," he said, grimly. "I'm not a story book villain, you know. I've got a lot of ideas of my own—about marriage and you and some other things. But I haven't any idea of using the fact that I'm hiring you to influence you. This thing is going to lie just between the two of us. It's going to be a fair fight, do you understand?"

"Yes," she said. "I understand what you mean."

Then she fell silent. Neither of them spoke at first during the run through the night. The quality of the night had changed while they were at dinner and at their long discussion afterward. From the Sound a light blanket of fog had rolled in, and it was damp and disagreeable. The fog hung slightly over the road; the dust still rose, but it caked now, on

(Continued on page 29)



When She Came To, It Was to See Quite a Little crowd gathered about her

being a boy, either, just sort of in between.

"You don't think I'm going to answer that?" she said. "But, I'll tell you something. You're not like the others. Not quite. I suppose I ought to be crying my eyes out, now, and wailing about how you've insulted me, and degraded me—and saying that your apology is a worse insult than what you're apologizing for. But I won't. I'm sorry—that's all. Come, take me home. And we'll say good bye. And we'll part better friends than we seemed likely to be a little while ago—I promise you that. You've given me a rather wonderful time, even if it's got to end."

"But it hasn't got to end," he said. And it was his turn to laugh. "Look here, I'll be frank with you—just for a change. You're a wonder—a coming wonder. You haven't arrived yet, of course, because all the natural talent in the world won't do you any good until you know how to use it. But you've got that—the natural ability to act. You can make

"The White Mouse"

A Drama of the Snow Country

Two-Reel Selig Film

CAST

Billy Silver.....Wheeler Oakman
 Jean Silver, his wife.....Bessie Eyton
 Lawlor.....Joe King
 Sergeant Brokaw, a detective.....Tom Mix

SYNOPSIS

BILLY SILVER and his beautiful wife encounter the first real hardships of their married life when their tiny cabin in the north woods burns down in mid winter. They seek shelter with a party of surveyors some fifty miles away to whose camp Billy draws his wife and baby on a sledge. Billy obtains work from the boss, Lawlor, who sees Jean and is irresistibly attracted by her loveliness. A part of Lawlor's scheme for getting Jean in his power is to send Billy off with a surveying party. But a forgotten map brings Billy back to camp just in time to rescue his wife from Lawlor's attack. In the fight that follows, Lawlor is killed when his own gun goes off, and Billy is accused of the crime. Jean contrives Billy's escape from the cabin in which he is held a prisoner and he manages to get away to the woods where he lives alone, with no other living companion but a little tame white mouse. And when he is traced and captured by Sergeant Brokaw, one of the detectives of the mounted police force, it is the white mouse that gnaws through the thongs that bind him and sets him free. After weeks of struggle with hunger and cold, he reaches the distant settlement where his wife and baby are waiting for him.

Billy Silver on Guard in His Little Cabin

A Scene between Bessie Eyton and Joe King

Bessie Eyton Plays the Part of Jean Silver

Wheeler Oakman Plays the Part of Billy Silver

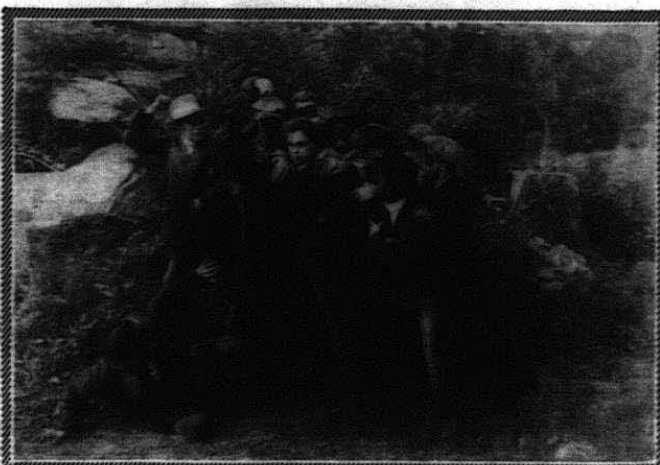
Billy is Tracked to His Lonely Cabin by Sergeant Brokaw, and Captured

Lawlor Manages to Send Billy out with a Surveying Party a Day or Two after He Takes Him On

In the Struggle Following Billy's Discovery of Lawlor's Attack, Lawlor is Killed by His Own Gun



Jim Norton Rescues the Countess Olga from the Wreckage and Carries Her to a Neighboring Farmhouse



It is a Trifling Matter for the Doom Conspirators Who are Lying in Wait for Him to Overcome Jim Norton's Fierce Resistance



Once He Discovers That Florence has been Carried Off Again by Vroom, Norton Gets a Horse from the Farmer and Sets Out in Pursuit



Vroom Finds Florence Lying on the Floor of One of the Coaches, Unconscious, and Carries Her Off



About a Dozen of the Conspirators are Detailed to Watch for Anyone Who may Attempt to Rescue Florence. It is They Who Attack Jim Norton

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

Thankouser's \$1,000,000 Motion Picture Production

EPISODE 11—IN THE PATH OF THE FAST EXPRESS

ALL STAR CAST

Stanley Hargreave, the millionaire... Alfred Norton
 Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter... Florence LaBadie
 Jones, Hargreave's butler... Sidney Bracey
 The Countess Olga... Marguerite Snow
 Braine, leader of the Black Hundred... Frank Farrington
 Jim Norton, a newspaper reporter... James Cruze
 Susan Farlow, Florence's companion... Lilla Chester

SYNOPSIS

AFTER their escape from the tramp freighter, Florence and Norton, feeling safe at last, board a train for New York. But they have reckoned without taking into account the almost diabolical cleverness and cunning of Braine. He has anticipated their every move, and on board this same train they see the Countess Olga, Vroom, and several other members of the Black Hundred. Norton and Florence are still hoping for a chance to escape, ignorant as they are of the Black Hundred's determination to keep Florence away from Jones at all costs—when there is a terrific crash—and then oblivion. The conspirators have wrecked the fast express! Vroom is uninjured, and he picks up the unconscious Florence, puts her into a buggy which he secures and takes her away to a cabin in the woods—a prisoner again. Jim Norton finds the countess, assists her to a farmhouse, and there learns of Florence's re-capture. He first wires Jones to send out a rescue party, then sets out for the cabin. The conspirators discover and attack him, but, just at the moment of his and Florence's greatest peril, Jones and the officers arrive and again the conspirators are foiled.



The Countess Olga is Frantic When She Discovers That Jim has Learned from the Farmer, of Vroom's Abduction of Florence, and She Tries to Keep Him with Her



Vroom Imprisons Florence in a Lonely Cabin in the Woods

The Moving Picture Game

IV--The Amateur Scenarioist Reads Some Scripts

By Frank M. Wiltermood

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY B. VAN NICE

ON THE following Monday morning I went early to the studios, realizing that the new master scenario writer, Bronzel, was due to arrive from the company's New York headquarters to take Hazelton's place. Entering the scenario house at 8 o'clock I saw a middle-aged man of gigantic size seated in Hazelton's chair. His back was turned to me, but, hearing my footsteps, he turned around and gazed at me a few moments, whereupon we recognized each other as former associates in the ranks of the reporters on the lower East Side police "beat" in New York.

"Why, it's ten years ago since I saw you," I said. "Hazelton told me your name, but I did not recollect having known you in the old days along the Bowery and Park Row."

"I knew you were at work here, however," said Bronzel, "for I read an item in an eastern movie magazine of how you invented those harmless rifle bullets for the Philippine war play you wrote. Have you heard the news—about Rannedy, the general manager?"

"Why, no," I faltered. "What's happened to him?"

"The New York bosses put the skids under him Saturday night," replied Bronzel, "fired him bodily in a long telegram, and appointed Rannedy's assistant, Hartman, to the job. They accused Rannedy of spending too much money in making the films and paying the actors too much salary. Hartman has a reputation as an economist and there will be some things doing around here now. You wait and see."

I did not like Bronzel at all. In appearance he was the exact antithesis of Hazelton. Over six feet tall, weighing more than 250 pounds and having a gladiatorial mien, Bronzel appeared a veritable giant when contrasted with the dwarf-like figure of Hazelton. As Bronzel continued talking with me I felt a rapidly increasing fear that, with two new managers over me, I was soon to experience some hard sledding as a student in the company's photoplay writing department.

Bronzel told me that during the last year he had been in Europe boosting the foreign sales of the company's releases, that he was an old-time friend of the president of the concern, had written a number of photoplays and had worked as publicity booster and office assistant. He asked me if I had any photodramas in mind to write.

"Yes, I have," I answered, somewhat firmly. "I have mentally mapped out several scenarios of a poetical nature—allegorical plays in which the dominating motif is the immortality of the human soul."

Bronzel set himself rigidly back in his chair, gazed searchingly at me and frowned slightly. I felt instantly that there was but little poetry in Bronzel's soul. He studied a half minute, apparently decided that I needed a good talking to and began, patronizingly:

"My idea is that we have got to put into these movie plays more sensational kicks—we must thrill the people who pay their nickels and dimes to be entertained. I used to be strong myself for the high brow stuff, but it don't sell. Take the East Side district in New York, the London tenements and the poorer classes in

Chicago—those millions and millions of toilers go to a movie show to see some actor jump off the top of a bridge, shoot up a mining town or be tied down on the track in front of a railroad train. Making poetical films would be all right if you could market them at a profit—but you can't. Movie patrons won't attend shows where they cannot gasp over thrilling melodramatic situations. You've got to give the dear public what it wants. Get me?"

"Yes," I answered, timidly, "I understand. How about film comedies? What is the trend of the market in that part of cinematography?"

"In my opinion," replied Bronzel, "real, good clean comedy worthy of the name is something of a failure in the movies. I never saw a film 'comedy' in my life that did not, in a considerable degree, depend upon some slapstick and horse play to make people laugh. Comedy on the legitimate theatre stage relies largely on bright, witty epigrammatic repartee for success in creating laughter, a means impossible to use in the cinema productions."

Following our talk, Bronzel requested me to take charge of the scenarios received by mail from outside writers. He asked one of the women stenographers to show me what scripts were on hand, unread. She conducted us into a sort of library in the scenario house and briefly explained the system of reading, rejecting and returning unavailable photoplay manuscripts. Bronzel instructed me to put aside for his inspection any of the scenarios that seemed to me meritorious enough to warrant purchase. Then he left me, explaining that he wanted to spend several hours watching operations at the studio stages and getting acquainted with the directors and department

heads and making himself known.

I had the stenographer carefully explain every detail of the method of handling the manuscripts. She said that from 75 to 125 scenarios were received by mail every day

from amateur and professional scenario writers in nearly all parts of the world, that each script, when taken out of its envelope, was listed in a card index system and that the scenarios were then placed in piles to be read by one of the photoplay makers employed in the department. A printed rejection slip containing a stereotyped series of reasons why a manuscript was not worthy of being bought by the company, was affixed to each scenario by the stenographer who opened the envelopes. The reader, after scanning a scenario and finding it unsuited to the company's needs, placed a checking mark alongside one of the reasons printed on the slip and the photodrama or comedy script was then ready to be returned to its author. Whenever the reader encountered a scenario which seemed good enough to be bought the manuscript was laid aside to be examined by the head of the department.

The stenographer showed me several hundred unread scenarios and went out closing the door behind her.

I placed a score of the scripts on the desk in front of me and began work. The first scenario was of five reels' length and studiously recited the highly improbable exploits of a Parisian sleuth in ferreting out and eventually capturing a gang of daring robbers that infested an island in the River Seine. There were gun plays and knock-down-and-drag-out episodes plentifully sprinkled throughout the text. I had no hesitancy whatever in penciling a mark on the appended rejection slip, to denote that the author's venture as an amateur criminologist had failed to win favor. The next document had for its climax the most hackneyed

what I take is probably climax in pictures, the fall of the heavy villain over a cliff to his death. This photoplay I quickly marked as unavailable.

As I began inspecting the third manuscript the odor of patchouli assailed my nostrils, and, as the sheets of paper were tied together with pink "baby" ribbon and were written in a delicately feminine hand, I realized that the document deserved attention. I then read the script slowly until I came to the middle pages and these I found to my dismay were deftly stuck together at the bottom with tiny drops of paste. "A sly ruse," I mused, "to entrap any script reader who might carelessly return the scenario to its author without reading it."

The story concerned a banker who met with a fall on a sidewalk, lost his memory and wandered aimlessly for years, another accident finally restoring his recollection, his relations, friends and his home. The author's name and address, on the first sheet, showed her to be a student in a fashionable boarding school in New Jersey. As I had a distaste for the over-

Giving
the
Film-Going
Public
the Thrills
Which
They
Demand



worked, lost memory motive in dramatic plays I rejected the sweetly-scented effusion without a twitch of mercy, sympathy or regret, merely marking the script unacceptable because of its morbid gloom throughout.

Accompanying the fourth scenario was a courteous letter from the author, apparently a wealthy society matron, saying that she desired to find relaxation from her routine work by writing film plays. She stated she had just completed a \$25 course of instruction with a scenario correspondence school in one of the Eastern cities and that this was her initial sally into the photoplaywriting arena. The script immediately won my favor. All the routine appendages of a professionally-created scenario were manifested in the document. First there was the briefly written synopsis, on the next sheet appeared the cast of characters, the third page bore the order of scenes and then came the photoplay proper. The narrative contained a good, clean and interesting American romance devoid of six-shooters, knives or fighting and I placed the manuscript to one side, so that Bronzel could read it, with my recommendation that it be purchased.

All day long I pored over the dramas and comedies, constantly seeking for something novel, original and practicable in the way of a scenario, but when 5 o'clock arrived I had, out of my scrutiny of 114 manuscripts, put aside only nine as being worthy of a second reading. Lost memory was the theme of about ten of the scenarios I had read; fully fifteen per cent of the scripts were in longhand and were rejected largely on account of illegibility; at least half of the total number contained tales of underworld criminality, drunkenness and shooting affrays, while those remaining had no plots at all, but were commonplace narratives of domestic infelicity, parentless children and other hackneyed subjects.

After checking up the day's task, preparatory to going home, I leaned back in my chair and meditatively looked over the stacks of rejected plays.

"If those sheets of paper," I said to myself, "were shipped to the planet Mars and the inhabitants there could read English they would conclude that almost all the people of the earth were engaged night and day in robberies, homicides, gambling, wine bibbling and the pursuit of criminals."

While I was donning my coat and hat, in walked Hartman, the new general manager, whom I had met only casually several times during his work as assistant to Rannedy. Hartman asked me how I liked the work as a script reader and I replied that I was glad of the opportunity to learn the character of the

scenarios received from outside authors. He lighted a cigarette, seated himself in a chair and we talked for a time about books, plays and other writings.

"If you were the owner of this company's equipment at its studios here and elsewhere and had ten or twenty millions of dollars to expend in filming some feature photoplays what would you do?" Hartman asked, smiling good naturedly.

"Some days ago," I answered, slowly, "I pondered over that idea and I concluded that

he penned the "photoplay." There were photographs of himself, pictures of his various homes, newspaper and magazine clippings and even photographs of his marriage. Portraits of his sons and daughters also were enclosed, as well as a long letter in which stated that he would pay any reasonable amount to have a drama produced that would, under disguised names, depict the struggles he and his wife had encountered and overcome. He stated that he knew his life had been a great fight against heavy odds, with victory finally crowning his

work, and that people generally could find helpful inspiration in contemplating his career. As this scenario and its enclosed missive seemed to be a purely business proposition I had the stenographer mail it to the president of the company which employed me and never heard of it again.

Another amateur author's script contained a plot lifted almost entirely from one of Dickens' best known novels; while another beginner had used one of Byron's longest poems for a framework of a romantic drama and, boldly enough, had rewritten and used several couplets from the verses, as subtitles, offering the entire script as his own creation. I found also, during my second day's work of reading, a "photoplay synopsis," as the author designated it, which was an exact digest of the plot of an excellent short story I had read in a magazine printed only a month previous. Calling in a stenographer I dictated a courteous letter to the scenario pirate and gently intimated that if he ever again essayed a similar act of literary theft the magazine publisher would be notified of his misdeed.

In the afternoon, as I read on and on a conviction grew in my mind that everybody in the world had become photo-

playwrights, because all sorts and conditions of mankind appeared to be represented among the authors, mechanics, schoolboys, girl students, news scribes, merchants, society queens, waiters, messenger boys, hospital attendants, cab drivers, war veterans, poets, novelists, cowboys, farmers and even Americanized, educated Hindus, Japanese, Kanakas and Chinese, all their written jousts into the photofilm lists finally moving fantastically before my mind's eye in such a bewildering array that I was compelled, because of a racking headache, to shove the piles of scripts back into their places, shut down my roll-top desk with a bang, stroll off into the hills for a siesta under the welcoming trees.

On awakening shortly before 5 o'clock, I walked toward the place where the company's autos took on passengers for the trip to the city. On the open ground, several hundred feet from one of the studio stages, I found a



All Day Long I Pored Over the Dramas and Comedies, Constantly Seeking for Something Novel, Original and Practicable

I would make a five-reeler out of Coleridge's 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.' I would show monsters crawling in the rotting, slimy sea, have angels simulated, make the mariner actually shoot a live, flying albatross, and so forth—and if I and hundreds of employees made the pictures in less than a year's time of constant toil I would believe that the work had surely been unduly hurried."

"Well, let us hope that some day your plan may become a reality," said Hartman, cheerfully. "But we must realize that in this present time of rapid, commercial changes we can only bow to the element of profit made in quicker, less expensive productions. Come, let us go home. My auto is at the studios and you can ride to town with me."

During the next several days I toiled energetically in reading the scripts. One scenario, I remember, had been sent in by the wealthy owner of a large mercantile concern and narrated his entire career from infancy to the day

MOVIE NEWS

Movie Cowboys Arrested

FOUR actors for the Edison film manufacturing company were arrested recently as they were enacting "Face Value," a Wild West play, in cowboy costume, in Van Cortlandt Park. Twenty men on horses were cutting lively capers when a mounted policeman galloped into the scene and arrested four. He charged them with violating the Sullivan law. They were taken to the police station, then to Morrisania Court, where the Magistrate discharged them after warning them that they could not carry their revolvers unless they obtained a permit. The revolvers they carried were not loaded, in fact, could not be fired, it was explained.

Missionary Films

THE moving picture as a means of missionary education is brand new, but is soon to be put at the disposal of the millions of the United States.

It would seem that the south is to be a pioneer in this field. Bishop Lambuth, in his recent journey to the heart of Africa, where he established the mission for the Methodist Episcopal Church South, took a moving picture machine and brought back a wonderful collection of interesting views.

Perhaps no more striking and touching missionary picture has been exhibited than that of the great Batetela chief, Wembo Niama, grinning and savage, just a few months out of cannibalism, holding the year-old baby of Dr. Mumpower, while unaccustomed tears of tenderness spring to his eyes.

Bishop Lambuth's pictures were exhibited to great and deeply interested throngs at the recent general conference in Oklahoma City, and are being shown at other points.

Continuous Reels

MANAGERS of photoplay houses in Worcester are preparing to celebrate the repeal of the law in Massachusetts requiring a five-minute intermission between picture reels, by giving audiences unique performances. The repeal went into effect August 6, and near humorous slides and uninteresting travel pictures which have bored patrons for several seasons, will be thrown away. This does not mean that singers and novelty acts will pass with the old order of things, for each of the theatres will retain its staff of singers and entertainers.

It means that the continuity of a picture will not be broken by an interposition between reels of colored slides and numerous announcements, but in cases where two machines are used a multiple reel film will be shown through to the end without any break. The idea that continuous pictures are a detriment to the eyes seems to have passed with the disagreeable flicker in the old-time projection.

Suffrage Cartoons

SUFFRAGISTS have not been slow to recognize the value of the movies in advertising the cause of Votes for Women. Suffrage films are not novelties but the demand is increasing at a greater rate than the supply.

Now the call comes out of the West for the national association to send more movie propaganda, for the motion picture show is the one place where suffragists can reach many people who would never think of coming to indoor or outdoor suffrage meetings.

The national association is sending out "fillers" to be used between reels. They have had a set of eight slides made of cartoons, each representing a good suffrage sentiment. The cartoons are the work of Lou Rogers.

The national association is sending out one set of slides with a "voiceless speech" to the presidents of the State Suffrage associations in each of the campaign States, those in which the woman suffrage amendment comes up this fall.

If these prove popular any suffrage organizations that wish may buy the slides at a moderate price from the National Woman Suffrage Publishing Company, 505 Fifth avenue, N. Y.

Teach by Film at University

TEACHING by means of motion pictures was demonstrated before a large audience of school teachers, by Prof. William H. Dudley, University of Wisconsin. He showed how valuable an aid to the schoolroom the film machine has become. He threw on the screen the story of the fly from the time it is an egg until it spreads tuberculosis to a nursing baby, all by means of pictures of actual flies under actual conditions.

Another film depicted the history of a piece of silk, from the time when the silk worm is an egg until the finished cloth is made. The pictures were taken in Cambodia, near Siam.

He demonstrated how poetry could be visualized to children, depicting the story of The Pied Piper of Hamelin.

The extension department of the university recently made a survey of schools of the state and found that 250 of them had stereopticon lanterns, but that they averaged only fifty slides apiece. To enable these schools to derive the full benefit of instruction by motion picture and stereopticon slides, the department has arranged to loan films and slides to schools for weekly exhibitions.

Custer Massacre Filmed

THE most thrilling and highly colored epoch in American history, that period from 1876 to 1891, when Indian warfare on the frontier was almost continuous, has been perpetuated by means of motion pictures. The United States government, through the secretary of war, Lindley M. Garrison, and secretary of the interior, Franklin E. Lane, has made possible the reproduction of the thrilling and tensely dramatic incidents leading up to the Custer massacre and the surrender thereafter of Sitting Bull and his braves.

The war department loaned the United States troops for the purpose of taking this picture and the interior department mobilized the Indians on the very ground and under the command of the very officers, who because of their heroic deeds years ago, have become national figures. This page from American history has been acted again and photographed. Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, Brigadier General Frank B. Baldwin, Major General James L. Lee, Brigadier General Marion P. Morse, Brigadier General Charles King, Colonel W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) and Colonel H. C. Sickles have not only contributed their services in maneuvering the troops just as they actually were commanded during the campaign, but have also assumed the actual strategic points they occupied, and even show the minutest personal encounter they experienced in the fields.

The expense and labor necessary to reproduce this truly remarkable film was colossal. The pictures themselves defy description. Instead of watching a film, the spectators are removed to the foothills of South Dakota, where they apparently witness the actual combat that was necessary to the civilization of the west. The film is positively uncanny in its realism.

There is a thrill of patriotic pride in every inch of the 7,000 feet of film composing one of the most engrossing pictures as well as superb pieces of photography known to the moving picture world.

The film has only just been completed and exhibited privately to President Woodrow Wilson and his cabinet, who have ordered it placed in the archives of the war and interior departments for the education of future generations.

\$75,000 for Rights to "Cabiria"

FRANK ROGERS, a theatrical manager and capitalist of Knoxville, Tennessee, purchased the rights to show the motion picture production of D'Annunzio's "Cabiria" in the South for a period of fifty weeks. The consideration was \$1,500 a week, or \$75,000 for the entire period.

This is said to be the highest price ever paid for territorial rights to a motion picture. The contracts were signed in the offices of Werba & Luescher by Rogers and Harry R. Raver of the Italia Film Company of America, which controls the production.

To Film City Plants

ACTIVITIES of city departments—what the citizen receives in return for his taxes—will be shown in motion pictures if City Statistician of Minneapolis H. A. Stuart's plan is successful. He is negotiating with motion picture producers, he said, convinced that the scheme will afford an interesting exposition.

"How garbage helps light city streets may be the subject of a film," the statistician explained. "It will begin with a picture of a woman turning the contents of the sink strainer into a newspaper, wrapping it up and placing it in the garbage can; the collector taking it to the Plymouth avenue transfer, where the tanks are loaded by cranes to cars and hauled to the crematory. Operation of the big incinerators and the boilers will be shown, then the big generators producing the current for the street lights.

"The filtration plant would be shown in detail. Likewise the city pumping stations, construction of water and sewer mains and paving, and other operations in city departments could be pictured. All should give the taxpayers an idea of the bigness of their municipal corporation."

More Moral Progress?

MRS. CYRUS NIVER, member of Pennsylvania's state moving picture censorship board, has rendered inestimable service to all humanity. Called upon to censor a romantic film, she found five yards thereof devoted to the kissing of a young woman by a young man. The parties clung and stuck and stuck and clung for five long yards of that film, in the presence of growing girl and boy spectators. Mrs. Niver called a halt—no, not a halt, but a breaking loose—and ordered that hereafter the kiss should be but one yard long.

The length of the kiss is thus legalized. It remains only to establish the depth and the width. Of course this Pennsylvania decision applies only to a kiss upon the lips. Gentlemen roaming over the lady's face will have to wait for further action by the censors.

A decision in this matter of length of osculation is an innovation, but it will prove to be a beneficial one. The tendency of the times is to extend the kiss to unreasonable length, a step toward the spoiling of a good thing for which the stage is largely responsible. Indeed, we believe, there has been competition in this matter and a record of one mile 150 yards has been established.

Mrs. Niver probably based her decision upon the knowledge that the value and effect of a kiss depend not so much upon length as upon the form, expression and skill in depositing it. A little two-inch kiss may set a family afire. A kiss five miles long may mean naught save suffrance and endurance. So, it is well to have a legalized length, in order that impressionable spectators who have to sit and watch it and get none of it may understand that the operation is merely perfunctory, just a part of the play. Mrs. Niver's decision is clearly along the line of conservation of morals.

Moving Pictures Affect Theatres

THE statistics of the receipts of all the places of amusement in Paris in 1913 show the formidable rivalry of the cinematograph halls to be steadily increasing. The total receipts exceeded those of the preceding year by over \$600,000, almost all of which is to the credit of the "kinemas."

The orthodox theaters, exclusive of the state subsidized stage, which lost about \$200,000 compared with 1912, showed an increase of over \$400,000 but this was almost entirely covered by the two new theatres of the Champs Elysees, one of which has since gone bankrupt.

The moving picture houses took nearly \$1,800,000—slightly more than the music halls, which category of entertainment lost about \$200,000 in last year compared with the previous one.

Oriental Courtesy

THE influence of the movie has penetrated into the Orient, and even in the remotest sections, it seems, is the power appreciated. In far-off Palestine the officials of the Hadjeh railroad have tendered a private car to E. M. Newman, the traveler and lecturer, in order to enable him to make the pilgrimage to Mecca in the greatest possible comfort. From Mecca Mr. Newman goes by caravan and camp to Petra and Mt. Sinai to secure material and take the pictures for his coming two lectures on the Holy Land. The Hadjeh is the Mohammedan railroad which was built for pilgrims to Medina and Mecca. The astute Orientals, not unlike our own railroad officials, are evidently desirous that the lecturer's impressions of their line be a favorable one.

Teaching Salesmanship

DOWN in Los Angeles they are endeavoring to promote greater salesmanship efficiency by the aid of the motion picture. A number of the principal retail merchants there gathered in a theatre the other day and witnessed the original production of the efficiency film in two parts, taken under the auspices of a high school teacher of commercial efficiency.

The gathering of material, the injection of ideas, collaboration of merchants and salespeople required nearly a year of continuous work. Alfred E. Adams, secretary of a Los Angeles association, wrote to principal merchants of New York, Chicago and other large cities and secured their hearty indorsement, as well as many valuable and timely suggestions.

"When one stops to consider that three-fourths of the boys and girls who go through the elementary and high schools, and who do not proceed then to a professional life or drop back to manual labor, enter the mercantile business in one of its various phases, it is not difficult to conclude that there should be some training to make them more proficient and our next effort will be to make salesmanship a matter of scholastic education," he said.

"Many girls and even women go into the stores as a makeshift and blame the employer if they receive low wages. Most frequently it is their own fault that this advancement is withheld for the reason that they show no interest in their work and fail to improve. These pictures will impress themselves so indelibly on persons of this character, even, that better results may be expected."

The films were all made in Los Angeles stores and include other than dry goods establishments. They show both the right and wrong way to sell an article and they do it in such a forceful manner that little explanation is necessary.

How to Save Lives

LIFE saving methods were shown in motion pictures at the Lyceum theatre, New London, Ct., and will be exhibited at other performances during the week.

The methods were illustrated by Commodore H. B. Schlomberg of the United States volunteer life saving corps, department of Georgia, located at Atlanta. He is assisted by William Davis.

The methods are those approved by the government and also by the English Royal Life Saving society and are of an educational nature. The pictures were especially interesting to New Londoners living as they do on the seashore where life saving plays an important role, especially in the summer months.

In the pictures Commodore Schlomberg illustrates the different releases from so called death grips, including the neck release, the over and under the arms release, the around the waist release, the right wrist release, left wrist release and the right and left wrist release.

Movies on a Liner

THE Italian steamship Duca d'Aosta is equipped with a moving picture outfit, which is to be a regular feature hereafter at sea.

Five reels are shown nightly, the exhibition being given two evenings in the first cabin and then two evenings in the second cabin, after which the show is transferred to the first again.

A printed programme is issued in Italian for each exhibition and the films are leased from international agencies. On the Duca d'Aosta they call it the Cinematografo.

Now that all Europe is in a turmoil, the number of people who will view the films is doubtful.

The Making of An Actress

(Continued from page 23)

their hands and faces. And after a few miles Forster turned to her.

"If I go across I can get out of this fog," he said. "We can go over toward White Plains—get over to the Hudson road again. It'll be more comfortable—and safer. I don't like Pelham Parkway in a fog—and it's apt to be thicker there. Too many cars—full of people who are also full. Understand?"

"Yes, do whatever you like," she agreed. "I telephoned to Miss Greene that I'd be late—and this is heavenly. I know what it will be like in my room—though it's a dear. There won't be a bit of breeze, and it'll be both damp and hot."

Again they lapsed into silence. He swerved sharply to the right; soon they were speeding through the dark Westchester roads, smooth and even to the touch of the tires. Great trees lined the roads they travelled, casting their sombre shadows. Now and again Forster switched on his headlights. When he did everything was bathed in a sudden glow of light. Usually, though, he preferred to ride in the darkness.

From White Plains he turned northwest; soon they struck the old post road, Broadway, and caught a glimpse of the broad reaches of the Hudson. Here it was clear; there was no trace of the fog, and the air was dryer again. And along the historic road, which they struck, perhaps, where Washington's soldiers caught Andre and so saved West Point, Forster gave his motor its head. It roared and sang as it drove the car along the deserted road, and Vera thrilled to the wonder of the thought that she—she, herself—should be enjoying this. Now, too, she felt secure; she had already forgiven Forster everything for that one burst of candor in which he had assured her that her dream was to come true.

Through Hastings they sped; in Yonkers, as they neared the centre of the village, they slowed down. Then roaring on again, with

more cars now to make Forster cautious. They were in New York itself, within a mile or so of Vera's new home, when it happened.

Ahead of them a trolley car was proceeding smoothly along its appointed way. Suddenly it reared, like a bucking horse. The next instant it had come down, slewed half way off the tracks, and turned over, right in their path. Forster turned frantically; he escaped the car to crash into a lamp post. Vera's last recollection, for a few moments, was of being hurled over the radiator; when she came to, it was to see quite a little crowd gathered about her. A policeman was fanning her; as soon as she tried to sit up he helped her. And then she saw Forster, and screamed. He was lying against a bank, and his head was bleeding profusely. Except where the crimson stream had stained it, his face was deathly white.

Vera struggled to her feet. Her eyes were fixed on Forster in horror. Her lips tried to move. Then the policeman was at her side.

"His name, Miss—and yours, please?" he said.

Vera was in no mood to think. Her brain obeyed her numbly; her instinct was to do whatever anyone told her. She gave Forster's name and her own. And then:

"Is he dead?" she said, chokingly.

"Dead?" The policeman laughed. "Lord love you—no, miss! Just a scalp wound. He'll lose a little blood. The doc'll be here in a minute—but I think there won't be much for him to do."

For a moment everything spun around before her eyes. But then she heard a different sort of voice—alert, keen, highpitched.

"Forster? I know him! The moving picture man—and there's some good dope about him, too—something he did when he was a kid. Good story!"

It was just then that Forster came to his senses. He heard the reporter, and Vera, bend-

ing over him, caught a groan. He grinned up at her feebly, however.

"Lord, did you give our real names?" he said. "It'll be all over every paper in town!"

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

Movies in Central America

THAT no people or country are immune from the deadly germ of the movies is shown by the virulence with which the fever has seized upon the natives of Central America, who walk long distances and spend their last bit for the privilege of yelling themselves hoarse over the pictures.

At La Ceiba, a port town on the East coast of Spanish Honduras, an enterprising priest opened a moving-picture show, giving the Passion Play on the opening night.

During the last supper it was no fault of the audience's that the Apostles did not find out what kind of an humble Judas was, as they were warned often enough from "the front," and told to "watch out!" While the crucifixion scene was enacted, several fat senoras fainted and had to be carried out, but when Christ rose from the dead and came out triumphant from the tomb, they cheered him to the echo.

The Western film, however, is the most liked and surest of a crowded house. The natives have come to think that the entire population of the United States is made up chiefly of cowboys, Indians, and soldiers, who spend their time chasing one another. Their sympathies are always with the cowboy, and he is notified in plenty of time when the wily redman is waiting for him in ambush.

The spectators writhe in their seats and wring their hands when the Indians scale the stockade, and the ammunition is exhausted save the single cartridge which the Colonel reserves for his beautiful daughter.

"Hijo de Maria! (Son of Mary!) Don't lose, old man!" they plead, with the tears all but streaming down their faces, and the "bravos!" and shrieks which split the air when a cloud of dust tells them the cowboys are riding to the rescue would stampede a band of Ogallala Sioux.

"EXTRAS"

(Continued from page 13)

lacking in that "class loyalty" which distinguishes the profession.

It is the same with some of the girls. They are attracted by the life of the motion picture studios and love the contact with the prominent actors and actresses. When they do get the opportunity to talk to any of them they make hay while the sun shines and never fail to make capital of their good fortune by recounting their "intimacy" with the actors and actresses to their acquaintances and families.

"I was chatting with Jack Kerrigan to-day and what do you think he told me—of course you must not repeat it, dear, but he—" The majority of these girls are like the boys in that they will never be anything better than the thing they are to-day. They have neither the brains nor the soul that goes to the making of actresses who count. They are quite content to hang around and take what extra work they can get for the sake of being thought "actresses" or for the enjoyment of the life.

Then there is the society girl who is bent upon getting into the motion pictures and who will worry a director until given a chance to act in some scenes. She will wear beautiful dresses and will talk too much and act too little—she never lasts and generally quits at the end of one picture and tells her friends that "she does not think much of the movies"—too much favoritism—she may decide to go on the regular stage.

The specialist in "daring deeds" is well known at the employment bureaus. He is to be found in abundance around Keystone and Sterling, as well as around other studios, and seems to have some seventh sense which tells him when something in his or her line is wanted. A man is required to fall from a horse and be dragged by the stirrup. The extra gets scent of the fact and immediately applies to the director in person or through the company agency. He makes an offer—"I'll do it for so much." He is invariably

offered less and invariably takes it and calmly risks his life for a comparatively small amount. A fall down a cliff or a dive from the rocks—it is all the same to this man and oddly enough there are women who are just as eager as the men to do fool stunts for a stated sum. As often as not these people will "double" a part, that is, dressed exactly like the actor or actress who is supposed to be doing it they will be placed far enough in the background to do the dangerous stunt. Many actors and actresses absolutely refuse to do risky things, and one can hardly blame them.

There are times, too, when the professional extra will not fill the needs for some big scene or succession of scenes. Some big costume play which calls for a few hundred people, a battle or a big ball-room scene, a mob or a strike. In the case of battles or strikes, where men only are wanted, the aid of a general employment agency is called upon and on the appointed morning a motley crew of men are on hand, men of all nationalities, of all stations in life. Some of them want the small sum offered, some of them go for the novelty of it. Should it rain, the company suffers considerable loss, for they have been engaged beforehand and must be paid on dismissal, and they have to come again the following day or on some stated date. On such occasions the costumers and the assistant directors and property men have their hands full, for these mobs are generally hard to manage and it is not at all unusual for two or three of their number to be thrown out of the scene. With society scenes the actors and actresses often invite friends from the outside, who are delighted at the chance to "act" in a scene, and these people make the life of the exchange men a burden by constantly calling them up to find out when that particular picture will be shown on the screen and where.

Directors are very clever at seizing an opportunity. Quite recently one director, Jesse Rob-

bins, of the Robbins company invited the chorus of a musical comedy to come to the studios after the show. He had real eatables and good drinkables and gave them some real fun and at the same time secured a scene which was beautifully "dressed." And the professionals knew their business even if some of them were tempted to look into the camera. He was able to do this owing to the lighting system he has installed and which allows of scenes being taken of a night time. On another occasion the Universal invited the California exhibitors attending a huge convention assembled to the ranch and they made an enthusiastic audience in some wild west scenes and were also photographed in a station scene. On more than one occasion motion picture companies have taken scenes at prominent hotels and have persuaded the guests to sit around in scenes where good breeding and smart clothes were necessary.

Although there is no rule to which there are not exceptions, the rule of extras may be set down as one that justifies the regulars in their attitude. There are many respect-evoking men and women among the extras of the studios, driven there by immediate necessity, by combinations of circumstances that do not reflect on their integrity of character, or by ambition to rise from the ranks, but the extras are necessarily a mixed crowd, and they are invariably rank "outsiders." When a paper comes out with a headline "Another Movie Queen in the Tolls," or "A Prominent Movie Actor Is Arrested," you may be pretty sure that the person mentioned is NOT a motion picture actor but one of the extras who, when asked for his vocation, promptly answers "a movie actor!" It is too bad it is so, for take them all in all, the screen artist is usually a quiet gentleman who minds his own business and who has a home of his own to go to after working hours where he spends the evening with his wife and kiddies; and who as often as not goes to bed early in order to get to the studio on time the next morning.

Is it matter for wonder that he despises the extra?

(The next article on "Extras" will appear in the issue of September 5th.)

Helps to the Solution of the Million Dollar Mystery

(Continued from page 11)

up of conspirators screened from each other's view? You may demur and claim that, if Hargrave were in constant touch with the order, he could easily have upset the plans of Olga and Braine to kidnap Florence. But, hold! We have seen those plots hatched, for the most part, in Olga's apartments, with possibly Vron or Felton present, but with no one else there, save the maid. For a long time, we were told, the Countess' apartments were watched. But whatever plot germinated within those rooms might very well have been kept from the knowledge of the conspirators who gathered around the council-table in the rendezvous! Let us keep this in mind. The Black Hundred has two important headquarters: the apartments of the Countess, and the room where we see them in council.

Many of the masked faces were half-hidden, in the shadows of the background. We could not possibly recognize any of these men were we to meet them on the street. We have seen only their presence, but not one detail of their likenesses, statures or features.

What a beautiful setting Hargrave's constant membership in the Black Hundred would offer for revenge! In the most insidious manner, he could poison the minds of members with suggestions of unfairness at the hands of Braine; he could play upon minds saturated and weakened by alcohol and drugs, and breed anarchy in the stronghold of his enemies! He would wind about the conspirators a net so close-meshed, they would be bound hand and foot, ready for complete annihilation when the time should arrive. But so many things must still be accomplished, it would be futile for him

to strike at this time. There must be one blow, and after that no more opposition. Braine and Olga, once on the defensive, might have to flee their compatriots. Always there must be leaders who live in luxury, while the rank and file slave and toil. And from this condition there is fermented the suggestions of distrust—a fomentation that in time must lead to riot and a mad thirst for revenge. Such may be the state of affairs—at least, at this time it would appear as a rational supposition.

Hargrave himself may be hedged in with surer protections than Jones possesses. But the time must come when the master of the house—or, at least, the other man—will come before us. This much I am sure of—and I ask you to wait with a little more patience to see if my prophecy does not bear the fruit of fulfillment!

This ninth episode, I may say in closing, is certainly furnishing a sufficient reason for the appearance of Hargrave. So bold have become the operations of the Black Hundred, they will stop at nothing to gain their end. Let one or two more such events occur, and Hargrave must get his forces marshaled to strike the blow! Time is passing, and the million dollars still remains far removed from the clutches of the conspirators! Unless they have ample funds, from such other depredations as I assume they are committing, then the very expense of their warfare will wear them down, weaken their chances of success, and lead them into some trap that their dare-devil methods might easily make possible.

If you have read my comments hurriedly, I suggest that you go back and read them again. Study them. I have a much into little. I

have told you truths that must assist you. I still have other facts to tell—amazing facts that will be unfolded as the story proceeds. I am at this moment working on some vitally interesting clues, every one of which will belong to you. Some of the most absorbing will appear in my review of the tenth episode. I am looking for thrillers on the screen. I am looking, mostly, for certain actions of Jones and others, which a few more dangerous situations must bring to light. There will be more of these facts next week. They will add to what I have given you here. You must not miss them!

Where Travel Films Fail

(Continued from page 21)

permanently how primitive mankind lives and strives for existence. If only the cinematograph had been invented before the days of the Pharaohs much that is now lost to us would have been made clear and plain. Now that we have this wonderful invention, we have the opportunity permanently to record, before it is too late, those things which are fading rapidly into the yesterdays. And up to this time the travel film explorers have failed to achieve this.

Another feature of travel film failures appears to me to be self-evident. The producers and exhibitors of African and other films fail to recognize the added value of securing "atmosphere" when the pictures are exhibited. You go to see the Rainey hunt pictures and they are thrown on the screen between settings of Louis Quinze furniture. How much more real would these pictures be in a setting of tropical scenery and African curios? It would be so very easy to do this, and it should be obvious that such devices could not fail to arouse the imagination of the audience.

West Coast Studio Jottings

News of the Photoplayers in Southern California

By Richard Willis

LAST Wednesday nearly one hundred and forty people sat down to a supper at the Photoplayers' Club, actors and actresses and their best friends. Club members furnished the cabaret and dancing followed. The ladies wore their most bewitching frocks and the affair was so successful it will probably be made a monthly event. As Ruthie Roland remarked, "It's no use trying to get along without us. You ought to make us all honorary members." Not a bad idea either.

I went to the Oz studios and talked to Frank Baum who was in his shirt sleeves and who invited me to see his first film "The Patchwork Girl of Oz," which I'll tell you all about next week. The company is starting on "The Magic Cloak of Oz" in a day or two and Violet Mac Millan, Byrdine Zuber, Pierre Condere, Frank Moore and Fred Woodward will take the leads. The scene artists are making some gorgeous effects. By the way I noticed some signs up in the studio: "The Man Who Says It Can't Be Done May go to the Office and Get His Pay Check!"

Out at the Lasky stronghold Max Figman and his charming wife Lolita Robertson are going to entertain the whole company on the stage tonight. Special lighting effects have been arranged and "big doin's" will be did. The finished "What's His Name" will also be shown. Oscar Apfel is now producing "Bobby Burnitt" with Ed. Abeles, Bessie Barriscale, Howard Hickman and Theodore Roberts in the cast.

Two companies are busy at the Lubin studios on Pasadena Avenue where two reels are the thing. Captain Wilbur Melville puts on a special feature every three weeks. The Captain is proud of the fact that he recently passed the examination for Master Navigator and did in a few months what usually takes four or five years. Paul Powell directs one company and Leon D. Kent the other. Both Lucille Young and Velma Whitman are doing good work for the Lubin Company.

At the Universal the "Trey of Hearts" company have at last returned from San Diego where they did some remarkable work. Cleo Madison is taking a day's rest and needs it for she has worked like a trooper and has repeatedly refused to let anyone "double" her in the many daring situations. What she is going through reads like a romance itself.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are starting on a five reel German-French war picture in which they take the principal parts and in which they promise to furnish more than a sensation or two. Pauline Bush under Joe De Grasse gave a wonderfully beautiful performance in "The Cross" and Edna Maison gave a taste of her quality in a charming sea story and is now appearing as an artist with scenes located in Paris.

Nothing new at the Selig studio except that Director Ed. J. Le Saint has had his picture "taken." He has been threatening it for two years now but prefers to make other people pose in front of the camera than to stand the test himself.

At the Kalem Company I saw Mona Darkfeather and learned that Frank Montgomery's company had just returned from Pine Crest where they took five big western two reel pictures, all in the open. They are now engaged upon the interiors at Glendale. J. P. McGowan has started his special railroad pictures featuring Helen Holmes. The first one is "The Devil's Sweet Box." Marshall Neilan has added "Hobo Dougherty" to his cast which, with himself and Ruth Roland, is about as good a comedy aggregation as could be gotten together.

Out Balboa way William D. Taylor continues his fine work in the directing line and is engaged upon a five reeler which the boys say is a humdinger. They are comparing it with "Captain Alvarez" in which he took the lead.

Taylor has little Neva Gerber opposite him. During Bert Bracken's absence on a holiday, Henry King has been producing a two reeler entitled "Who Paid" with Dorothy Davenport as his leading lady. Henry should make a good director for he has the experience and talent.

At the Reliance studios "The Chinaman," under David Griffith, progresses rapidly and Tammany Young is being featured in another of the "Bill" series written by Paul West. Fay Tincher and Tod Browning are also in the cast.

Dorothy Gish showed her power over animals when recently a big wolf-hound refused to let the members of W. C. Cabanne's company board a launch they had hired. Dorothy talked to the dog and gradually approached him and the dog permitted her to pat him and finally he did just as she told him, so the scenes in "A Lesson in Mechanics" were allowed to proceed.

Carlyle Blackwell has arrived and with him Jack Dillon, his right hand man. Carlyle has taken the Norbig studios at Edendale and will

start upon "The Key to Yesterday" in four reels, next Monday. He has a pretty and experienced leading woman in Edna Mayo who arrived from New York this week. Carlyle says he is glad to be back and is bubbling over with enthusiasm. Jack Dillon's wife did not know he was coming back so soon and had gone with the baby to Long Beach and Jack had quite a job finding her.

Lorimer Johnston of the Santa Barbara company says he never has to worry when it comes to a question of stage props for a big society scene. The company is composed of wealthy men whose wives are glad to lend the "real thing" and who are moreover delighted to appear as suppers in the ball room and dinner scenes.

Margarita Fischer from the American 'phones me that she has been presented with a gorgeous white bear skin rug which she is using in her present production. She says it is about the largest she ever saw. Presents seem to be the fashion up Santa Barbara way, for Billy Garwood has received some wonderful pieces of rough turquoise from a place with the terrible name of Thargominda, Queensland, Australia.

Amongst other "distinguished" visitors to the coast may be mentioned W. W. Hodgkinson the president of the Paramount company who is making a tour of the Western Exchanges and J. S. Allen the district coast manager for Warner's features.

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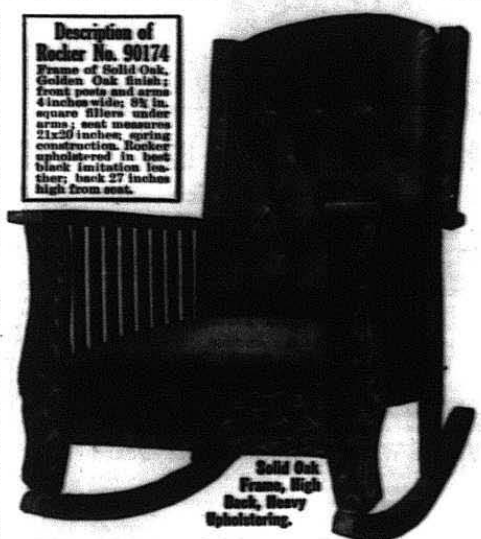
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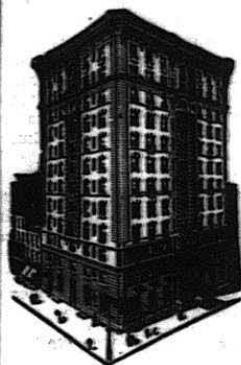
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Moving Picture Game

(Continued from page 27)

woman's purse. The catch of the purse was wellnigh useless from being worn out and as I took hold of the purse it burst open, the contents dropping to earth. I examined the belongings, hoping to learn the identity of the owner. First there was a card, reading:

Miss Lottie Brent,

Champion cowgirl equestrienne of New Mexico and Arizona. Rodeo feats, rough riding, equine stunts and lassoing for moving picture scenes are my specialities.

2741 Tropicana Road.

Replacing the card in the receptacle, I next picked up a dime and a nickel—all the money in sight—and then found several tradesman's bills which showed that Miss Brent owed a total of \$53.55 for groceries, clothing, house rent and laundry work. "Evidently," I thought, "being a nonpareil of two states has not brought great riches to Lottie." I wrote a note, saying a purse belonging to somebody had been found and that the owner could call for it at the scenario house. I tacked the notice on the studios' bulletin board and went home.

On my way into the city I stopped at a news stand and bought several moving picture magazines. I knew that the films of my Philippine war drama had been released for exhibition throughout the United States and I was anxious to read what the reviewers thought of the picture. On a back page of a magazine I found a paragraph concerning my first photoplay, a brief notice saying that the release was fairly good, but was "not convincing." Not a word about the 250 feet of steel wire cable! Nothing at all concerning the headhunters shooting at two women in an ore bucket 100 feet in air! "Why, how can this be?" I wondered. "Did the critic who wrote this 'review' actually see the film projected, or was the paragraph 'office-written' by some careless, ivory-headed incompetent?" I eventually gave the problem up as an enigma of such disquieting character as to cause ingrowing mental distress. I would, however, even at this late day, like to meet the author of that paragraph and ask him how he came to overlook everything good in it.

At the supper table that evening, Anna, my wife, and Stella, our daughter, remarked my bitter discouragement and inquired what had gone wrong with me.

"I worked with eight men like a galley slave for five days in a rocky gorge under a broiling sun to set a big scene," I answered, "and now, in a magazine review of the film, the climax is ignored. I am beginning to believe the lot of a scenario writer is hard."

"Oh, cheer up," said Anna, "think of the pleasure in seeing your scenarios spring into life on a theatre screen. Isn't that enough reward?"

"Someday," I replied, "first class scenario authors will come into their own and be recognized as the greatest of all men concerned in making movies. Their names will be first in magazine reviews of releases. Critics will eventually recognize the story structure of a good, original photoplay as being its greatest factor towards success."

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)

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(227)

THE Four Benhams have tearfully taken leave of their friends at the Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle and gone to the California picture center, where they are already busy in pictures that will have an early release. Leland who is eight years old, hated to part company with Bert Adler and the latter's daily ice-cream treat but Dorothy, aged three, was indifferent about whom she left behind just so she was allowed to carry her three dolls.

LILLIAN WALKER and Wally Van do a little dance that is the last word in steps modern. And their perfection in this exercise bespeaks frequent and enjoyable practice. But everybody who knows "the dimple girl" is aware of her two hobbies, dancing and swimming. So nobody is surprised when she and Wally take advantage of the guest in the office to dance on their bosses' time.

Eastern Studio News

Gossip of Players In and Around New York

JOHAN INCE, creator of the Lubin "Incegraphs," is an enthusiastic collector of candlesticks. Until lately, few outside of his intimate friends knew this, but nevertheless Mr. Ince has managed to collect nearly two hundred candlesticks representing every period from the days of ancient Greece to the silver-gilt candelabrum which once shed light for George the Third. Large sums have been offered Mr. Ince for his collection but in view of the pleasure and relaxation his hobby gives him he considers it too valuable to lose.

John Haas of the Blache studio accompanied John Slevin to Rome, and not only had the distinction of taking motion pictures of the Pope, but was welcomed and entertained in the Vatican as well. Mr. Haas is very reserved in his speech and has to be positively coaxed into talking about his most interesting experience.

Rosemary Theby and Anna Luther, leading women at the Lubin film studio in Philadelphia, and Mae B. Havey, of the Lubin scenario staff, were guests of honor at a dinner given recently by the women writers of America at Kuglers', a prominent Philadelphia cafe. Both Miss Theby and Miss Luther told the interested audience of the variety of experiences which go to make up their work and Miss Havey gave helpful advice on how to convert ideas into photoplays and, incidentally, into money. In return for the evening's honor, the three Lubin ladies invited the club to visit the plant and see for themselves how pictures are made.

Helen Lindroth, liked for her likeable work in Kalem pictures, is not only a screen artist but is a culinary artist as well. She delights in preparing new dishes—and nobody is afraid to sample them, a tribute which is the result of much previous sampling.

A stage director who had been with David Belasco and also with the Frohmans and who is now with the Selig company, thus accounted for the failure of many of our foremost actors. "I have seen celebrated stars fall down," he explained, "simply because of their intense consciousness of being before the camera. Besides, many other little discrepancies on the 'real' stage are often covered up or pass unnoticed by the audience. The motion picture reveals each tiny mistake."

Alfred Morton and Sydney Bracey of the Thanhouser studio are planning a summer trip. Ordinarily, there would be nothing unusual in such an announcement, but the thing that makes this particular trip especially interesting is the fact that it will be made in a passenger balloon. Norton and Bracey intend to land in Canada. But one never knows, about a balloon!

Muriel Ostriche scored a distinct success in the recent one-reel screen play in which she appeared at a large Broadway theatre. The play was "A Telephone Strategy" and the first of many written especially for this petite little star by Phil Loneragan, the "one and two reel editor," at the New Rochelle plant.

Jimmie Cruze, of the dark, good looks and the role of reporter in "The Million Dollar Mystery" series being filmed at the Thanhouser studio, is a champion tosser of the game called "horse-shoes." It is the official game out at New Rochelle and Mr. Cruze has a pet pair of shoes—not his own—with which he claims he can beat all comers. When "Jimmie" is not in a scene there is only one other place where he is sure to be found—behind the studio "tossing."

Lillian Walker sat—or stood, rather—for a new set of photographs in which she appears in riding costume. These form some of the most attractive of her pictures, and are evidence of her "next favorite" sport; swimming, as everybody knows, being her first favorite.

Flora Finch, on her every-night trips into New York and the Vitagraph theatre, has the Coney-Island passengers in the "L" and subway for attentive spectators. It takes but a glance to recognize Miss Finch and when this has been done it is usually followed by a broad smile, presumably at thought of the laughable characters she portrays on the screen. Miss Finch is essentially a home-body with a long list of personal friends.

"Cissy Fitz-Gerald's wink" has become a by-word among those who have succumbed to the fascination of that Vitagraph wink. Look at it, or even a picture of it, more than once, and you become one of the fascinated.

Billy Quirk, appearing in the Vita-Laughas that are being started out from the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, is bringing joy to film fans, for "Billy-the-funny" has an especial niche of his own that nobody else can quite fill; and what is more he says he enjoys the filling.

Arthur Houseman, during the first week after his return from the Edison Jacksonville, Fla., studio, spent almost his entire time going from one Broadway feature house to another. "Never saw such a run on big houses and big films," said Arthur as he emerged from the Strand and made for the Globe. "Seeing them is keeping me busier than my mail." He intimates that the latter has grown to such proportions that he guesses he will hire a secretary. "A blonde—and pretty," is his preference.

Sally Crute, whose Edison characterizations have made for her a warm but unknown friend in Washington, D. C., received from that admirer recently, three large satin American beauty roses. The note which accompanied the offering requested that Miss Crute wear them in a picture and thus contribute toward the happiness of the sender. The note stated further, that he had made the flowers especially for Miss Crute. She was just ready to "go on" in a society picture and wore the roses as a corsage.

Harry Carey, a former Biograph star, has completed the making of the feature film "The Master Cracksman," in which he was both lead and director. The Progressive Motion Picture Company is the owner of the film and Mr. Carey is the owner of the company. There is warm interest expressed in the showing of this film as Mr. Carey's work is widely and favorably known.

Miss Elizabeth Loneragan, by the way, a sister of the Thanhouser scenario editors, Lloyd and Phil Loneragan, has taken over the motion picture section of the New York STAR, succeeding Miss Margaret I. MacDonald as the "Wig-Wag" of that sheet. Miss MacDonald has joined the scenario staff of the Famous Players' Film Company.

John Bunny has been proclaimed "the most famous man in all the world"—this by Jehn Palmer in the SATURDAY REVIEW, the most conservative paper in England. This is a telling testimonial to the popularity of the official Vitagraph fat man.

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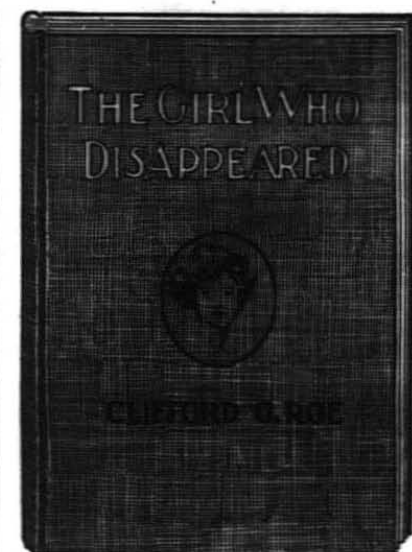
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Information Department Answers to Questions about Plays and Players

G. E. H., CHICAGO, ILL.—To the best of our knowledge, those two players are not related in any way, although their last names do happen to be the same. The first named one is a widower.

BEATRICE H., N. Y.—Rev. John Strong, in American's "The Lost Sermon," was William Garwood. George Phillips, in the same picture, was Jack Richardson (we're surprised you didn't know him), and Old Nelse was Harry Von Meter, whose make-up was so good that we ourselves scarcely recognized him.

M. J. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The studio address of the Keystone Company is 1712 Alessandro Street, Los Angeles, California, and a letter sent to Mack Sennet at that address will reach him all right.

MARY N., RUSH RIVER, OHIO.—Sorry to discourage you, but as we have told others time and again, you really haven't one chance in a thousand of getting work with a film company. Years of experience is required of both players and cameramen, and we know of no place that we could honestly recommend where you could acquire this experience, with any assurance that after your training was completed you could secure a position.

A. K., CHICAGO, ILL.—The Selig people say they never had a studio manager of that name, although a Harry Gordon, who was in their employ, can be reached at 3837 North Irving Ave., Chicago. Perhaps this is the Mr. Gordon you asked about.

EDITH B., JENKINTOWN, PA.—NO! NO! NO! John Bunny is not dead. That wild rumor breaks loose about once every two weeks, and we get a perfect flood of letters asking us when it happened, what the cause was, and where the funeral was held. John is a long ways from being dead, and probably will live forever, in the hearts of his admirers.

LUCY L. C., Ico, ARK.—Mary, in Thanhouser's "Was She Right in Forgiving Him?" was Lucy Payton. Carey L. Hastings was Aunt Grace in the same picture, and the minister was Frank Farrington, who is now appearing in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

"FAN," CORBIN, VA.—Yes, it was really "Home Run" Baker who appeared in Kalem's feature picture "Home Run Baker's Double." The famous star of the diamond made almost as good a film actor as he did a baseball player, didn't he? Did you know that Christie Mathewson is to appear in pictures also. It won't be long till there'll be as much fun for the fans on the screens in the winter as there now is on the bleachers in the summer months. It was Helen Lindroth who appeared as Mrs. Baker in the film, and she is in no way related in real life to the famous "Home Run."

"JERRY," MEDFORD, ME.—Yes, Joseph Harris of the Beauty Company was born in your state, and his father was once a sea captain. Joseph left his home in New Castle at an early age and went to Boston to take a position in an architect's office. There he discovered his true vocation, and has ever since been an actor.

PEARL J. O., CHICAGO, ILL.—You need not be alarmed over what you saw in the newspaper about Francis X. Bushman being in New York. It was only to attend the national convention of motion picture exhibitors and to take some scene in Essanay's great four-reel feature, "One Wonderful Night." He is back in Chicago now and expects to remain there as a member of the Essanay Eastern stock.

IRISH, DEADWOOD, S. D.—Mike Casey in Lillian's "It's a Shame" was Billy Bowers, and Mrs. Casey was Julia Calhoun. Can't say

whether or not either is of Irish descent, but they certainly appeared of that nationality in the picture, didn't they?

LAURA P., SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—We don't know whether or not you could get a permit to visit the room in which the Chicago Board of Censorship works when you come to Chicago to spend your vacation.

S. S. W., OSAWATOMIE, KAN.: The mere fact that the Universal and the Kinemacolor Company happen to have offices in the same building doesn't necessitate their having any connection. Kinemacolor, we understand, is not buying scripts just at this time. If you watch PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO closely you will most surely learn when they begin to buy again.

BLONDIE & CUTIE, WATERTOWN, WIS.: Jane Andrews in "The Battle of the Sexes" was Lillian Gish. Mary Pickford did not appear in any of the Griffith, Mutual films. She is with Famous Players, not Mutual, you know.

HELEN C., TACOMA, WASH.: We know of no motion picture studio in either Spokane, Portland or Oregon. Los Angeles, on the other hand, has a lot of studios in and about it. Majestic, Reliance, Broncho, Kay Bee, Keystone and Domino films are made near there for the Mutual program. The Universal has a big producing studio near Los Angeles, and near there are also located studios of the Kalem, Vitagraph, Selig, Essanay and numerous feature companies.

E. H., CHICAGO, ILL.: We could give you the addresses of a half dozen or more dramatic schools, but none of them so far as we know makes a practice of training pupils for the motion picture studio. In fact, we don't believe any school can give you that training. You haven't a chance in a thousand of becoming a screen star for there are hundreds and hundreds of talented, experienced players from the legitimate stage who are on the studio waiting lists, so you can see for yourself what a handicap you have in attempting to land a position with some film manufacturer. At the very most the best you could expect would be a job as an "extra" and we know you'd be disappointed in the pay.

P. A. P., BALTIMORE, MD.: Sorry you didn't get the answers to your questions. If the Questions and Answers man got them you have had a reply ere this. Perhaps you missed the number of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL in which they were answered. I can't just give you the issue off hand, but I recall your initials and know your question has been answered. Look over your back numbers and see if I'm not right.

CHICAGO FAN, CHICAGO, ILL.: The Cascade, as we understand it, is a feature company producing its pictures in California. Don't know where you can see their films shown. Here in Chicago we haven't seen any of them, though probably before long they will be announced by some feature distributing agency. No, there is no connection between Sterling and Keystone companies. Ford Sterling used to be a Keystone comedian, but left that concern to go with Universal when a new brand of film was created, named after the man who was to be featured in the releases. Can't tell you whether Cascade buys scripts or not. Frankly, you haven't a chance in a thousand of landing a position with a film company. Give up that idea.

NEMO, OTTAWA, CANADA: Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are the real names of these popular players, and the picture was made near Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Ford does not own the company. He is merely leading man and director, in the employ of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.



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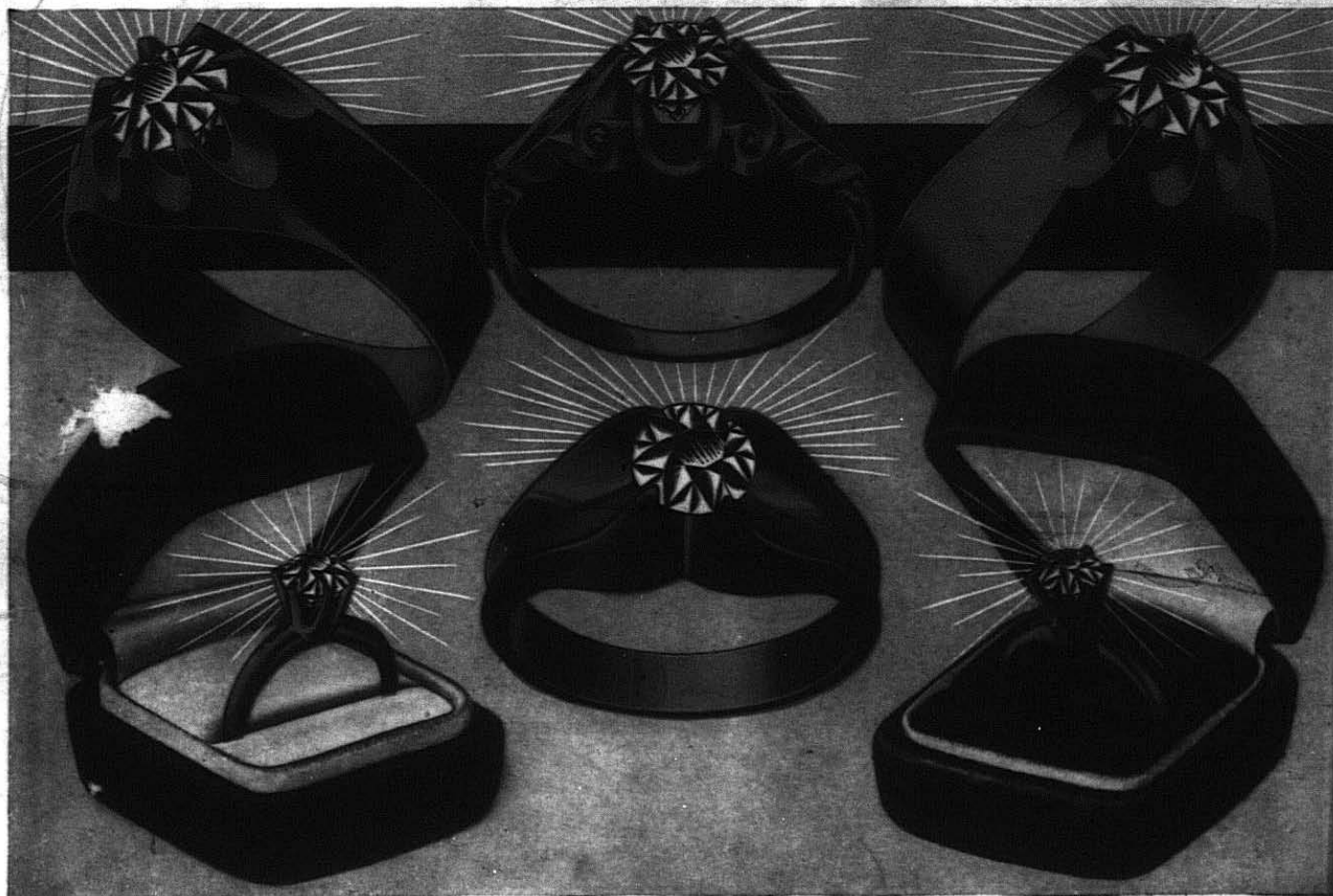
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